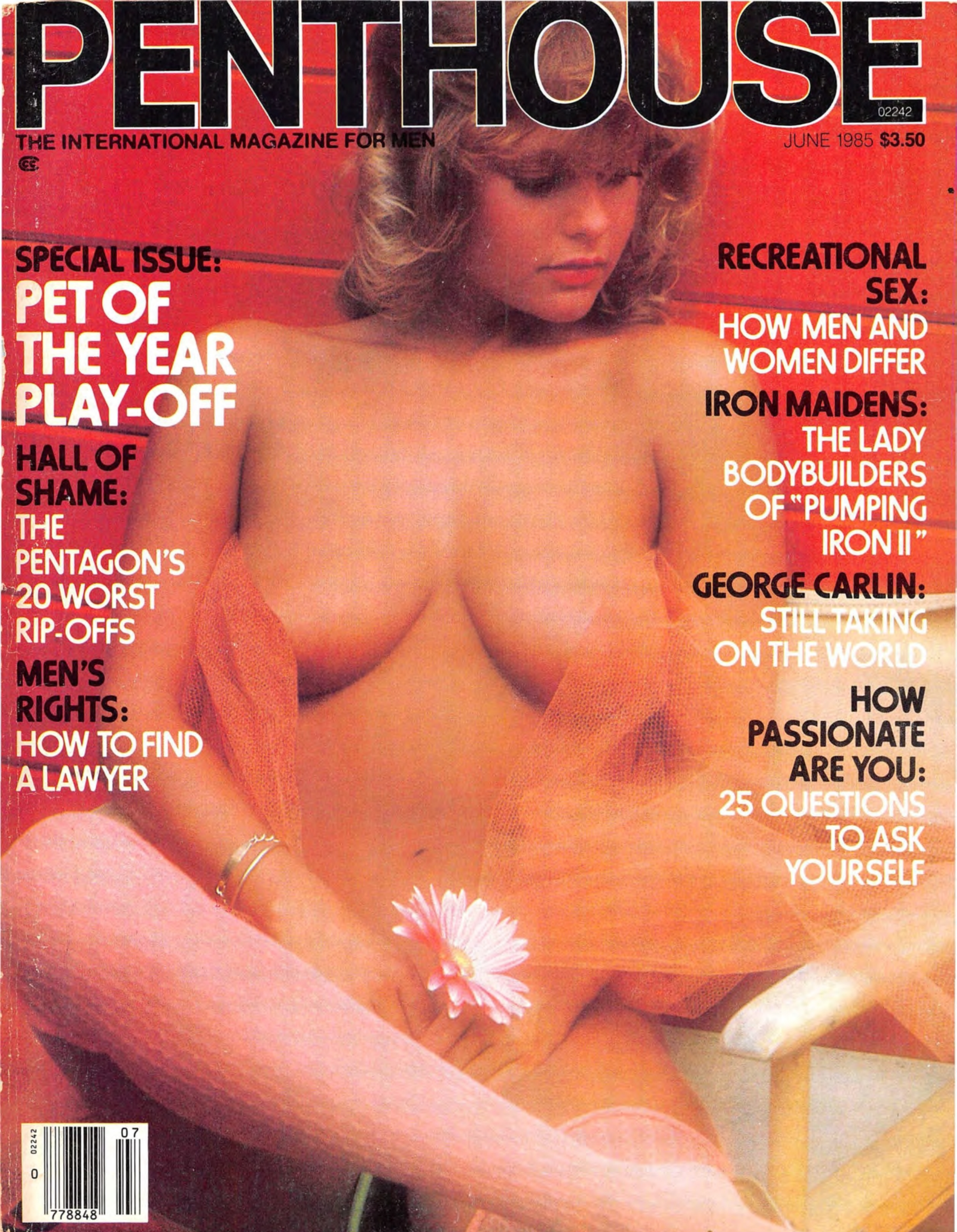
PENTHOUSE

02242

THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN

JUNE 1985 $3.50



SPECIAL ISSUE:
PET OF THE YEAR PLAY-OFF

HALL OF SHAME:
THE PENTAGON'S 20 WORST RIP-OFFS

MEN'S RIGHTS:
HOW TO FIND A LAWYER

RECREATIONAL SEX:
HOW MEN AND WOMEN DIFFER

IRON MAIDENS:
THE LADY BODYBUILDERS OF "PUMPING IRON II"

GEORGE CARLIN:
STILL TAKING ON THE WORLD

HOW PASSIONATE ARE YOU:
25 QUESTIONS TO ASK YOURSELF

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For the same clear reasons.

Miller

MADE THE AMERICAN WAY.

TO QUALITY. TO PU
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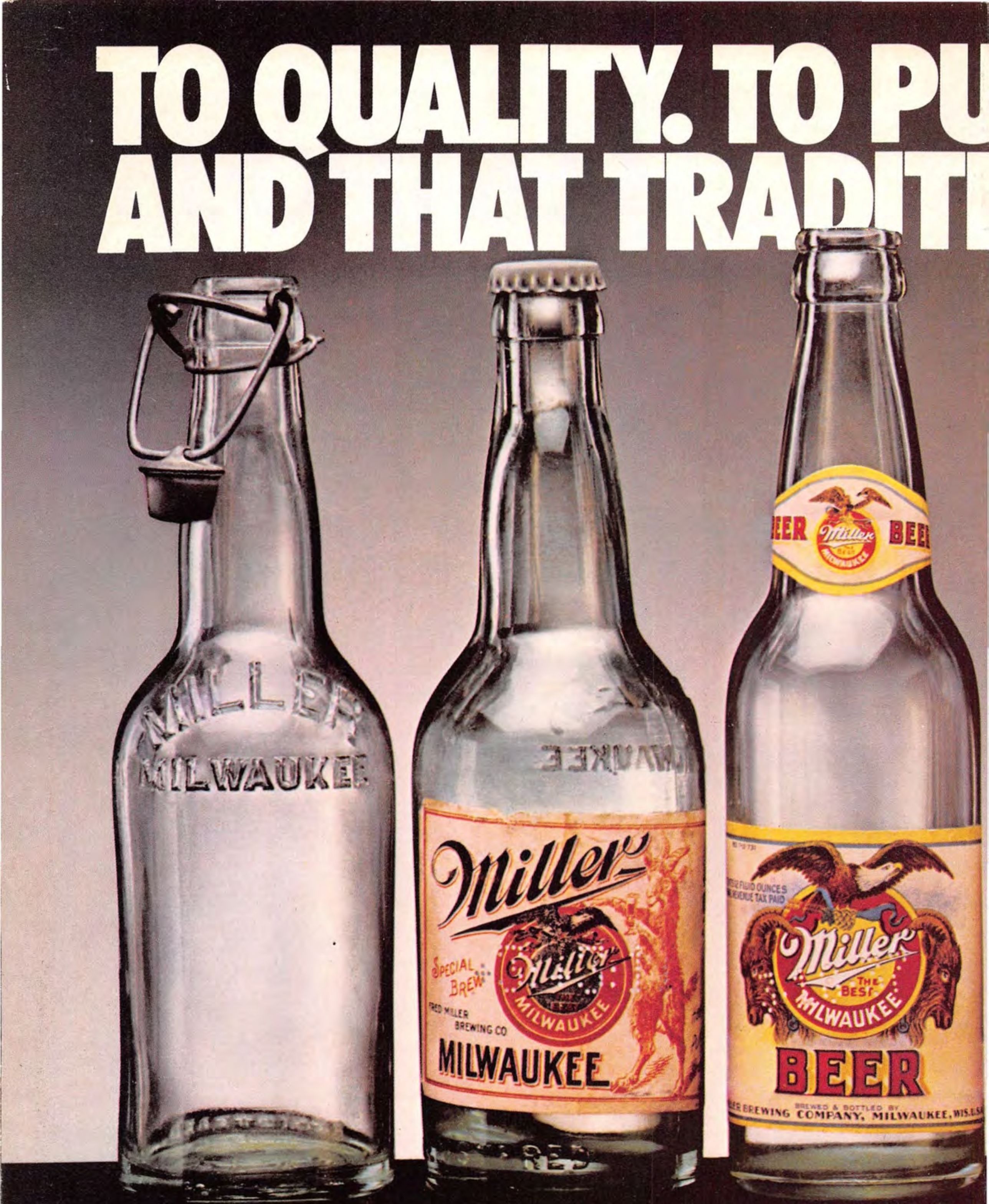

PENTHOUSE®

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EXECUTIVE EDITOR: PETER BLOCH
MANAGING EDITOR: CLAUDIA VALENTINO
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ART DIRECTOR, INT'L: JOE BROOKS
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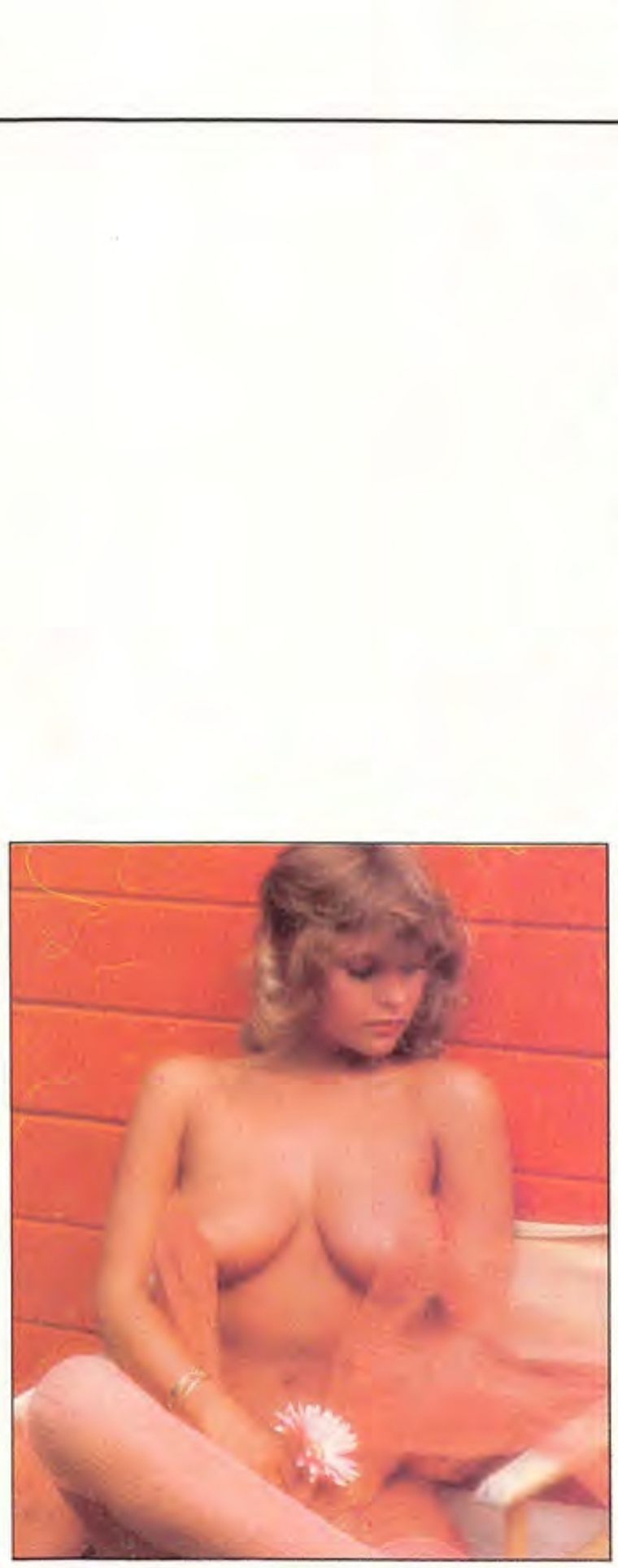

This month's cover features Joanne Latham, who was photographed by Pat Hill with a Nikon F3 camera, an 80-200 Nikkor zoom lens, and three 800-watt Dyna Lite heads. For more information on the camera equipment used to produce the pictorials in this issue, see page 144.

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HOUSECALL

NO STRINGS

Researchers call it "recreational sex," and that's what it is . . . sex for the fun of it—without marriage, kids, or even love. We call it "Sex Without Strings," and since the sixties and the sexual revolution it has become not simply a pleasurable pastime, but an inalienable right of Americans everywhere. Recently, Marjorie Rosen spoke to a number of men and women to find out how we're faring with our newfound freedom. Some of the very candid responses say more about life in the eighties than Gallup polls or "scientific" surveys. And to guarantee that no one is left out, we've included a questionnaire to find out what *you* think about sex without strings. A follow-up article will be based on these responses.

THE WORST

Larry Linderman's "Twenty Worst College Football Teams" has been a perennial *Penthouse* favorite. In this issue, however, Larry takes on a slightly more serious and formidable subject: the Pentagon and government waste. In "The Pentagon's Twenty Greatest Rip-Offs," Larry draws upon the nation's top researchers and defense experts to compile a shameful list of projects representing billions upon billions of wasted taxpayer dollars, and—even more tragic—inept and defective weapons, which have already been responsible for the deaths of American fighting men and will continue to jeopardize our national security in the future.

NO LIMITS

They're strong (but are they sexy!) and they're changing the whole world of bodybuilding. If you've already seen the new film *Pumping Iron II* you'll know we're talking about women bodybuilders—stars of a radical sport so new that there are still no real guidelines. But if you haven't seen the film (and even if you have!) be sure to check out "Body Girls," with text by Peter Manso and photographs by Charles Nesbitt, a rare and intimate glimpse into this unique and unfamiliar world.

COMIC RELIEF

He was the quintessential sixties comedian—a rebel in the Lenny Bruce tradition, whose infamous dirty-word list got him thrown off the airwaves and eventually hauled before the Supreme Court. But George Carlin kept fighting. Today he is more successful than ever before, as a whole new generation discovers that his genuine outrage against bullshit and hypocrisy is also genuinely and outrageously funny. Allan Sonnenschein's "Taking Carlin Seriously" is a portrait of a man unwilling to compromise—even with himself.

PICTURE PERFECT

Kaz Tsuruta's stunning pictorial, "Jukes," evokes a sentimental era when America was mad for music and color. Not as slick or sophisticated as today's ubiquitous music videos, you'll find these golden-age jukeboxes can often be a lot more fun to look at, or—if you're lucky enough—to listen to and even own. . . . And, naturally, you'll find a lot more to look at inside this issue, including important articles on how our ever-changing legal system affects your lives, loves, careers, etc., by Alan M. Dershowitz and Sidney Siller . . . a report on how "Swinging Sweden" has become a bureaucratic nightmare . . . and Games Editor Scot Morris's exposé (with photos) of how three-card monte dealers steal your money. . . . But, obviously, when it comes to unabashed viewing pleasure, our June Pets provide a photo finish of delight, a welcome reward for helping us select a new Pet of the Year by perusing our carefully chosen Play-Off candidates and—if you can!—picking out your favorite. We *need* your help—we love them all!

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The possibilities are endless

"Then one of the females had a tremendous orgasm. She fell off the tree and was just hanging in the air."

PENTHOUSE **FORUM**

NATURE WATCH

My wife and I are both avid readers of "Forum." The stories get us to such a state of sexual arousal that we need several nights of bedtime reading to get through each issue.

But my wife insists the stories aren't true. She claims a small group of writers make up the stories to be printed each month. Well, this story is true; hopefully, it's entertaining enough to be printed. If you do print it, then she'll have to admit the stories are true.

Last summer, we were canoeing on the river. It was one of the hottest days of the year. Our bodies glistened in the sunlight from the combination of suntan oil and sweat. My wife had on her bikini, and I had on only a pair of jogging shorts.

We decided to paddle up a small stream off the main channel, because there is so much nature to see up the smaller streams. We went as far as we could, but there was a fallen tree across the stream. We pulled the canoe parallel to the fallen tree and began to eat our lunch.

It was very quiet on the stream: hot, shady, with absolutely no one else around. The only sounds were from the birds, a few fish jumping in the water, and an occasional frog croaking. Then my wife noticed the dragonflies on the fallen tree. They were fucking like crazy! The males would stick their long tails just behind the heads of the females and hang on for dear life. We even saw a few take off and fly and then land that way. What a turn-on! My wife and I were getting hotter by the minute, watching those little devils fucking.

Then we saw one female that must have had a tremendous orgasm. She fell off the tree and was just hanging in the air with her feet curled up beneath her, held above the water by the male's long cock-tail in her head!

My wife couldn't take it anymore. She said she had to come, and she meant right then and there. Slowly, so as not to upset the canoe, I inched to the front of the canoe where she sat. As I pulled down my shorts, my cock sprang out. I was using one hand to steady the canoe against the fallen tree while the other hand was busy fingering my wife's juicy cunt as she sucked my cock and massaged my balls.

What a sight to see: my fingers sliding in and out of her dripping pussy while she was busily making my cock appear and then disappear in her gorgeous mouth! Then all of a sudden she came, the waves of orgasm making her go limp.

Shortly thereafter, she regained her composure, grabbed the tree, and stood up, offering me her beautiful ass. I guided my superhard, excited cock into her juice-filled pussy and felt her muscles start to work it over. After several minutes of my pumping and her pussy muscles squeezing my cock, I came in a huge orgasm of my own. As my knees buckled and I pulled out, my come and her pussy juice ran down her leg and dripped on the canoe seat.

This nature-watching experience had to have been the highlight of our summer. I marked that day on the calendar in my office, and we both agreed we're going to visit that spot again next year.—*Name and address withheld*

NATURAL RESOURCES

When I joined the Navy three years ago, I heard that all Navy women were ugly or gay or both. Well, I'm here to tell you that this notion is not true.

I work nights on a computer (called a station) with two other guys named Hank and Jimmy. For weeks we had been checking out the new girl in the parts department. Her name was Becky, and she came in our shop to buy soda from the vending machine.

One Friday night, we were all set to get out of the shop and go hit the bars when our chief walked in and told us that we had to fix some more gear. A carrier had just pulled in for a two-day break and it needed work. He apologized and went home, saying he'd check on us later. We bitched for a while and got to work.

A few minutes later, Becky came into the shop and asked me if I had any change. She looked kind of sad, so I did my best to cheer her up. With one hand, I hit the side of the vending machine at a spot right next to one of the soda-brand buttons. (We had been doing this for months and the naval retail service never caught on.) As usual, two cans dropped out. She smiled as I gave

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In PENTHOUSE FORUM, editors and readers discuss topics arising out of *Penthouse*, its contents, its aspirations, and its areas of interest. Letters should carry name and address (in capitals, please), though these will be withheld by the Editor on request. Letters become the property of Penthouse. Send to Penthouse Forum, Penthouse International, Ltd., 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023-5965. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

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just slightly ahead of our time.

her the soda. "That's better," I said. "You looked kind of down when you came in."

"I was," she said, "I had big plans for tonight." She looked me up and down, took a sip of her soda, and said, "Show me around."

I led her behind one of the stations and put our sodas into one of the cold air ducts. "You're pretty resourceful!" she said, placing her hand on my arm.

"Thank you," I said, not believing the way she was looking at me. I decided to go for it and kissed her.

She grasped me with both arms as we fell onto one of the safety mats behind the station; her tongue darted in and out of my mouth while I tore at the buttons of her uniform.

She had the most beautiful tits I've ever seen and I licked her marble-hard nipples as she undid my dungarees. I was as stiff as a board, and she moaned low in her throat as she grabbed my throbbing cock. I had her pants off in no time. "Oh God," she moaned, as I entered her hot pussy. I went at it for all I was worth, and she wrapped her legs around my waist and spurred my ass with her heels.

Just then, Hank and Jimmy walked back behind the station. I didn't really know what to do, but I wasn't about to stop. Becky didn't stop either.

She reached up and started rubbing Hank's crotch. He just stood there trying to decide what to do. It didn't take him long, though: He ripped off his uniform while Jimmy fondled her tits.

I shot a huge wad up her wet snatch, and Jimmy lost no time picking her up and bending her over the equipment rack. He porked her for at least ten minutes, and she was still hot for more as she got on her knees and gave Hank the knob-job of his life.

About 20 minutes later, we started putting our clothes on, laughing as we got each other's dungarees mixed up.

"What the fuck's going on!" we heard the chief bellow, as we walked out from behind the station with our hair all messed up and big grins on our faces.

"Air hose came loose," I said. "We put a couple of sodas back there to cool them down and the hose came loose and it got to be like a wind tunnel back there."

"Got it taken care of?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," I said.

"Be careful with those hoses from now on," he said as he walked off.

"Absolutely, sir."

"You *are* a resourceful guy," she winked as she started for the door. Now the question is, what am I going to do about that sexy new gal in production control?

Oh well, I'll think of something.—*Name and address withheld*

MAID SERVICE

I guess you can call this one of those "I can't believe it happened to me" sto-

"Nelson dear, are you sure you can't tell me what kind of work you're doing for the government?"

ries—and I owe it all to a maid service.

I bought my house about six months ago, soon after my divorce was finalized. My divorce taught me one thing real fast: I didn't have the slightest clue about what it took to keep a house clean. Over the past six months, I tried several maid services but I was never satisfied. Perhaps my ex-wife, who was a cleaning fanatic, spoiled me.

Last week, I sampled yet another company, and to my surprise when I opened my door on that Saturday morning, a cute young woman, maybe no older than 19 or 20, was there to greet me. I say I was surprised because every other service had sent women who were about 50, and they all looked like they had been scrubbing kitchen floors with a toothbrush for every day of those 50 years.

Gina, whose petite body and flat chest frankly did nothing to turn me on, went through the standard background: It would be $35 for four hours' work, additional hours were $10 each, and so on.

I went about my own business, catching up on some work in my den, working out, and then decided to take a shower. As the steam filled the bathroom, my hand was firmly grasped around my erect cock, stroking away. Jerking off before getting into the shower was a habit going back to my early years of masturbating, a habit I carried on even through the most intense sexual days of my marriage.

I began imagining it was one of my associates at work who had her hand around my cock. As my body tingled and I realized the inevitable was about to come—literally—Gina called me from the other side of the bathroom door.

And what did she want?

"I'm finished," she said. "It's one o'clock. The four hours are up."

I had not paid any attention to the time. "Oh, okay. I was just about to get into the shower. I'll be right out to give you the check."

I shut off the shower and threw on my robe. I still had a strong hard-on, which pushed the robe away from my hips as if I had tied a stick around my waist. I did all I could to try to lose it, but the harder I concentrated the harder it got. I figured I'd put on underwear to press it back, but when I opened the door, Gina was still standing there. So much for that idea.

Her eyes clumsily glanced down to see how the robe lay abnormally against my pelvis and she did a nervous about-face, walking downstairs to the kitchen. As I followed, this petite young woman began taking on enormous sexual magnetism. Her worn jeans pressed tightly against an ass that featured the outline of some pretty skimpy underpants. It took all I had to resist just running behind her and sliding my conqueror into her inviting crack.

I handed her the check. As she placed it into her black leather pocketbook, she asked me if I had been told about the additional "bathroom services."

By now my flag was flying at half-staff,

In Japan, where high-tech electronics are a way of life, they pay $714.93 for an American-made radar detector

(You can get the same one for considerably less)

Even we were a little surprised. All we did was build the best radar detector we knew how. We shipped our first ESCORT in 1978, and since then we've shipped over 600,000. Along the way the ESCORT has earned quite a reputation—among its owners, and also in several automotive magazines.

Credentials

Over the past five years, *Car and Driver* magazine has performed four radar detector comparison tests. Escort has been rated number one in each. Their most recent test concluded "**The Escort radar detector is clearly the leader in the field in value, customer service, and performance . . .**" We think that's quite an endorsement.

Our Responsibility

One of the reasons for our reputation is our attention to detail. If we don't feel we can do something very well, we simply won't do it. That's why we sell Escorts direct from the factory to you. Not only can we assure the quality of the ESCORT, but we can also make sure that the salesperson you speak to is knowledgeable. And if an ESCORT ever needs service, it will be done quickly. And it will be done right.

50 States Only

And that's the reason we don't presently sell ESCORTs outside of the United States. Even in the countries that use identical radar (Japan and Australia, to name two) we know that we couldn't provide the kind of customer service that ESCORT owners expect. So we pass up the additional sales rather than risk our reputation.

"Dear Sir..."

So we'll admit we were surprised when a letter from one of our customers included an advertisement from a Japanese automotive magazine. The ad pictured an ESCORT, and the price was 158,000 yen. Our customer was kind enough to convert that to U.S. dollars. Using that day's rate of exchange, an American-made ESCORT was worth $714.93 in Japan. Further translation revealed the phrase "**The real thing is here!**" and warned against imitations.

This ½ page ad was a total surprise.

Econ 101

Needless to say, we were flattered. We knew that ESCORT had an impressive reputation, but we never expected to see it "bootlegged" into other countries and sold at such a premium. But the laws of supply and demand are not so easy to ignore. When there is a strong need for a product, there is an equally strong incentive for an enterprising capitalist to fill that need. And apparently, that's just what happened.

Easy Access

Of course, it's easy for you to get an ESCORT—just call us toll-free or write us at the address below. The price is the same as it's been for the last five years: $245. Quite a deal for what the Japanese must think is the best radar detector in the world.

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THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN

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editor & publisher

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JUNE

yet undeniably visible. "Well, your boss told me each additional hour was $10. Looks like you cleaned the whole house, including the bathrooms. I don't understand—" and I stopped talking as if I had been frozen in a machine of naïveté, only to be thawed a second later. "Uh, no. She didn't mention anything other than the additional hours. She didn't say anything about 'bathroom services.' "

"Are you interested?" she asked.

"I wouldn't mind knowing," I said.

"Why don't we go back upstairs to the bathroom," she said, "and I'll explain the choices."

I led the way back upstairs, negotiating the short hallway that led to my bedroom. We awkwardly stopped at the entrance of the bathroom, still feeling the mist of the shower.

"There are several rates," Gina began. Yet looking at the erect nipples which pushed at her tight Rolling Stones T-shirt, I could tell this meant more than business. I wasn't some dirty old man home alone. I was an attractive 31-year-old guy who made her feel happy this was her assignment for the day. "Fifteen dollars gets you a five-minute wash with a cloth, but I stay out of the shower. For $30, the cleaning is for 15 minutes or until you're relieved, whichever comes first." It didn't take a whole lot of imagination to understand what she meant by "relief." "You'll get the same for $40, but I'll be in the shower with you. And for $60, we can shower together for 30 minutes."

"How is that much different?"

"Any part of my body may be used as a washcloth for yours. Oh, one more thing. Cash only, no checks."

Cash wasn't my problem. Making a decision was.

"Fifteen dollars, five minutes," I blurted. I pulled off my robe, throwing it across the sink. Gina's eyes glanced at what was revealed. Eight inches of straining skin shaped like a hot dog that had been sculptured at the top nervously bobbed up and down.

I made the first move in this game as I stepped into the shower. As this delightful-looking young nymph peeked through part of the curtain, I washed myself off and wet a cloth, rubbing it against a bar of soap to work up some suds. "You're in business now," I said as I handed her the washcloth.

She took it from my hands and bent over the bathtub ledge to press the suds against my inner right ankle, slowly bringing it up to my inner thigh, where she briefly rubbed in a counter-clockwise motion. The same was repeated on my left leg, and as her hand came up I could see the stopwatch mode running on her waterproof watch. Gina put her hands on my thighs and pushed me around so my ass could get a good scrubbing.

As I faced the shower wall, I could feel her free hand on my left thigh, holding me still while her other hand massaged each cheek slowly. I looked down at my prime source of pleasure to see it turning bright red from the strain of holding back so long. I fought off an urge to just rub away in the front while she did the back, shooting out my creamy wax to relieve a misery of incredible delight. Gina's wrist pushed through my closed thighs from the rear to open a port of call. While still facing the wall, I felt the soapy washcloth going over my balls with the gentlest of pressure. It pulled back and followed the crease between my cheeks, stopping for a visit to make sure this would be one good, clean ass hole.

Gina's left hand grabbed my left hip, and as I turned I could see only about one minute remained. This young woman was playing me like a musician plays an instrument. But this maestro displayed two of the biggest erect nipples I have ever seen on such small tits. Water ran down her pretty face, and you would be hard-pressed to tell what part of it came from the water that was bouncing off my body, pressing her wet T-shirt even closer to her thin body, and what part came from the mist that had filled the bathroom. Gina looked at my face and could tell that I was in agony, that something had to be done. Yet it could not be done in the few seconds that remained.

"Twenty dollars," I said. "Make it 30. Please just clean my cock with your mouth. Suck it, please," and my hand grasped it, unconsciously pounding away. She put down the cloth on the sink, reached behind the curtain to wipe the suds off her hands, and gently placed the palms of her hands on my pumping machine. Her tiny palms rubbed my penis back and forth as if she were kneading dough. As Gina's left hand wrapped itself around the head, she brought her right between my legs and gently scratched my balls with her nails. Suddenly she removed both, and for a moment I thought she would ask for more. The ingrained smirk on her face broke into a smile and from her mouth came the decision: "It stays at $15." And before the last word was out of her mouth, her lips surrounded my tip, a sneaky tongue playing games underneath as it massaged the most sensitive part of my body. I reached down to rub her head, a silent measure of thanks given with the utmost sincerity.

Gina reached around my waist to hug my ass, pulling my delirious cock deeper into her mouth. And it kept on going, deeper and deeper. She was deep-throating me! The rough part of her inner tongue felt like worn sandpaper under my circumcised head. Water was bouncing off my body onto her back and running into her pants. My cleaning woman was cleansing herself and cleansing me. She backed off a bit and grasped her tiny left hand around the base of my throbbing stick. Around the remaining part went her mouth, and in unison, she went back and forth, back and forth. When she would move back, it was like someone straining

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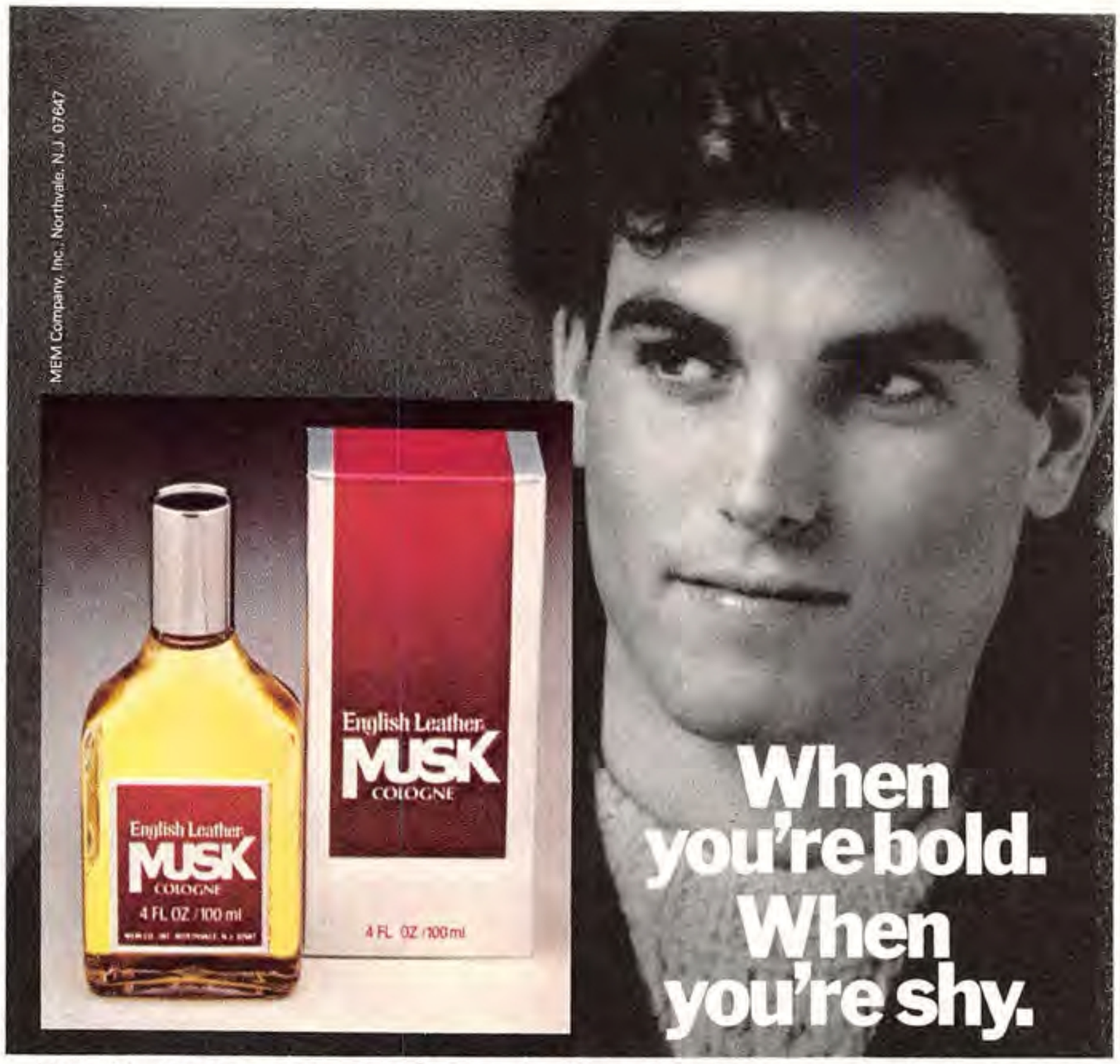

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to rip out my love tool. When she moved back in, it was time for repair, her tongue swirling around it with the perfection of a child making sure she got every drop as she licked a melting ice cream cone.

The time had come for my cone to melt and it was so hot nothing would stop it. And she sensed it.

Gina pressed her knees against the edge of the bathtub to brace herself, never breaking stride. Injury, repair. Injury, repair. Back and forth.

In a split second of awareness of all that was happening, I was able to glance down to see she was totally absorbed in reaching that ultimate goal. I remember Gina using those tiny powerful hands to support me when it happened. They cupped my ass, using the strength of her knees to support both of us. I gasped. It felt as if someone had reached in and grabbed every bit of sperm that could ever exist in my body and wrenched it out. My body froze as if in a giant spasm. And those weren't water drops running down my cheeks. They were unmistakable tears of ecstasy. It was only ten seconds of suspension at most, but it felt like years. I looked down to see Gina gagging. She backed off and opened her mouth to let it flow out. Not drops, but giant globs slid down the sides of her mouth and under her chin. And I could still see a few more spurts jump from a cock that was almost purple in color.

Gina was as wet as if she had been in the shower with me. Her lower jaw and her neck were, simply put, a gooey mess. I leaned against the wall, supporting myself by grabbing the towel rack. And the shower just kept on running.—*Name and address withheld*

COME, SLAVE, COME

Mistress Dina opened her front door and told me to enter. I kissed her hand, told her she was beautiful, and thanked her for allowing me to serve her. She smiled, called me a nice boy, and told me to strip. While removing my clothes I wondered why I was stripping in the entry hall but, knowing my place, said nothing. Handing me a pair of pink crotchless panties and a dog collar, Mistress Dina told me to dress. With a smile she snapped a leash on my collar and led me into her living room. Sitting on the couch, smiling pleasantly, was another woman. Turning red, I looked down and tried to regain my composure.

Mistress Dina lifted my face and said, "Stu, this is Mistress Liza; she will be joining us tonight." Kneeling at her feet and kissing her extended hand, I said I was honored. Mistress Liza laughed and said I was a darling boy. Mistress Dina sat on the couch and said that I could start playing with my cock. As my two mistresses watched and talked, Mistress Liza would occasionally reach out and fondle my balls; they seemed to hold a special interest for her. After watching me for about ten minutes, Mistress Dina said I should help them out of their clothes. Both women were unusually handsome, with flat stomachs and strong legs.

Picking up my leash, Mistress Liza smiled at Mistress Dina and commanded me to lick and kiss her feet. After I did a thorough job on her feet, she pulled up on the leash, making me kiss my way up her silky legs. While I worshipped Mistress Liza, she hinted at what would happen if I didn't do a good job. I did my best, hoping it was good enough. When I got to her pubic hair, Mistress Liza lay back on the couch and said I could start sucking her ass hole. Licking her ass was nice and, when her pussy juices began running down her crack into my mouth, I felt honored and proud of myself. When she began to come, she pulled my face up to her pussy and started yelling, "Harder, slave. Lick harder." Holding my face tight against her pussy she thrust her hips up and down, covering my face with her fragrant juices. As her spasms subsided, she slowed her thrusts and then pushed me away, telling me to lie on the floor.

Mistress Dina sat on my face and said, "Start licking, puppy, and do a good job." As I started to swirl my tongue around Mistress Dina's pussy and nibble her clit, she grabbed my legs, pulling my knees apart and toward her chest. Mistress Liza began stroking my cock and then shoved a vibrator deep up my ass. She alternated between stroking my cock, squeezing my balls, and spanking my buttocks—all in time to the thrusts of the vibrator. After I licked Mistress Dina to orgasm, she rolled off my face and moved down to help Mistress Liza. She started stroking my cock and ramming me with the vibrator while Mistress Liza used one hand to play with my nuts and the other to tickle the head of my cock. Mistress Liza replied, "Yes. Let's make this cock squirt."

Mistress Dina started stroking faster and harder and said, "Come, slave, come now." And I did, shooting hot thick jets into my mistress's waiting hand. She continued squeezing my balls, milking every last drop out of me. With her hand full of come, she asked if I would like a little snack. I begged her, "Don't make me eat it, please." With a smile, she squeezed my nuts and said, "What, little boy? I didn't hear you."

"Oh, Mistress, please let me eat my come," I begged.

With that, she poured my come down my throat and made me lick her hand. She squeezed again and I remembered to thank her. She said that someday, if I was lucky, I might get to eat my come out of her pussy, and wouldn't I like that. At a final squeeze from her I said, "Thank you, Mistress, I would like that very much. Please don't make me wait too long!"—*Name and address withheld*

CONTINUED ON PAGE 142

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"Brittany, the cover shot of you is hotter than Hades. You're so sexy I can't contain myself."

PET FORUM

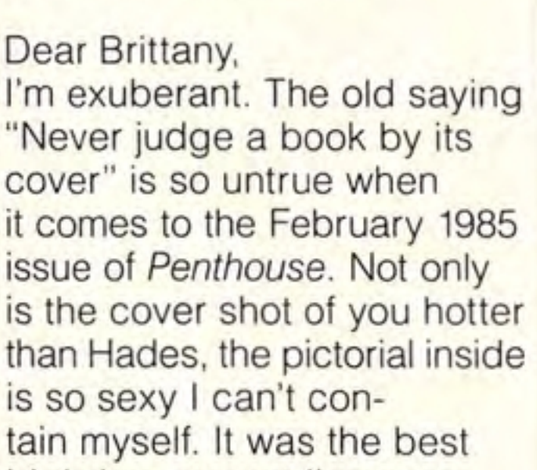
GOING PLACES
Dear Brittany Dane,
Your pictorial, "Fast Forward" [February 1985], was sensational. You have the most beautiful eyes I have ever seen!

Brittany, I hope you won't add my name to that growing list of guys who just stare at your body, even though it's deserving of a second look. Not only are you a knockout, but more importantly, it sounds as if you have quite a head on your shoulders. I admire your determination and spunk.

I wish you much success in your studies and your future career in Hollywood. I'll be looking for those adorable eyes on the silver screen.—*Vince Crysler, Beaconsfield, Quebec*

Dear Brittany,
I'm exuberant. The old saying "Never judge a book by its cover" is so untrue when it comes to the February 1985 issue of *Penthouse*. Not only is the cover shot of you hotter than Hades, the pictorial inside is so sexy I can't contain myself. It was the best birthday present I've ever received!

I'd just like to say that I can



Brittany

Debbie

be that "tall, hard, sinister man" you dream of finding on an island. But I also have another side. I can be the "sweet, thoughtful, romantic" man you crave, too.

Thanks again, Brittany, for the greatest birthday present.—*Todd Paul, Fairhaven, Md.*

BRIGHTER TAYS
Dear Debbie Tays,
Ever since your appearance in *Penthouse*, I have been totally enthralled. Your "Fast Talker" pictorial [August 1984] was explosive.

I have come to the conclusion that you are the most gorgeous woman ever to have been featured in *Penthouse*. My eyes and legs have been rated as killers all my life, but your soft, sensual eyes and beautifully toned legs outdid mine in every picture.

Maybe we can work something out and keep our legs in shape together. Any ideas?—*Name and address withheld*

Dear Sexy Eyes,
Working out with a partner is the only way to keep in shape. My favorite inner-thigh exercise goes like this:

- *Lie flat on back—sans workout duds, of course.*
- *Wrap legs around partner's waist as he does push-ups above you.*
- *Squeeze legs tightly around partner, and rock.*
- *Start out slowly, but increase momentum once the adrenaline begins to flow.*

I like to do this exercise at least twice a day. But finding partners with equal stamina is becoming more and more difficult. So come on, guys, get in shape!—Debbie

Hyapatia

DELICIOUS LEE
Dear Hyapatia Lee,
I realize it was September 1984 when you appeared in the pictorial "Indian Giver," but to this day I can't get enough of looking at you. You are, bar none, the most beautiful, sexy woman I have seen in 30 years of living.

All I have to do is look at your pretty face and I'm aroused. I've seen every *Penthouse* from issue No. 1 on up, and you're the best of them all. Even my wife agrees with me that you are the most together, delicious lady on earth.

I look forward to seeing more of you in *Penthouse* and plan on collecting every new film you're in.—*Name and address withheld*

Thanks a lot for the terrific fan letter. You sound like lots of fun, and so does your wife. I love couples with agreeable tastes.—Hyapatia

THE HIGHEST CALIBER
Dear *Penthouse*,
Your November 1984 issue contains not only one, but two dazzling pictorials. Jeanette Starion (what a gorgeous face! And that body! Whew!) makes a very fine International Pet of the Year.

The November Pet of the Month, Mindy Farrar, is quite a breathtaking beauty! Her stunning body, divine smile, and inviting eyes have me still trying to catch my breath.

Watch out, *Penthouse*! More pictorials of this caliber will make me a subscriber!—*Bob Reader, Thunder Bay, Ontario*

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PENTHOUSE FEEDBACK

NEW HOPE FOR IMPOTENCY

As a urologist who deals in sexual dysfunction, I read with interest Kevin Sanders's article "The Thirty-Hour Erection" in the December 1984 issue of *Penthouse*. I was, however, dismayed at some of the information given to the reader, in that a lot of it was erroneous. I have been implanting inflatable penile prostheses for approximately six years and have had,

as have other urologists who perform this surgery, only *minimal* problems with the device. Patient reaction has been extremely favorable, 85 to 90 percent of patients and partners being absolutely satisfied with the return of sexual functioning and with the functioning of the device. Contrary to the Sanders article, complications including pain and infection are extremely rare. Admittedly, there is postoperative pain for a week or two, but to date I have had no patient who has not been able to have painless intercourse.

The creation of a "Concorde effect" [the shaft of the penis stiffens, but the head does not] does not occur if too short a cylinder is implanted in the penis, so that the cylinder does not come all the way out to the end of the penile shaft. In contrast to your article, the implantation of a penile prosthesis does produce a normal-appearing erection. I have had many patients who have gone on to new sexual partners. These patients report that their partners did not know that a penile prosthesis was present and that intercourse seemed perfectly natural. Most of these partners, when told about the prosthesis, were surprised to realize that it was present.—*Alan Schrager, M.D., Mamaroneck, N.Y.*

Kevin Sanders replies:
I did not mean to suggest that penile implants could not be helpful, or that they always give trouble. As you pointed out, many patients find them completely satisfactory. Indeed, implants are likely to remain the only option available for impotence patients who do not respond to the still experimental treatments I described in my article.

However, most of the urologists I spoke with in preparing the report put a heavy emphasis on the downside of the operation—perhaps because of their enthusiasm for the alternative possibilities offered by the new drug-injection treatments. One urologist claimed that with the implant, the head of the penis never becomes fully rigid, even if there is not a "Concorde effect." Also, most urologists said penis size is important in determining the success of the operation. Since the implant is apparently not able to extend the length of the penis to the extent of a natural erection, a man with a large penis is more likely to achieve a satisfactory result from the operation.

As I suggested in my article, new drug techniques may someday make such drastic surgery unnecessary. Meanwhile, your comments offer welcome encouragement to those men suffering from impotence for whom an implant may still be the only remedy.

HEALTHY AND FIT

Dear Dr. Michael Colgan,
Your monthly "Fitness" column is my favorite part of *Penthouse*. I am a very healthy 40-year-old housewife who has been studying health and nutrition for over ten years. My family and friends have always been amazed at my youthful appearance, but few want to change their lifestyle. To help them out, I've made copies of your articles and passed them around.

I wish you continued success with *Penthouse*. And please, Dr. Colgan, keep up the good work.—*S. Downing, address withheld*

THE CURSE OF HEIGHT

Michael Korda spoke only the truth in his February 1985 "Power Game" column. Being tall doesn't put you on top of the world. I'm six foot four and as poor as owl shit.

We tall people always have and always will have to pay our dues. Being tall means growing up with constant ridicule about your general physique. Try growing up with a constant stream of nicknames, such as "Bean Pole" or "French Fry."

I guess that short people's behavior (aggressive ambition and petulant feistiness) stems from a lack of pure air. Short people go through life taking in the air that whistles around taller people's hair, shoulders, and armpits—or, at best, a fellow short person's face. A short person really suffers in crowds.

At a concert, being tall really pays off. You can see the stage, people you know, where the drugs are, where the pretty girls are, and you don't have to smoke that much of your own pot. You can catch a contact high from all the rising smoke.

Korda was also right when he stated that a short boss will almost always, even if unconsciously, give a tall employee a hard row to hoe. Nothing seems to delight a short boss more than to make an asshole out of a tall employee. They love it even more if the deed is done around a fetching young lady. And you might as well hang it up if your boss is both short and fat and you're tall and thin. And God help you if you're tall, thin, and have a lot of hair and your boss is short, fat, and bald.

I truly doubt that this horrid social fuckup will ever go away. But look at it this way, tall people need short people. With them around, we stand out more.—*Gary Woolard, Grimesland, N.C.*

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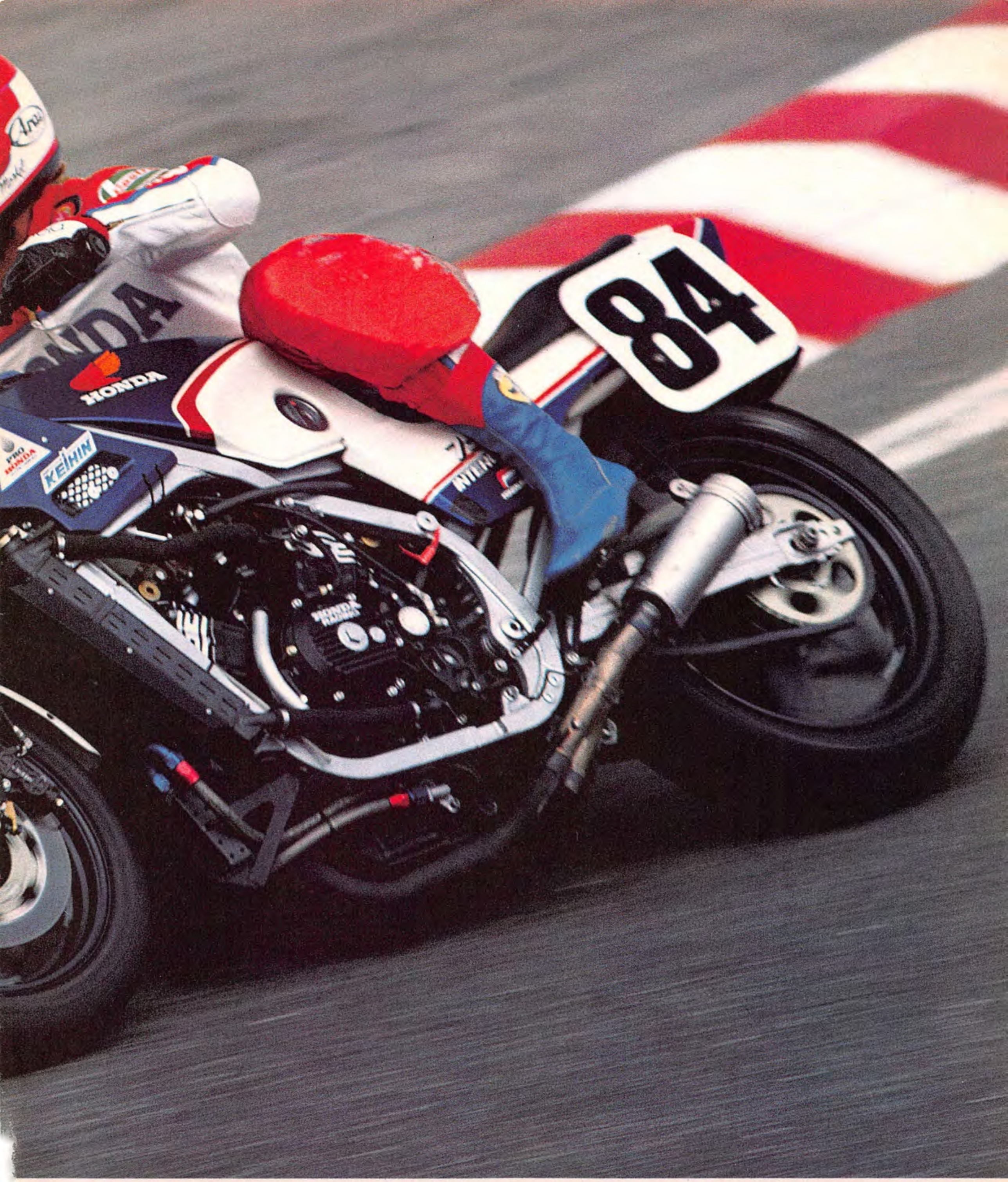

and obey the basic speed law. Slow down before you enter a turn. Give yourself plenty of room when passing cars. Don't make any unsafe modifications. If you're riding a new or unfamiliar machine, take it extra easy. And be nice enough to acknowledge when you are given the right-of-way. Pros know that doing the right things makes riding a lot safer. And more fun.

Sooner or
later, you'll need
a lawyer.
Here's how to find one.

MEN'S RIGHTS

BY SIDNEY SILLER

As a man, in order to survive in today's litigious battleground between the sexes—whether it be divorce, custody, sexual harassment, rape, or employment discrimination—sooner or later you will need to be represented by an attorney. Choosing the right lawyer is the linchpin of success in the courtroom. In this column I'll attempt to set down what I would look for if I were in need of legal counsel.

Ask a friend you trust for the name of a lawyer. Ask a neighbor for a recommendation, or your banker, minister, or doctor. Check the lawyer-referral services of bar associations. Your company, union, or credit union may even have a prepaid legal-services plan to cover the legal work you need, entitling you to a certain amount of an attorney's time, and at a special low rate.

One of the best ways to find a lawyer is to visit a nearby law school and ask a member of the faculty for a recommendation. Sometimes nonprofit public interest groups, such as the local branch of the American Civil Liberties Union, can be of help. Some of them have staff attorneys who can handle your case or make a suitable recommendation. (In New York City, unfortunately, the ACLU appears reluctant to represent men in divorce or custody cases.)

Those who lack sufficient income and assets with which to retain a lawyer should try the local Legal Aid Society or community-based legal action groups.

The best recommendation of all would most likely come from someone in the judicial system, such as a sitting or retired judge, an administrative clerk, or the officer who administers the courts in your home state.

After you have two or three names, you should arrange an interview with each attorney. To best evaluate your potential lawyer, let him think that *he* is interviewing *you*. This in no way means that you cannot ask serious questions. However, do not interrupt the interview too frequently; that could hinder your opportunity to learn whether a particular attorney would be your wisest choice.

You should be clear as to the fields in which your prospective attorney specializes. Does he handle divorce and custody cases, for example? Bear in mind that some lawyers specialize and some do not. A few states, such as California, certify specialties like tax, compensation, and criminal law. When in serious legal difficulties, or if you see impending litigation down the road, be certain to retain an attorney who specializes. Do not waste your time interviewing a general practitioner.

Then you should ask any prospective attorney to review all of the papers in your case (providing that your file is not too ponderous). Do not withhold any vital or salient information; it may cause you to receive an erroneous legal opinion. Some lawyers may ask to review your documents in advance of your meeting. Obviously, this can only work to your best interest and may save time.

Just one simple caveat: Try to be actively involved in your lawyer's efforts on your behalf. With most lawyers, you can participate in developing your case by collating the necessary documents and finding the witnesses. Keeping a meticulous record in the form of a diary is an excellent method of recording and reporting to your attorney any new developments. Also ask your lawyer for copies of all documents prepared on your behalf.

Every attorney I know conducts an initial interview in a different style. You shouldn't expect that a good lawyer will necessarily take notes. Some prefer listening to what a prospective client has to say rather than being a scribe. There is always time to take notes in the second interview.

Be wary and cautious of the attorney who guarantees results. Lawsuits are not "sure things." A competent specialist will be able to tell you the strengths and weaknesses of your case. If you do not comprehend everything he is saying, ask him to repeat his explanation in lay terms.

If you decide to hire an attorney at your first meeting, be sure to find out how long your case is expected to last, how much it will cost, and how you will be charged. You should feel comfortable that you can work closely with the attorney, and that he has the skill, necessary experience, and ability.

There are various ways to determine a client's fee. There is a flat fee plus expenses, which is an all-inclusive fee until a final judgment or order is entered in a case. There is an agreed retainer and a fixed hourly rate. Some lawyers prefer a combination of a fixed down payment and an hourly rate. In most states, if not all, a contingent fee based on the results of a divorce case is unethical and illegal. Once the fee is agreed upon, the best approach is to put the retainer in writing so as to prevent any future dispute.

In essence, don't run from the best legal talent available to you in your community.

Many men often look for new attorneys as soon as their cases seem to falter and they end up paying more in fees than if they had initially retained the best. If you were ill with cancer, you'd attempt to retain the best physician. When you're in a divorce and custody battle, you've been exposed to "social cancer," and you need the most highly rated legal talent.

One final note: If you still have difficulty getting local counsel, write the National Organization for Men, 381 Park Avenue South, New York, N.Y. 10016, or call our hotline, (212) 686-MALE.

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FITNESS

BY MICHAEL COLGAN, Ph.D.

In one of your recent columns you advised readers to drink water "before, during, and after" workouts. I am 28 and have been working out for several years. One thing all my coaches agreed on is that during a workout, water intake should be kept at a minimum to prevent cramps. I think this makes sense, because whenever I drink water during a workout, I either have to stop or suffer feelings of nausea or cramps. Does drinking water while working out apply to only certain activities? Please straighten out this contradiction.—J. Deuhajk, Sacramento, Calif.

If "all your coaches" agreed that water intake should be kept to a minimum during a workout, then they are simply parroting an old myth—that real men don't need sissy drinks during tough exercise. For 12 years I have worked with elite athletes worldwide. We have never had a single one whose performance did not improve once he or she drank plenty of water during workouts. Professor Laurence Morehouse of U.C.L.A., one of the world's leading exercise physiologists, and Dr. David Costill, head of the Human Performance Laboratory at Ball State University, have both shown that athletes who do not drink during exercise impair their performance.

There are, however, simple rules you should follow. Gulping large amounts of water during a workout may cause cramps—always sip. Never drink from a water fountain because you'll swallow a lot of air, which will cramp you. Also avoid all carbonated waters, including sparkling mineral water; the carbonation can cause exercise cramps. I describe the correct way to use liquids during exercise in my new book, *Optimum Nutrition for Athletes* (Mueller).

I pride myself on making truly excellent coffee. My health-nut friends, however, tell me I'm poisoning myself with this wonderful dark brew. They say coffee is an addictive drug and can even cause cancer. I know anything in excess is not good for one's health, but I only drink two cups of coffee, with cream, a day. Am I slowly doing myself in, or not?—W. Vass, Johnstown, Pa.

Heavy coffee drinking has been linked with cancer of the pancreas. After a study involving 369 patients with pancreatic cancer, Harvard University researchers reported in the *New England Journal of Medicine* that there was a connection. The evidence suggested that drinking more than five cups of coffee a day *triples* the risk for that form of cancer.

A mild coffee habit (up to three cups a day) is not associated with increased risk of any disease, although the caffeine in coffee makes many people anxious, irritable, or nervous. It is mildly addictive, but is an easier habit to break than nicotine or alcohol. A well-made cup of coffee is one of life's great pleasures, and two cups a day will surely not poison you.

I have never been a very active person, physically. But I do love to walk distances of a few miles whenever weather permits. I understand that walking is great for the heart, but does it do anything at all for leg muscles? Would walking—let's say, three miles a day—combined with a sensible diet, such as you have described previously, help me drop a couple of pounds? Also, should I do any other kind of exercise to maintain good health? I'm not interested in being a muscle man, though.—H. Frieberg, Hartford, Conn.

Walking is the safest, soundest, most beneficial single form of exercise there is. Now, I don't mean the hunchback, splayfoot shuffle you see in shopping malls, or the rigid-back, high-heel stagger that forces the buttocks to struggle so hard for control they resemble a pair of squabbling squirrels. I mean a good, brisk, upright stroll in soft shoes that gets you breathing deeply.

My institute has tested walking programs against jogging and aerobics programs for erstwhile sedentary adults. We found that walking is definitely superior, because regular jogging or aerobics are too difficult for many adults to maintain for long, whereas walking can be done anytime without special clothes, equipment, or facilities. Most of the sedentary people we measured who enrolled in gyms or a jogging program began with great willpower but lasted less than three months. Most of the walkers, however, lasted more than six months and many have continued for more than five years. The effectiveness of any exercise program depends upon *regular* participation. If you walk three miles a day, almost *every day*, the improvement in a previously sedentary body will astound you.

Combined with a good diet, you will lose weight from walking daily, too. The secret of weight loss through exercise is not the calories burned by the activity, but the increase in your metabolic rate, which burns extra calories for up to 15 hours after an exercise session. Daily sessions mean daily metabolic increases, therefore daily calorie losses.

You do need some other exercise to maintain health and inhibit aging. Walking will maintain cardiovascular and pulmonary (lung) systems, but you also need to maintain flexibility and a lean muscle mass. The Colgan Institute has a system which takes *only eight minutes a day* to do both. For more information about this, please write to me at *Penthouse,* 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023-5965.

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and I'll say it again: Nothing that
a man and woman do to
each other during intercourse can
be described as homosexual."

XAVIERA HOLLANDER
CALL ME MADAM

LETTER OF THE MONTH

A funny thing happened to me and my friend last weekend, and we've decided to write to you and see what you think. We like athletic men. We have several sports teams here in our area, but we like baseball players the most. Both of us are lookers. I am in my middle twenties, blond, with a great figure. My statistics are 38D-26-37. Jennifer, my friend, is a 36C-25-36. She has long black hair and a very pretty face. So we don't have any problems getting the ballplayers we want. We have boyfriends on the side now and then, but ballplayers are the most fun.

There are bars where the ballplayers hang out, and girls who like to play with them go there to meet them. One Friday night, Jennifer and I met a couple of guys we've played with before, and we spent the night with them. The next morning one asked us if we wanted to spend the weekend at a friend's house at a party. There were about half a dozen girls, including Jennifer and myself, and as many guys. One of them was the owner of the place. The place was fantastic, like a mansion, with lots of lawn and a big pool and hot tub. The house had lots of glass walls and was very modern. The guy that owns it is rich and a big man in the area, and he likes baseball, so he invited the guys for the party.

We guess you know what kind of weekend it was—lots of sex. Each of us fucked with each of the guys there and I think the other girls did, too. There was another brunette there besides Jennifer, and a redhead, and the other two were blond like me. All very good-looking, too. After the first few times, we didn't even bother getting dressed again, since we would be undressed soon anyway. A couple of times while I was sucking on a cock I felt a guy come into me from behind, and Jennifer had that happen to her, too. Saturday night, while I was sleeping, I woke up and found a guy fucking me. I don't know who it was, but I wrapped myself around him and joined in. It was a really wild party weekend and we were bushed by Sunday night. I'm sure you've had weekends like that.

But what we're writing about is the guy who owned the place. Kathy and I have talked about it and we want your opinion. She says he's gay and I don't know how he can be.

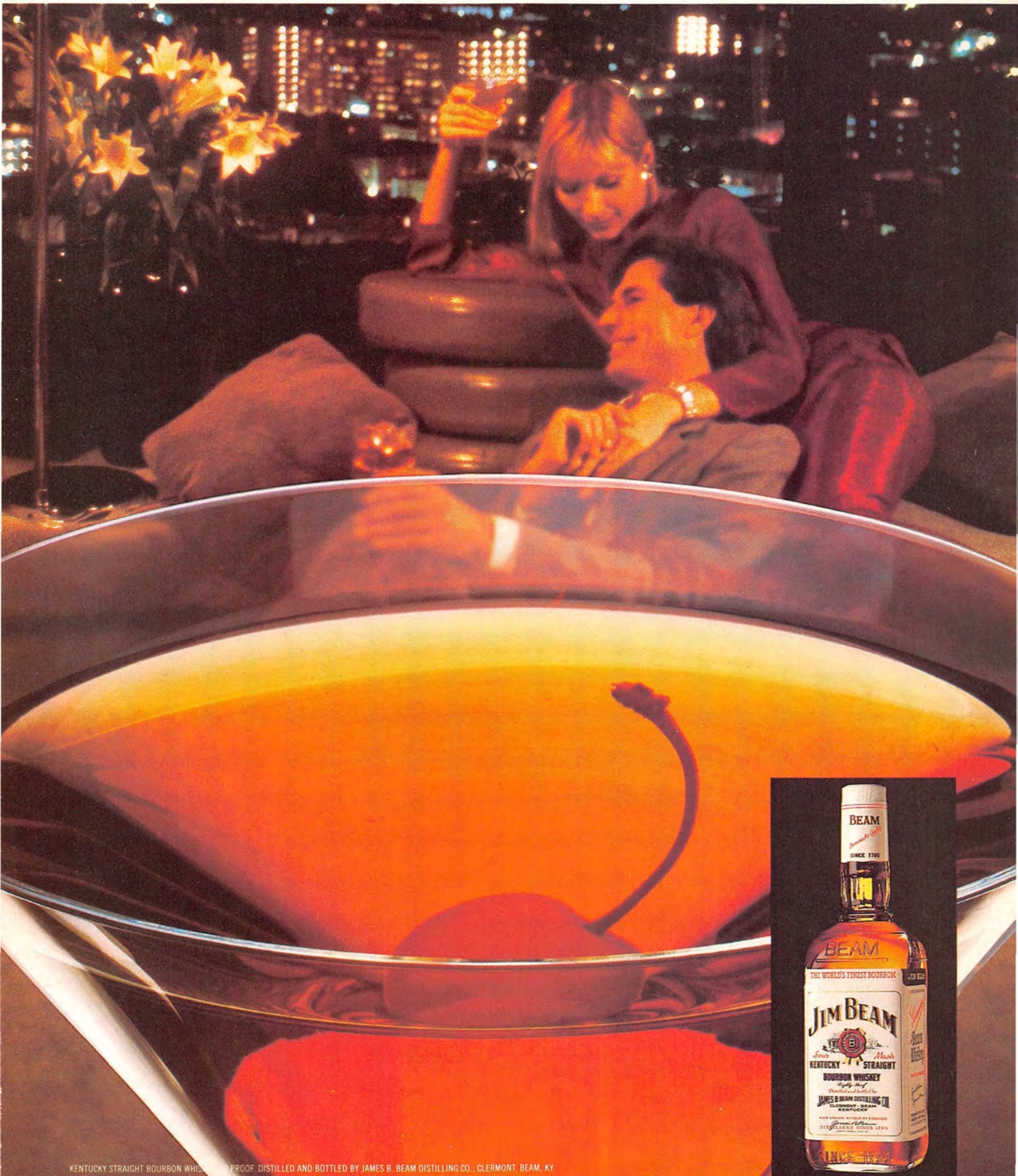
The funny thing is, he didn't fuck any of the girls until someone else had done it first. I didn't notice it until he did it to me. Saturday evening a guy and I were fucking on a mat behind some bushes next to the pool, and when we finished the owner of the house joined us. He had watched us finish and he had an erection. He needed to get laid and the ballplayer said something like, "Be my guest." The guy fucked me and came quick. Later I was in the kitchen with Patty, the redhead, and one of the ballplayers came in for a beer and we talked for a while. Patty has a terrific figure, as good as mine, and since she's younger, she has firmer breasts. She turned the guy on, since we weren't wearing anything. The ballplayer wasn't wearing anything either. Patty began playing with his cock and then sucking him when it got hard. She has short hair and he was running his fingers through it. The owner came in and was watching, and got turned on, too. I thought he would want me to suck him, or maybe fuck, but he said no. He waited until the ballplayer had come and Patty had swallowed all his jism. Then he wanted her to suck him, too, and she did.

Jennifer says that later, while I was in the bedroom with one of the other blondes and a couple of players, she fucked a pitcher on the couch. When they were through, the host hopped on her while she was still wet and fucked her for a while until he came. But the funny thing is, he stopped in the middle to let one of the other guys fuck her, and started again, even harder than before, after the other guy was finished. She also says that she and Patty were in on some group-sex things with the guys and the host liked to either fuck them while they sucked a ballplayer, or to let them suck him when they were fucking a guy. I know that happened to me next to the hot tub. I was on my side sucking a guy and that guy fucked me. I think it may have been him, too, that fucked me from be-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 34

All inquiries are treated in confidence. Send to Xaviera Hollander, *Penthouse* Magazine, 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023-5965. Miss Hollander regrets that no private replies can be supplied.

America comes home to Jim Beam.



KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHIS[illegible] PROOF. DISTILLED AND BOTTLED BY JAMES B. BEAM DISTILLING CO., CLERMONT, BEAM, KY.

hind while I was sucking a ballplayer, and didn't have a chance to see who it was behind me. Jennifer and I added it up, and we're sure we fucked him as often as we fucked any other guy. He must be like one of those Greek goat gods who are horny all the time.

Jennifer says he must be gay, and gets his male sex secondhand, by using girls. He fucks the same girl, or is sucked by the same one, while she is still wet from a guy. Or, in a group-sex case, by using a girl as the in-between object. I don't know how a gay guy can get it up so often and into a girl, since gays often dislike sex with women. We have decided to write to you and see if you've ever run across a guy like that.—M. J.

I saw a movie the other day, set in your city, that suggested in a tongue-in-cheek way that all the males in that area are gay. I thought it was an exaggeration. But with chicks like you and your friend sticking labels on everybody, and trying to classify every little sexual quirk, maybe it's true.

I said it before, and I'll say it again: Nothing that a man and a woman do to each other during sexual intercourse can be described as homosexual. There is a Spanish joke about a circus strongman whose act is to fuck 100 women, one after the other, in the arena. One night he is a bit off-color and can only make it to 96. When he fails on the 97th, the audience starts booing and shouting "*maricón*"—which means "fag." Okay, Spain is a very macho country, but you are acting in the same way. Don't confuse homosexuality with lack of libido.

Your Greek-goat-god host does not strike me as having gay tendencies at all. He may have a streak of bisexuality in his makeup, but I would have thought that, in that case, he would at least want to touch an occasional cock (other than his own). He must have had ample opportunity to do so, but according to your letter, he did not.

I suspect that, like a lot of men, he gets turned on to see a woman being possessed by another man. Also, he likes his pussy wet and willing. If you read this column regularly, you must have noticed that I get many letters from husbands who enjoy watching their wives screw someone else and who then fuck them afterward.

The splendid orgy scenes you describe would turn anyone on, and if you think about it, this man was working hard at being the perfect host. It all sounds like a lot of fun! It is most refreshing to hear about a group of healthy people, without hang-ups, enjoying an athletic weekend of good, clean, uninhibited sex.

THE ULTIMATE VIRGIN

I am 27 years old and am married to a wonderful man. My problem is unusual and is causing me more and more misery. That is why I hope with all my heart that you can help me. After eight years of marriage, I am still a virgin! My husband has never been able to fuck me—the moment he tries to penetrate me, my vagina closes like a vise. This is very strange, as I want nothing more than to have him inside me.

I was afraid that the first time would be very painful, but we kept on trying. Every time he comes close to entering me, I clamp up. It is as if I were wearing a computerized chastity belt.

We still love each other very much and I enjoy it when he spoils me, caressing and kissing me. I also love to please him, and I satisfy him in every way I can to give him an orgasm, except in my pussy. At one time my husband thought it must be his fault. So, in desperation, I tried to make love with another man, with my husband's permission, but it was just the same.

What am I to do? Do you think I need medical treatment? Can a vagina be so tight that it hurts to be penetrated? Am I condemned to live all my life without sexual intercourse? Are there doctors who are specialists in this field who can help to overcome my fear of the pain?

We would also like to have children. Please tell me what to do!—R. F.

Every month I receive many letters from both men and women who have sexual problems but are too scared to ask for medical advice. One young man, who I am sure would immediately go to a doctor with a twisted ankle or a badly burned finger, said, "I can hardly say to a doctor's receptionist, 'I've got a pain in my dick.' " Why the hell not? That's what the medical profession is there for!

But let's get to your case, which is not unique. There are some women who cannot engage in coitus because of involuntary muscular spasms, which close the opening of the vagina. As a result, the insertion of a man's penis becomes extremely difficult or even impossible. The condition is known as "vaginismus." In a few rare cases, vaginismus develops as a protective reaction against previously experienced pain during sexual intercourse, which was caused by some injury or disease of the internal sex organs. Obviously, in such a case, the underlying physical cause must be treated.

However, very often the cause of vaginismus is entirely psychological. For example, a woman whose husband is unable to have or hold an erection may become so frustrated and apprehensive about his futile attempts at coitus that her vagina tightens involuntarily. On the other hand, even a man with normal sexual responses may eventually become dysfunctional if he always finds the woman's vagina too tight for penetration. Thus a couple may enter a vicious circle of mutual disappointment. It then makes little

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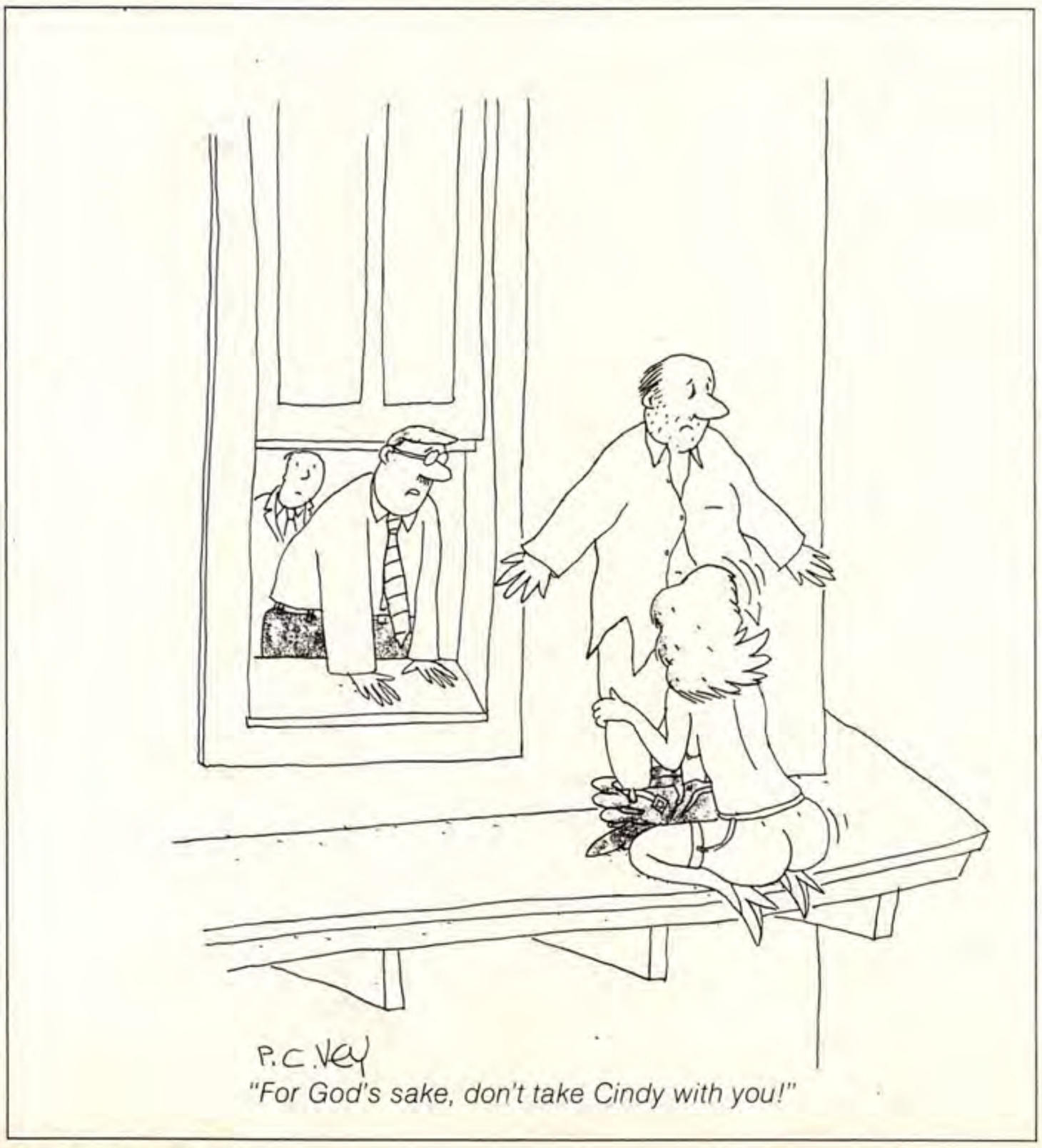

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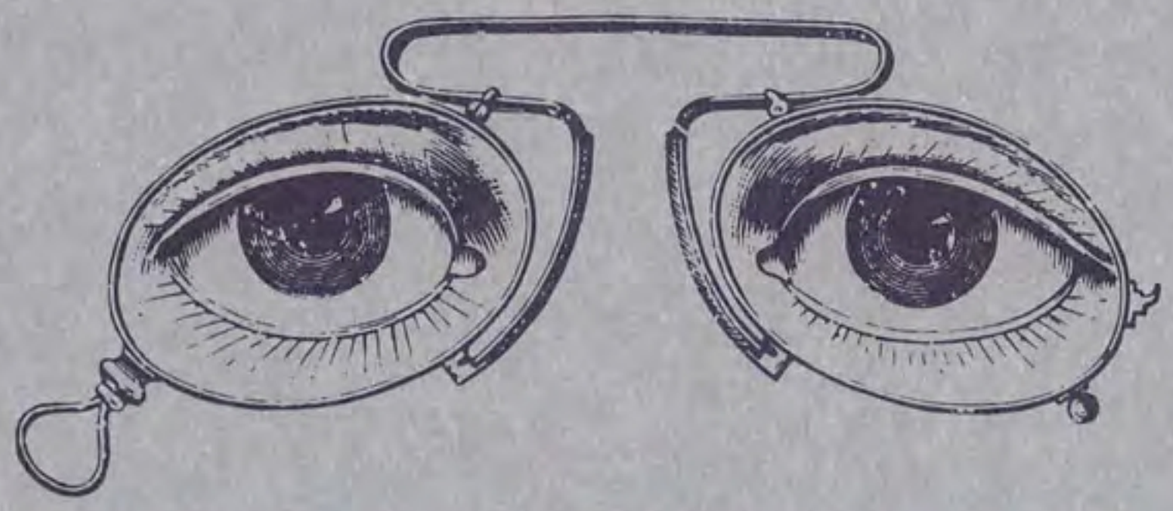


VIEW FROM THE TOP

THE SILENT SCREAM

BY EMILY PRAGER

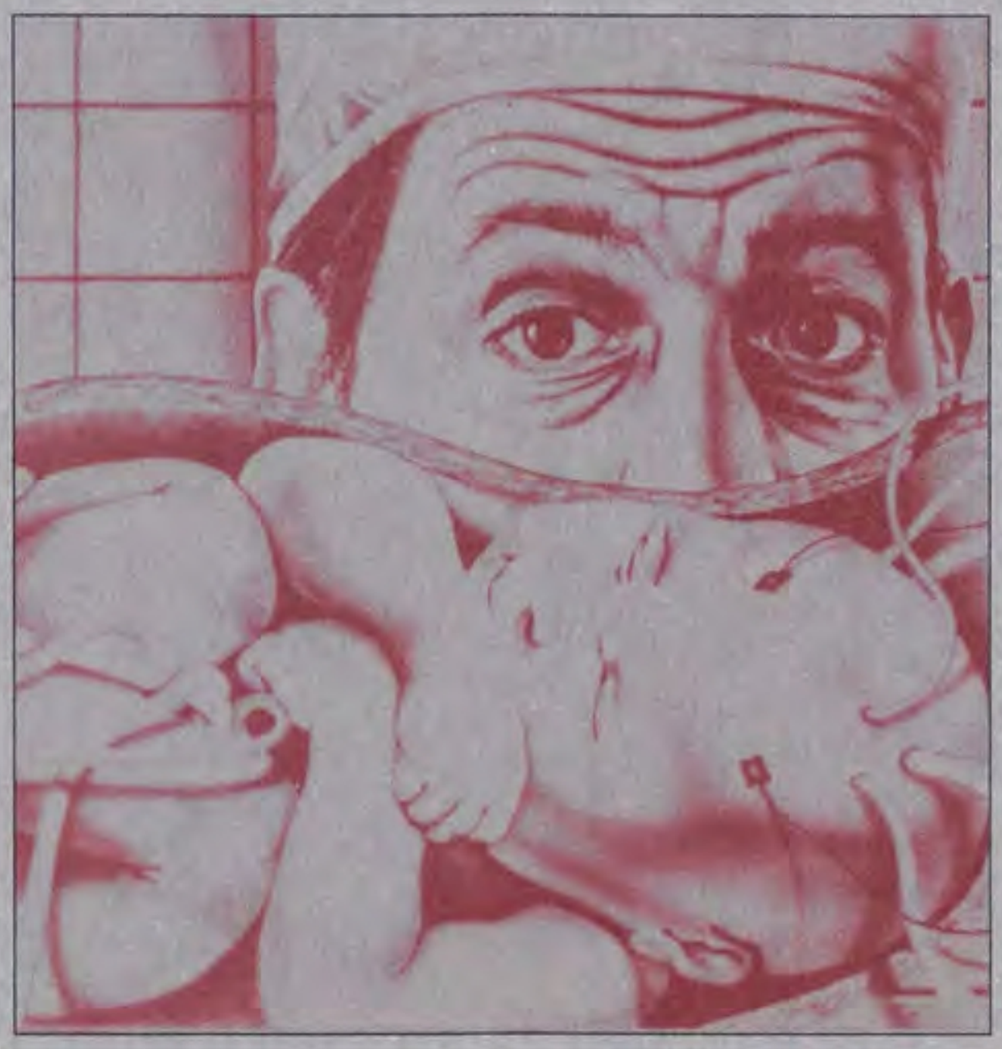
The right-to-life movement has released its first motion picture. *The Silent Scream* is its title, and it's already played Congress, "20/20," and the right-to-life lecture circuit. All one can hope is that antiabortionists are better at wiring charges than they are at making films, because this one definitely should have been terminated before release, if not at conception.

The brainchild of one Dr. Bernard Nathanson, the film purports to be a sonogram of an actual vacuum abortion. But, frankly, the picture is so out of focus, so fuzzy and indistinct, that it could be a womb or a fetus on-screen or it could be space footage from NASA.

There are no technical credits and no reputable scientific institutions listed as backing the film. There is only Dr. Nathanson, who narrates the footage as if it were Bergman's *Hour of the Wolf* and not a scientific documentary. Dr. Nathanson takes his pointer and points out such supposed horrors as the suction clamp breaking the amniotic sac, the fetus with open mouth screaming in pain, the body of the fetus being sucked away, and other occurrences that may or may not have happened. But were the doctor not guiding our perceptions, it would be impossible to tell if it is a fetus we're seeing or relayed trackings from the NBC weather satellite.

Beyond Dr. Nathanson's dismal performance, there is the question of his reliability as a scientific source. After all, here is a man who is given to vast changes of mind vis-à-vis his views on the sanctity of life. One year, abortion is a viable career; the next, it's murder. This is not a man whose clarification of the abortion picture is likely to be at all trustworthy, no matter what the medium.

But if, for the moment, we accept that *The Silent Scream* is a film of a vacuum abortion, and not old outtakes from the moon landing, the obvious question that pops into this reviewer's mind is: How did Nathanson get the footage?



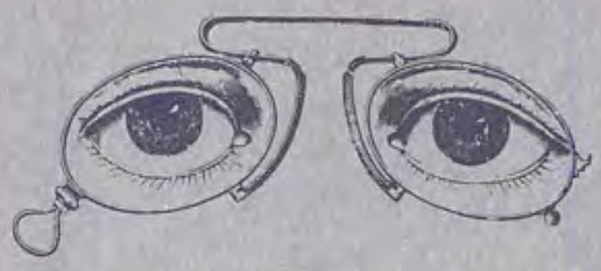
As I say, there are no credits on the film, so one asks, Was there a sonogram operator? Who is the actress whose abortion we're watching? What are her credits? Who was she dating? Did she, in fact, know what was happening? Why would any woman undergoing an abortion want the operation filmed, much less used for pro-life propaganda? Should we alert the Screen Actors Guild to possible unfair practices? That actress deserves to be paid, and that fetus, too—or at least its estate.

And then there's another question: If this is a film of vacuum abortion, and it is made by right-to-lifers—whose avowed belief is that abortion is murder—doesn't that make *The Silent Scream* the first right-to-life snuff movie?

And if this is a snuff film and not an old X ray somebody's cat licked, what kind of morality would condone presence during—and filming of—the very crime the film is supposed to prevent? Well, let's suppose Dr. Nathanson filmed it during his abortion-is-swell period. Does that make it okay for him to pimp it to us now as a guide to our morality? Is this a film about the morality of the pro-choice position or about Dr. Nathanson's self-expiation? Should pro-choice activists counter with on-the-spot footage of violent rape that leads to pregnancy, or home movies of incest, to make their case?

What sort of rating should this film have? If it contains a murder, as right-to-lifers and Nathanson contend, does it not then fall into the category of obscenity? As far as this reviewer knows, snuff movies are against the law in this country, only shown in the back rooms of big-money porn parlors.

This living-abortion movie is a far cry from Disney's *Living Desert* movie. *The Silent Scream* is exploitive and obscene. If indeed it is a vacuum abortion and not overexposed art videos from Laurie Anderson's trash bin, at best, its motives are questionable. There is no reason to think it will go any further toward preventing abortion than Mexican kiddie-porn snuff films have in preventing child abuse.



VIEW FROM THE TOP

LAW

REAGAN'S GOD

In the 1920s and 1930s, there were signs all over the country that said FOR CHRISTIANS ONLY. These restrictive invitations appeared on the doors of country clubs, residential communities, golf courses, and other facilities. The word "Christian," as used in these signs, was a euphemism for white Protestants. Blacks, Catholics, Jews, and other minorities were not welcome. It was all very unchristian, though it was done in the name of Christianity. There were no actual signs on some law firms, banks, or medical schools, but the restrictions were just as real. Even some positions in government were effectively restricted to Christians.

That all ended after World War II. Or did it?

President Reagan recently disclosed that an invisible government—for certain kinds of "Christians Only"—has emerged in Washington and in other capitals throughout the world. This network has taken the form of "private fellowship groups," "Bible-study groups," and "prayer-breakfast clubs." These organizations operate in secrecy because, as the President said in explaining his refusal to be more specific, "It's working precisely because it is private." A White House spokesman reiterated this need for secrecy, arguing that the groups must remain confidential in order to work.

Despite its benign appearance, this development is alarming. It is part of the fundamentalist program to

"Christianize" America. The advocates of these groups speak about "spiritual enrichment" and other high-sounding neutral phrases. But the reality is that one branch of religion—fundamentalist Christianity of the most reactionary kind—is at the center of these "fellowships."

Nor do these truly "private" clubs have no impact on government. The goal of those fundamentalists who are promoting them is to assure that every single government agency is infiltrated by fundamentalist Christian dogma and that governmental policies reflect fundamentalist religious values.

Robert Doggan, Jr., of the Washington Council of Evangelicals, boasted that prayer and Bible groups exist in the White House, in both houses of Congress, and in various government agencies. Even some Supreme Court justices are "involved in a little group like this." Doggan claimed that there may be more of these groups "in the nation's capital per capita than any other city in the country."

It is a tenet of fundamentalist philosophy to try to impose the principles of religion on secular government. It is not surprising to learn, therefore, that members of these groups meet with each other in a kind of informal network. President Reagan suggested that this network crosses even national boundaries. Congressional members of prayer groups have met with their counterparts in other countries, "approaching them," the President assured us, "not on a political level, but on a spiritual level."

In assessing this assurance, one must recall that to President Reagan the eternal struggle against the "evil empire" of communism is very much a spiritual struggle (as are the battles against abortion, pornography, gun control, and welfare economics). "Morality's foundation is religion," our President likes to say, conveniently forgetting that some of the world's least moral actions have been committed in the name of religion.

The dangers implicit in these secret, private, and discreet prayer meetings among politicians are multifaceted. At the most elementary level, to the extent that attendance at these groups is limited on religious grounds, they constitute plain old-fashioned discrimination. If these groups do influence policy—spiritual or otherwise—they should be open to all government officials in a particular agency, not just those of a preferred religion. This kind of discrimination is reminiscent of the men-only clubs, where important business was transacted to the exclusion of women. The resulting old-boy network is in danger of becoming an "old-Christian" network under the current exclusion.

Equally serious is the danger that one particular religious view will become the dominant politics of our government—that these groups are the vanguard of an end run around the "establishment clause" of the First Amendment. The First Amendment provides that "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof. . . ." Even Reagan recognized (after being criticized during the 1984 campaign for being a "defender of the faith" rather than a defender of the Constitution) that the "unique thing about America is a wall in our Constitution separating church and state. It guarantees there will never be a state religion and that every single American is free to choose and practice his or her religious belief or to choose no religion at all."

But these influential prayer groups, which have received the explicit blessing of the chief executive, have no room for those who "choose no religion at all." They are not open discussion groups about religion; they presuppose not only belief in God, but a particular brand of belief in a particular God with a particular view of politics.

If Congress passed a law requiring belief in God or in a specific religion as a precondition to membership in a congressional committee or caucus, there would be little doubt about its unconstitutionality. These private groups may not violate the letter of the Constitution, but to the extent that they par-

take in governmental affairs, they certainly violate the spirit of the First Amendment.

Constitutional considerations aside, it is bad politics to exclude nonbelievers or believers who reject fundamentalist Christianity from important decisions of government. Many of our most distinguished national and international leaders—including some of our most influential moral leaders—were atheists, deists, Catholics, Jews, Muslims, and members of other faiths. Fundamentalist Christians do not have a monopoly on morality.

If individual fundamentalists want to pray with each other, that is their business—indeed, that is their constitutional right. But when they attempt to infiltrate the agencies of government with secret prayer fellowships, it becomes everyone's business. And when the President gives his blessing to this invisible government and urges its members to reach out to leaders throughout the world, it becomes a serious problem for all Americans who believe in the separation of church and state.—*Alan M. Dershowitz*

SOUNDS

NEW BANDS ON THE BLOCK

Thinking about organizing a rock 'n' roll band? Unless you're rolling in greenbacks, you might as well dream about founding a new banana republic. Sure, *starting* the band is relatively easy. But *launching* a band these days requires a major financial investment. You've gotta make the album, make the video (for roughly $20,000 and up), hire a fashion consultant so the video doesn't make you look like a dork, then shell out hefty retainers for a few independent promotion men who'll cajole, bully, and bribe your way onto the radio.

Or you can forget about all that stuff and muscle into the marketplace on sheer talent and chutzpah. It's a lot harder that way—many are called and few are chosen, chum. But the new bands that do come up the hard way always seem to have more going for them. Here are some you might have missed and shouldn't be living without.

Why is there a big picture of a Slinky toy on the inner sleeve of the Bangles' first album, *All Over the Place* (Columbia)? Take a look at the four women who make up this L.A.–based band and you won't have to ask. Happily, they write, sing, and play as good as they look. The Beatles were their biggest inspiration, and the music on their album has the sort of sonic richness, psychedelic gloss, and solid songwriting that have made Beatles albums like *Rubber Soul* and *Revolver* such enduring classics.

Speaking of classics—and sixties music, and Los Angeles—a slew of new bands in that city have taken their cues from the country rock of the Byrds and the early Flying Burrito Brothers. Two of these bands, the Long Ryders and True West, have made debut albums that stand alongside the Byrds' *Sweetheart of the Rodeo* and the Burritos' *Gilded Palace of Sin*. Interestingly, both are on independent labels; the majors have been too busy grooming new-haircut bands

A bangle from the Bangles.

Del Fuegos: prickly as barbed wire.

for MTV. The Long Ryders' *Native Sons* (Frontier) mixes Chuck Berry and a taste of sixties garage punk with rich, impeccably tailored harmony singing and crisp country picking on banjo, Dobro, and mandolin, as well as electric guitar. On the moody *Drifters* (PVC/Jem), True West distills a more contemporary-sounding country-rock blend, awash in chiming, heavily amplified guitars. The playing and singing on both disks are exemplary, but what puts the albums over the top is that the Long Ryders' Sid Griffin and True West's Russ Tolman are exceptionally gifted tunesmiths. There isn't a bad song on either of these albums.

There are more distant country echoes in the music of New York City's Del Lords and Boston's Del Fuegos, along with liberal helpings of early-Stones raunch and garage-band lurch. The Del Lords even kick off their debut album, *Frontier Days* (EMI), with a jacked-up version of "How Can a Poor Man Stand Such Times and Live," a Depression-era country song by Blind Alfred Reed. The rest of their record is fast and rocking, with excellent songs, including one with lyrics every rock drummer ought to memorize: "Instead of takin' an ax to the whole damn place," howls stickman Frank Funaro, "I play the drums!" The Del Fuegos' *The Longest Day* (Slash) isn't as intent on mayhem, but it's as prickly as barbed wire nevertheless.

If the vocals on Los Lobos' *How Will the Wolf Survive?* (Slash/Warner Bros.) were any stronger, they'd shred

VIEW FROM THE TOP

your speakers to confetti. Hailing from the Mexican-American barrio of East Los Angeles, Los Lobos bring a decade's experience of playing dances, block parties, and dives to their debut album, and from the first note, sparks fly. David Hidalgo, one of two lead vocalists, is a soul singer worthy of comparison with any sixties great; the other vocalist, Cesar Rosas, projects a funky menace reminiscent of John Lee Hooker. Their songs range from blues to Tex-Mex to all-out rocking, and their rhythm section is a powerhouse. Miss these guys at your peril.—*Robert Palmer*

FILM

BIGGER BANGS

Ever since he was a little boy, John Richardson's dream has been to make a living out of blowing things up. As one of the film business's leading special-effects men, he's had the opportunity to create mayhem, fight wars, and blow the living daylights out of movie people in every corner of the world—and several areas of outer space.

In pursuing his craft, Richardson has been trapped at the bottom of a 38-foot-deep water tank while trying to *Raise the Titanic*, dropped on his head from 20 feet in the air while testing the Indian rope trick he designed for *Octopussy*, and nearly eaten by sharks off Baja during the filming of *Lucky Lady*.

For *A View to a Kill*, the new James Bond adventure, Richardson, 37, has supervised such special-effects sequences as a shoot-out in a sea of icebergs, a flying sequence aboard an airship, a fight atop the Golden Gate Bridge, and a fire sequence on the roof of San Francisco's city hall. "Creating that fire was quite a feat," Richardson says. "But doing it was nothing compared to convincing the mayoress and her officials that we weren't really going to burn their city hall down."

Richardson warns that explosives and pyrotechnics shouldn't be messed around with. "But there's no danger if you do it properly," he says. "There are risky situations, but they're not because of the explosives."

Safety comes first in rigging a "gag," to ensure that no members of the cast or crew are ever injured as a result of his efforts. But Richardson is the sort who doesn't mind risking his own skin to ensure the audience its proper thrill. "On *Lucky Lady* we blew up five ships at sea," he notes, "but the most interesting one required someone on board to blow up the boat, timed exactly to match a plane flying overhead in a strafing run.

"We sat in the bow, protected by a metal plate between us and the explosives. On cue we set them off and the ship went up in a huge fireball, really beautifully.

"A boat came to take us off, and although I was unscathed from the blast and fire, somebody squashed my hand with a fire extinguisher. Later, I had to explain that it wasn't exactly hurt in the line of duty, but in the aftermath. Quite embarrassing."

There are payoffs, of course. "When we were making *A Bridge Too Far* there was a sequence where Robert Redford leads his men across the Nimegan River," Richardson recalls. "There was something odd about the land there, because every time we set off an explosion, the ground shook and you could *feel* the shock wave. When we did the big crossing sequence we set off 50 or 60 explosions all at once, and the land shook so much it made your blood tingle. It felt impressive, as if it were for real. That feeling is the closest thing to sex in this business. Bigger and better bangs are what it's all about."—*James Delson*

Miss France: stripped.

SEX NEWS

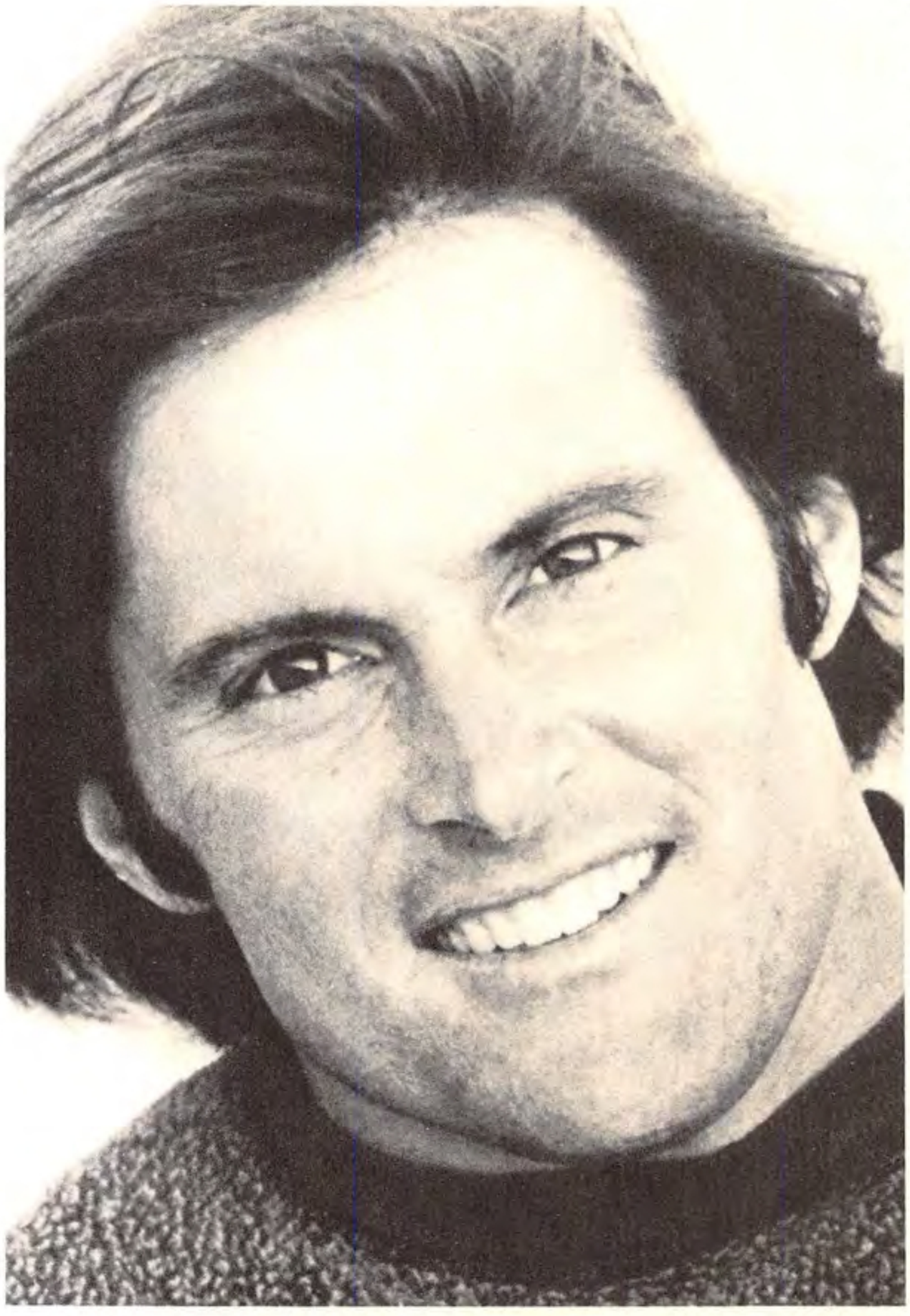
SEX BITS

Monkey see, monkey do—only in this case it's the Frogs who are doing the imitating. In the wake of the Vanessa Williams controversy, Isabelle Chadieu, Miss France 1985, has gone the way of all flesh. Isabelle was stripped of her title for her appearance in a nude photo spread for *Lui*. Given the French rep for continental sophistication, you'd think the response would have been different from the stuffy American one. *Mais, non!* "Vanessa-the-Undressa"? Adieu, Chadieu. . . . Even though they are houses, they're not "houses of worship" in the usual sense of the phrase, so the brothels of Peru were closed during Pope John Paul's recent visit to that Latin American country. "The dignity and bodies of women should not be commercialized while the Holy Father is in the country," said Bishop Ricard Durand. Not only were the cathouses closed, but 9,000 people were arrested, just to ensure public order. . . . The New Jersey legislature is debating an antiabortion measure that's disguised as garbage-disposal legislation. Bills in both houses of the New Jersey state legislature would license firms that are disposing of human fetuses. The question came up when fetal tissue was found in the public waste-disposal system of Ocean County, New Jersey, but women's groups are claiming the proposals are an attempt to control abortions. . . . "MTV" does not stand for moral television, according to the Mormon Church. They have banned the MTV service from church-operated student housing, saying some of the music-video clips are pornographic. Leo Weidner, a Mormon bishop and part-owner of an apartment complex that houses students from Mormon-operated Brigham Young University, said that although he's never seen the channel, he's heard that there is "oral sex, lesbians making love, witchcraft, and sado-masochism" on the cable station.

When it comes to great taste, everyone draws the same conclusion.

SEAGRAM DISTILLERS CO., N.Y.

BRUCE JENNER, MOTORCYCLIST & OLYMPIC CHAMPION.



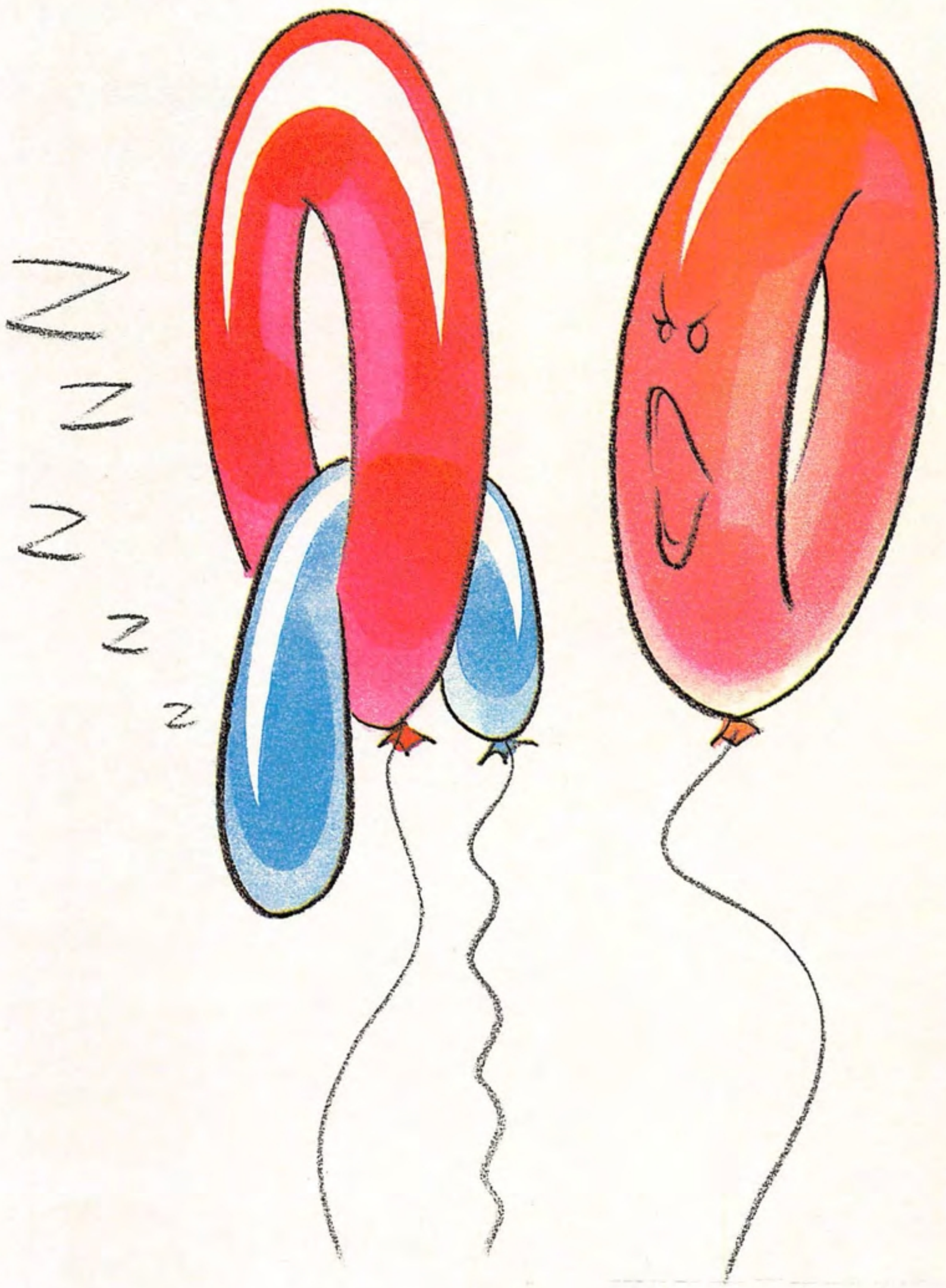
"To win the decathlon, I had to plan ahead for the best overall score. I also plan ahead when riding off-road; to make sure we all have access to riding areas in the future. I keep mufflers in good working order, stick to approved trails, and respect the environment and other riders. That way, we all are winners—now and later."

RIDE AWARE. SHOW YOU CARE.

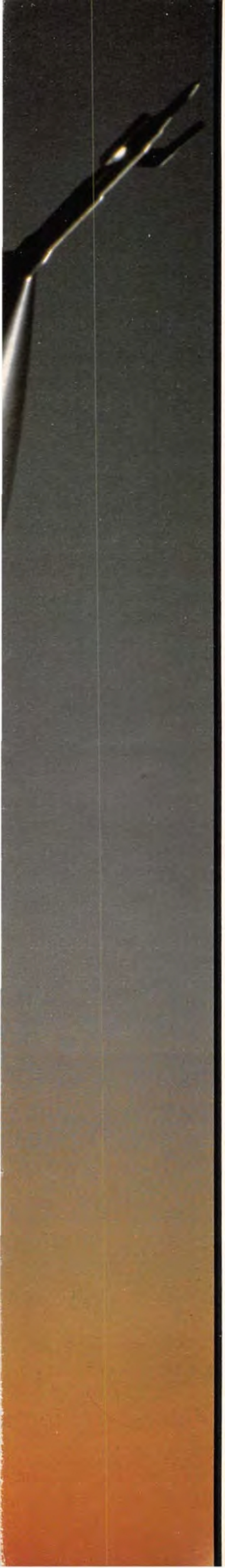
MOTORCYCLE INDUSTRY COUNCIL, INC. MIC

Balloonheads

BY ART CUMINGS



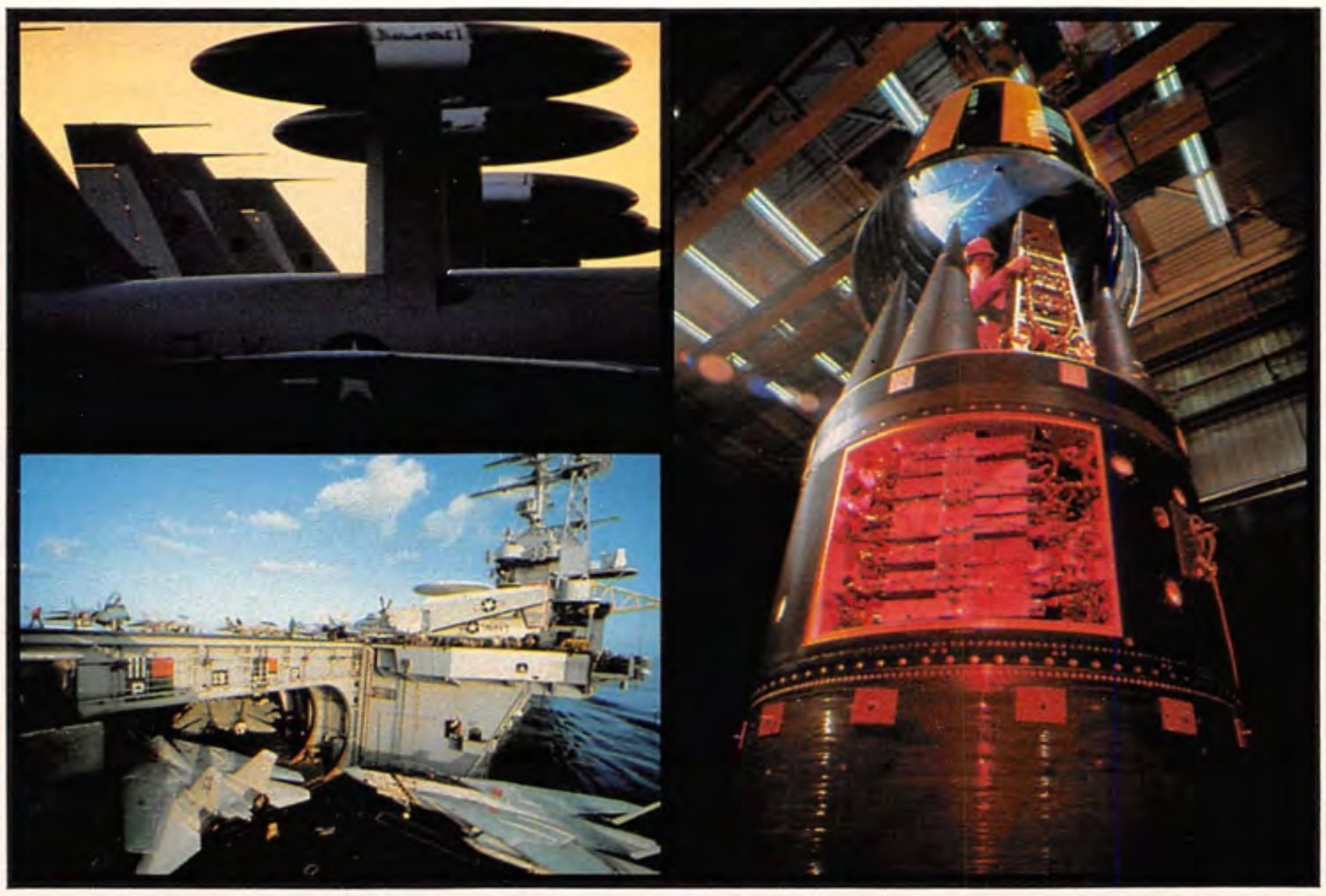
"I told you he was lying about his age."



When it comes to spending,
the Defense Department is No. 1—and
all the rest of us are losers.

THE PENTAGON'S TWENTY WORST RIP-OFFS

BY LAWRENCE LINDERMAN



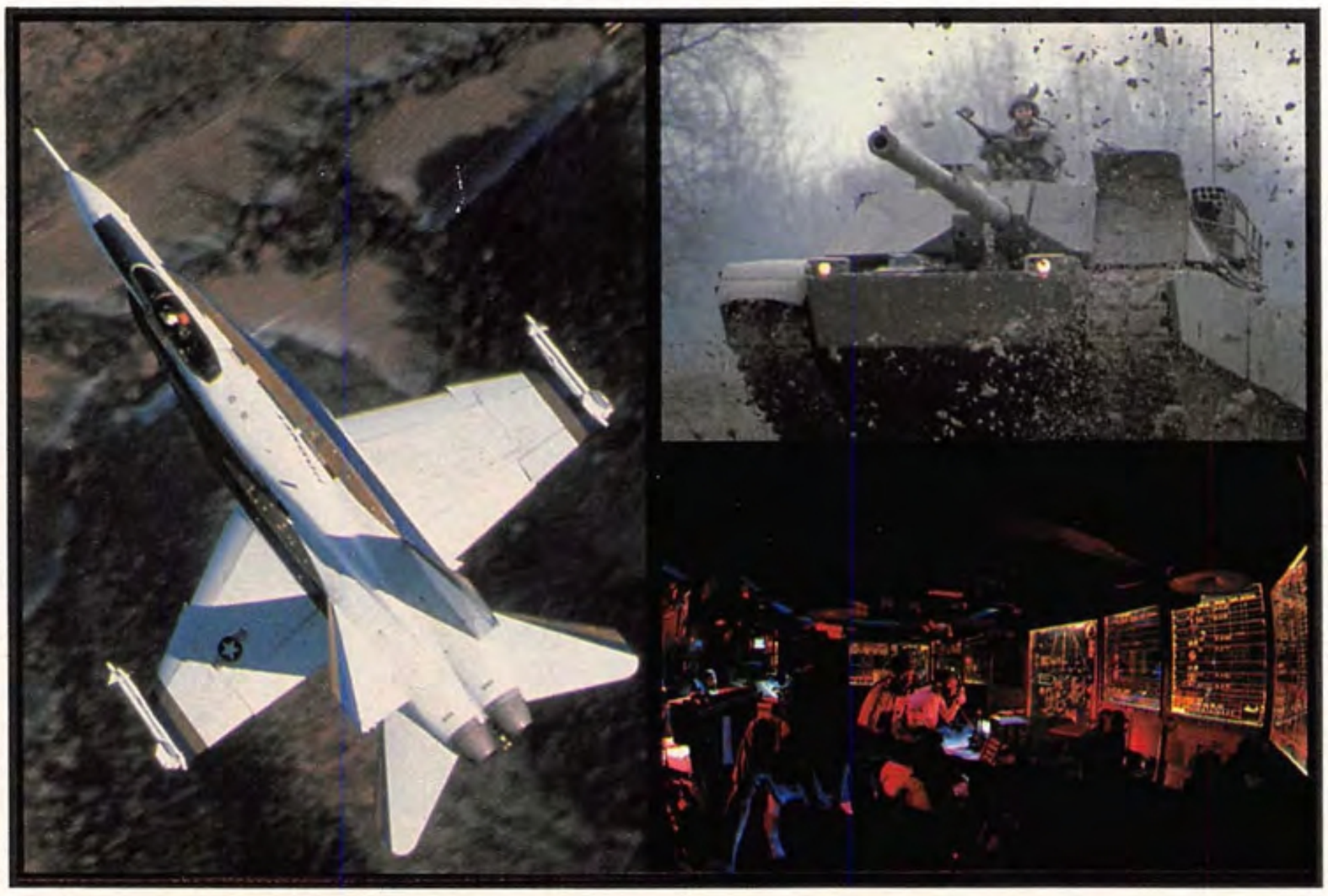
For some time now, while annually writing about the 20 worst college football teams for *Penthouse*, I've seen how football coaches tend to think of their sport as combat and themselves as military chiefs of staff. Their language reflects that notion. Coaches talk about aerial firepower and having field generals who can accurately deliver short strikes or long bombs. They want their men to shred enemy defenses, often by mounting sustained ground attacks. As you know, football games are won or lost in the trenches. To prevent opponents from gaining ground, coaches employ surprise tactics like the blitz, and order their defensive platoons to patrol the air lanes and guard their flanks. If you want to play you have to pay, and even the woeful college teams I write about run through several million dollars a year.

Contrary to popular opinion, most football coaches would *not* prefer to be generals, thank you. Football coaches go to war every autumn; generals do so only a few times each century. The one consolation for military men is that each year the Pentagon spends more money on weapons (if you can believe it) than the University of Oklahoma spends on football. This year's Pentagon budget is $285 billion; in terms of national defense budgets, we're No. 1.

Despite its unlimited checkbook—or more likely, because of it—the Pentagon has lately been fielding some of the lousiest weapons

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CO RENTMEESTER

Our military has become
loaded down with extravagantly priced high-tech
weapons that don't work.



ever built. Our military services have become increasingly loaded down with unnecessary, extravagantly priced high-tech weapons that don't work. Additionally, the Pentagon is run about as efficiently as a sheikhdom. Dina Rasor, director of the Project on Military Procurement, a Washington, D.C.–based nonprofit research group, says, "In 1981, White House Budget Director David Stockman claimed that the Pentagon was wasting up to $30 billion a year. Most defense experts I talk to think that this year the Pentagon will waste at least $40 billion, and that's not even counting the costs of defective weapons systems."

Secretary of Defense Caspar Weinberger has had a tough time finding any fat to cut out of the Pentagon budget, but maybe it's time for Cap to get off his ass and study the situation more seriously. If you think I'm overstating the case, check out the following list of Pentagon losers. With help from researchers and defense experts, I've parenthetically included the estimated total cost of each weapon in question. The figures

Previous spread, left page: B-1 bomber; right page, clockwise from top left: Advanced Warning and Control System jets (AWACS); Missile Experimental (MX); nuclear aircraft carrier Nimitz. This page, clockwise from left: F-A-18 fighter/attack plane; M-1 Abrams tank; Nimitz command center. Right page: F-14 taking off from the Nimitz.

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VANTAGE PERFORMANCE

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quoted here do not allow for inflation, possible cost overruns, or the kind of creative bookkeeping practiced by our armed services and their suppliers.

1. MX ($100 billion)
The MX—Missile Experimental—is a ripoff monumental. Remember all the talk four years ago about America's "window of vulnerability"? What it boiled down to was this: Our Minuteman ICBMs were housed in underground silos that could be blasted to kingdom come by Russian missiles. We therefore needed a new missile with a "basing mode" that was invulnerable to a Soviet sneak attack. The Air Force dutifully went out and designed the biggest (71 feet tall), heaviest (192,000 pounds), most powerful (ten independently targeted nuclear warheads in each), and most expensive (probably around $500 million each) missile in history. Dozens of MX basing plans were hatched, including the possibility of storing the missiles on planes and trains, in tunnels, and in an underground "dense pack." Ultimately, none of the new ideas showed the least sign of practicality. And so the Pentagon, the administration, and Congress finally opted to stick the MXs into the same old silos that were deemed unsafe for the Minuteman. So what if they screwed up—it's only money, right?

2. M-1 ABRAMS TANK ($48 billion)
The problem with the M-1 Abrams (named after the former Army chief of staff General Creighton Abrams) is its utter inability to travel more than 50 miles between serious breakdowns. The M-1's leading liabilities are its power train, which consists of a gas turbine engine that sucks up dust and literally chokes to death; a transmission that's almost as faulty as the engine; and the "final drive"—its steering and axle assemblies. The M-1's mileage is also the pits; it burns 5.5 gallons of gas per mile. The Army has committed over $21 billion to purchase more than 7,000 M-1s, and has earmarked an additional $27 billion to cover the weapon's operating and maintenance costs over the next 20 years. In almost ten years of testing, however, the M-1 has yet to prove itself worthy of such a massive investment. The M-1's last documented test took place in July 1982, when five specially modified M-1s engaged in a 4,000-mile durability test. The first tank failure occurred at 153 miles; the last of the five M-1s conked out after 1,484 miles.

3. DIVAD ($3.2 billion)
If you think the M-1 is a bummer, wait till you hear what we're producing to guard it against air attacks. The Division Air Defense gun (also known as the Sgt. York antiaircraft gun) is composed of two 40-millimeter cannons mounted on an M-48A5 tank chassis. DIVAD was originally designed to shoot down fighters, bombers, and helicopters, but when it became clear that the weapon was useless against jets, its primary mission became the destruction of helicopters. Within eight seconds, DIVAD's computerized radar system can supposedly locate and simultaneously track down dozens of targets, and direct its gun crew to fire at the most threatening enemy aircraft. At the moment, that's still just a dream. Because its prey is helicopters, the $6.8 million weapon is programmed to fire at rotating blades. This may be hard to believe, but trust me: In a test conducted last March, DIVAD ignored its targets and instead zeroed in on a nearby bathroom exhaust fan.

4. B-1 BOMBER ($41 billion)
The only reason we're building the B-1 bomber is because our still-serviceable B-52s were built in the 1950s—and that's about it, sports fans. The Air Force once claimed the B-1 would fly at three times the speed of sound; it now concedes that the B-1 can barely exceed the speed of sound. The B-1 was planned to fly farther without refueling than the B-52; it actually has a *shorter* refueling range than modernized B-52 H models. The B-1 was supposed to be far better at avoiding radar detection than the B-52; it isn't. So why is the government intent on building 100 B-1s for a price now estimated by the Congressional Budget Office at $41 billion? Probably because Rockwell International, which won the right to build the B-1 before it was vetoed by Jimmy Carter, is a lot smarter and tougher than Congress. Rockwell spread out B-1 subcontracts to 5,200 firms that offered a total of 140,000 jobs in every state except Hawaii and Alaska. *You* go tell a congressman to vote against the B-1 when he's got unemployed constituents to worry about.

> Despite its unlimited checkbook—or more likely, because of it—the Pentagon has been fielding some of the lousiest weapons ever built.

5. STEALTH BOMBER ("Black program": costs unreported)
The Stealth bomber—designed to escape Soviet radar detection—is still more of an idea than a reality. Stealth technology is a very hush-hush affair (as is the amount of money actually being invested in it at the moment), so there's a real question about whether or not it works. Aside from people on the federal dole, their political allies, and employees of defense corporations, you can't easily find anyone who doesn't regard the very *concept* of Stealth as a bad joke.

6. AEGIS CRUISERS AND DESTROYERS ($50 billion)
The Navy's new Aegis-class cruisers and destroyers, the highest high-tech to be found on the high seas, are intricately computerized, heavily armed warships designed to detect and destroy hundreds of attacking aircraft and missiles. Named for the magic shield that protected Greek gods, Aegis-class ships theoretically can track down 200 incoming enemy targets at once, and hit up to 18 simultaneously. To put it kindly, that theory has yet to be proved: In an April 1983 operational test of the Ticonderoga, the first Aegis cruiser built, only four of 16 targets were knocked out. One point not to be overlooked: These billion-dollar vessels do their tracking by radar. If you've ever sought to avoid speeding tickets, you're probably familiar with products such as the Fuzzbuster, which can detect the presence of highway-patrol radar cars well before they can begin timing speeders. Aegis-class ships—and the task forces they help guard—can be located in the same fashion. That's not exactly an asset.

7. CRUISE MISSILE ($20 billion)
Some years back, as a way to confuse enemy defenses, the Air Force began equipping B-52 bombers with decoy missiles. Congress decided that since the motorized decoy could fly, why not jazz it up and make it a real missile? They then allocated about $20 billion to develop and produce the weapon. And then they nursed it, rehearsed it, and gave out the news—that the Air Force had given birth to the Cruise. The Air Force, however, doesn't like Cruise, because real pilots don't eat quiche and don't release missiles hundreds of miles away from their targets. Congress also forced Cruise missiles on the Army and Navy, both of which are similarly turned off by the weapon. The main problem with Cruise is the TERCOM guidance system, which has yet to be proven reliable. In 1983, the Air Force called off further operational testing of Cruise after the first two missiles tested crashed.

8. M-2 BRADLEY FIGHTING MACHINE ($11.1 billion)
Sometimes the Russians steal weapons from us, sometimes we steal weapons from them, and sometimes each side wishes it hadn't. In November 1967, the Russian Army introduced a tanklike vehicle called the *Bronevaya Maschina Piekhota*—BMP for short—which translates to "Infantry Fighting Vehicle." The purpose of Russia's BMP was to ferry a squad of infantry troops to the front lines. Russian military experts have since called

CONTINUED ON PAGE 110

CHANEL

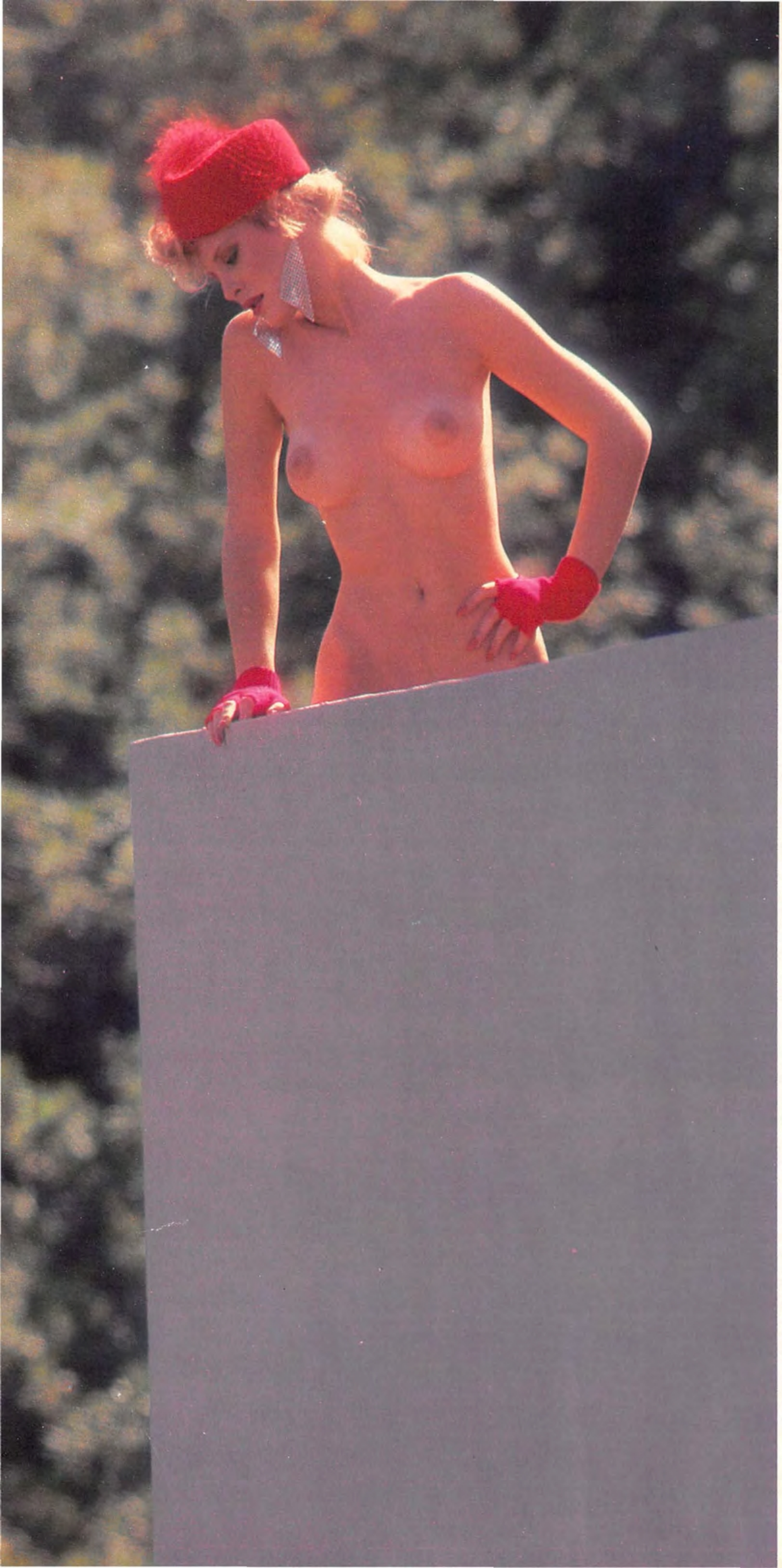
"I really love to be with older men. They seem to know the difference between fucking and loving."

BEAUTIFUL DREAMER

Even as a teenager growing up in California's San Fernando Valley, starry-eyed Chanel recalls that she was always a dreamer. "When I got bored in class, I could always excite myself real quick by fantasizing a cruise down Van Nuys Boulevard, having my pick of all the sexiest boys. Gosh, I must have had thousands of dream lovers in those days."

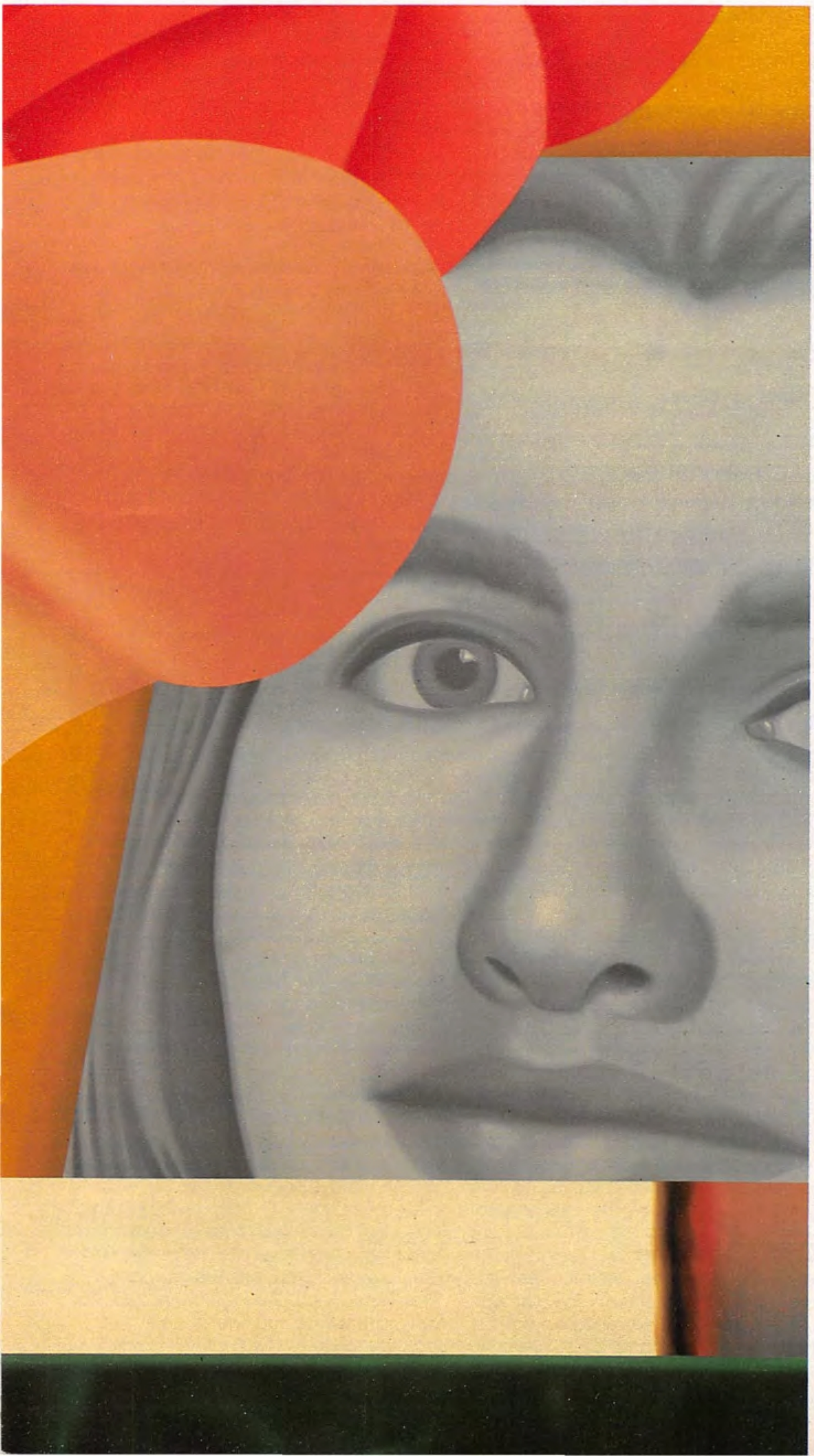
PHOTOGRAPHS BY J. STEPHEN HICKS

Now, despite being all grown up, curvaceous Chanel remains a dreamer. "When work gets slow, my mind likes to wander . . . taking me into weird and erotic areas."



But these days our voluptuous Valley Girl no longer dreams of teenagers. "I really love to be with older men," she sighs. "They seem to know the difference between fucking and loving. I need to feel comfortable in bed with a lover who takes the time to know my body."

Thinking about love and sex makes even the hottest summer afternoons pass more pleasantly for this beautiful dreamer. "When I close my eyes," she says, "I can really get into my body and feelings." And—for sure—that's the stuff dreams are made of.



Are we getting
it more,
but enjoying it less?

SEX WITHOUT STRINGS

"Change is the greatest aphrodisiac," Louis XIV, the Sun King, is purported to have said. Indeed, the secret stairwells at Versailles connecting lavishly appointed bedchamber to lavishly appointed bedchamber, and the lengthy list of Louis's mistresses, including such courtly ladies as Marie Mancini, Madame de Montespan, and Louise de la Valliere, suggest that the king knew whereof he spoke. History, too, confirms that if Louis didn't exactly invent the notion of recreational sex, he was certainly an enthusiastic participant.

Long before Louis, however, recreational sex existed as a favorite sport, not just of kings, but of mere mortals as well. The Greeks, who even gave their gods busy and varied sex lives, partook themselves—and then wrote humorous, merry plays about it. The Romans, too—if *The Satyricon* is any reflection. And without question, after Louis's reign, recreational sex remained in vogue. The Restoration period in England, for instance, was notorious. Even the ostensibly prissy Victorian era smoldered with pornography and prostitution. In the days when there was no birth control and no penicillin, men did it rather openly, disregarding the dangers of syphilis and the nuisances of illegitimate children. Women, on the other hand, did it either in the confines of the brothel, or covertly, and many did not do it at all.

Until recently, that is. The youth explosion of the sixties, given impetus

BY MARJORIE ROSEN

by the marketing of penicillin (1940s) and the Pill (1960s), undoubtedly helped to shake the foundations of establishment expectations and produced a sexual revolution and a modern women's movement whose stories are not yet finished. Everyone today wants independence, out of bed and in it. Recreational sex has become not simply a pleasurable pastime, but an inalienable right of men and women alike.

So how are we faring with our new freedom? Is sex just for the fun of it—that is, sex without marriage or procreation or love—all it's cracked up to be? Are we jumping into bed because there are so many beds to jump into? Are we jumping because we're pushed? Come to think of it, are we jumping at all? Some observers of modern courtship patterns have suggested that we're losing interest because sex is so available. But is sex really so free? And are we losing interest?

Of the more than two dozen men and women with whom I spoke (a homegrown sampling of people ranging in age from 17 to 45, and in occupation from cabdriver to architect, from student to stockbroker) it was clearly the men who were more active and enthusiastic about recreational sex. The older men and women, oddly enough, were more adventurous than the younger ones. Witness, for instance, Kirk—who at 40 is a tennis pro at a posh Los Angeles tennis club. He is a legend among the women who take tennis lessons from him. In the rarefied world he inhabits, Kirk is known not only for his relish of the conquest, but also for his success at it. At one time or another he has bedded down most of the regular female players and staff members he deals with daily. "It's very much like the spider and the fly," says a colleague of his. "A new woman comes to play at the club, she doesn't know Kirk's reputation, and she's dazzled by his boldness and interest—and by that I mean the sexual vibes he throws in her direction."

Kirk boasts a finely sculpted body, an IQ of 160, and a coolly unsentimental attitude toward sex. "What I like is fucking. And I like to find women who let me know that that's what they like, too," he says bluntly. "When a relationship that I perceive as purely sexual gets too complex, and I don't know what a woman wants from it, I turn off."

Does Kirk ever feel that there's a downside to recreational sex? "Every once in a while I feel I'm being used as a dildo by women when their boyfriends aren't around, or when their social lives are empty. But how can I condemn it? After all, isn't that what I'm doing as well?"

"Recreational sex? For me, it's not just fun, but a necessity," jokes Tom, a 25-year-old law student whose mane of thick blond hair calls to mind Robert Redford's. "At least lately," he quickly adds. "You see, my lady and I broke up about three months ago. We'd been living together since we graduated from Cornell in 1982. But then one day about seven weeks ago we had a spectacular fight about—you guessed it—my roving eye, and Maria booted me out of the house." After rescuing his belongings from the sidewalks of Manhattan's Upper West Side, Tom deposited them at the apartment of his best friend and headed toward a singles bar on Columbus Avenue, hoping to distract himself from his grief. "I wanted, you know, to lighten things up a little," he admits. "And I also wanted a roof over my head for the night. I could have crashed with my friend, but I figured his girlfriend would be less than ecstatic. And so I cruised this bar. And you know what? A pickup for the night was easy to find! You go into any of these fancy places on the Upper West Side, on the East Side, in Soho, and there are all these cute types hanging out—the girls who once were stewardesses but these days are MBA candidates, all blond and peppy with turned-up noses. And they're just dying to meet young law students." He grins. "Like me."

> "I love first encounters," says Mona. "Nobody has any emotional baggage. I find that I even have my most intense orgasms with these strange men."

Tom's rate of success has been astonishing. In three months he has found a different woman to shelter him every night but two. "I think of them as my 'roofs,' and I really have come to enjoy living like a nomad. It's also something of a challenge," he boasts. "I'll enter a bar at, say, 9:30 or 10:00 in the evening, and then I'll time myself to see how long it takes me to find my roof for the night. If I'm feeling great, I pick out the prettiest lady in the place and see how receptive she is. If I'm tired or grouchy, or if I feel rumpled, I'll pick out a lady who looks a little more, well, desperate and eager."

Does Tom ever have a good enough time to come back for more, to see these women again? "I keep meaning to," he replies. "But somehow the challenge of seeing who's around the corner is more appealing to me right now. I really *like* the idea of variety." Does Tom ever feel he's deceiving these women? He shrugs. "Well, I *do* pick them up in a bar, don't I? I try to be a very good lover. And," he smiles mischievously, "a very good houseguest, too."

Nick is equally enthusiastic about recreational sex. A 27-year-old Miami cabdriver with a scraggly brown beard and an ever-present pair of sunglasses, Nick prefers recreational sex in its purer forms. "The only thing better than a great fuck," he says, dead serious, "is *two* great fucks."

Nick has been married to Tina for five years. "The thing that gets me about Tina is she looks like a little kid," says Nick, "like she's 14 years old. It still turns me on, the fact that when we're in a bar, they always ask for her ID." Nick beams as he says this; his wife's youthful looks are obviously a source of pride with him.

When they first took their vows, they did so with the idea of remaining faithful. "I must've had a screw loose to even toy with the idea," Nick laughs. "Man, by the end of the first year, I was crawling the walls. Being faithful seemed like a cruel joke. Finally, one chick who hired me to drive her out to Hollywood one night got to me. It was a humid, sweltering night. She lit up a joint and offered me a toke, and before I knew it, we were on the beach fucking like crazy."

In a matter of months Nick and Tina's marriage had deteriorated—much to Tina's distress and confusion. When Nick finally leveled with her, Tina was initially dismayed. "She bawled her head off for a week, then she blew her nose and ordered me to get out." But after three months of separation, Nick says, blushing, "I guess we really missed each other." They decided to get back together, but this time with a new understanding: that it would be an open marriage—for the time being, anyway.

Did their marriage experiment work? "Well, we're still together," Nick says, nonchalantly. "Actually, the thing that kept us together was swinging. Like, Tina agreed to an open marriage, but she admitted she was liable to get vicious over other women I was seeing, especially if she *didn't* know them. So I figured that maybe we could find some other couples and do it together. We asked around and began to advertise in a swingers' newsletter a friend gave me.

"The first time it was weird as hell. There we were, the two of us, on a blind date in a swanky restaurant with another couple who we only knew from Polaroid photos. Tina was so nervous I could feel her leg shaking out of control under the table. But the funny thing was that Tina liked the guy much better than I liked his wife. Wouldn't you know that would be how it worked out? But that's the roll of the dice, isn't it? And so after dinner, when they invited us back with them to their house, I figured, *Hey, man, I'll be a good sport*, and I went along with it. The chick didn't look like much, but she was a real good fuck. And I'll be damned, Tina had herself a great time, too. We've been swinging ever since."

Chris is another married man who feels

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the need for recreational sex. A lean, craggy-faced 36-year-old architect, Chris lives in a rambling suburban Connecticut home with Paige, his wife of six years. "Recreational sex is my sole hobby," Chris admits in a quiet, measured voice. "In all other aspects of my life, I am regimented and in control. But I have always been greedy and, well, reckless about my sex life. I have always craved variety. And I have always thought of myself as a connoisseur of lovely women. In fact, until I met Paige, who's from one of the oldest New England families, I thought I would never get married. I was one of those happy bachelors. I had my Monday night lady, my Tuesday night lady, my Saturday lady—you get the picture. And there was always room for a new woman who appealed to me. But then Paige came into my life, and I fell head over heels for her.

"It wasn't just sex; in fact, we didn't even have sex until we'd been seeing each other for three months. I didn't want to let this woman go, but I was resistant to making a commitment because I also knew that I would *never, ever* be able to remain faithful. But Paige is an amazing person. Not only is she extremely mature—she's six years older than I, not that that matters—but she's also trusting. And so, so smart. It was *she* who proposed marriage—or, should I say, *open* marriage. But she also set down rules for it: 1. Whatever we do, we keep it to ourselves; no flaunting. 2. Our partners must never call home or interfere with our life together. 3. We each get Mondays and Thursdays off—"flying time" we call it—and we each get to take two vacations a year, solo. It's been a perfect arrangement. Paige and I are happy together. There's no suspicion, no sneaking around. And I have enough freedom to satisfy my appetite for other women."

"Sex has always been an obsession for me," says John, a 30-year-old television writer and former priest. "For as long as I could remember, I was told—no, *warned*—that sex was for procreation, period." According to John, he felt the priesthood would protect him from temptation. "Well, I won't go into what my experience was like," he says, "but suffice it to say that for almost ten years—first in the seminary, then in the parish—I had a lot of unclean thoughts, took a great many cold showers, meditated for hours on end, and tried for the sake of God and my soul to exorcise my thoughts. Finally, after struggling with temptation and my conscience, I left the priesthood."

Since John quit his parish five years ago, he has put into practice a good many of the sexual fantasies that preoccupied him during his years in the service of God. "I don't think I overdo it or anything," he says thoughtfully. "I don't think I'm a degenerate, whatever that means, or that I won't go to heaven. But you are talking to a man who was a virgin until he was 25, a man who went to confession for masturbating. Now, since I've chosen a lifestyle where my spiritual being can peacefully coexist with my physical being, I lead a very active sex life."

While recreational sex provides a means for John to rebel against his religious past, it lets Ken, a 20-year-old pastry chef, work out his anger against Linda, the woman who left him a year ago. "You know what she did?" he says angrily over lunch in a New York French restaurant. "She picked up one day and went off and married her second cousin. Just like that. Anyway, I don't want the grief that comes with having a steady anymore. So now I'm playing the field—and the field is the size of a football stadium," he boasts.

Since Ken—tall and lean with angular features—could pass for Sean Penn's double, it's easy to see what the women find so appealing about him. "You want me to be honest with you, right?" he asks. "Right now I'm into numbers. My goal for the year is 100. I dig sex for its own sake.

"I feel I'm being used as a dildo by women," says Kirk. "But how can I condemn it? After all, isn't that what I'm doing as well?"

I don't have to love the girl or even like her; I just have to get turned on by her, and I'm running. You wanna know how many girls I laid last week? Six. Maybe this week it'll be seven, who knows?"

Ken makes no bones about what interests him about his conquests. "The power play," he says. "Each girl becomes a game or a contest. It's the same thing as, Can I whip the lightest cream in class or bake the highest soufflé? I like to figure out what it'll take to get a girl to give in. What moves do I make? Do I work slow or fast? Do I play the cool dude or the country boy? It's always a puzzle waiting to be solved, and it's a real rush when I finally put the last piece in."

Robert, a curly-haired 28-year-old stand-up comic with a slight build and lots of nervous energy, is extremely articulate about his interest in recreational sex. "Sex is, for me, what drugs are for someone else," he says, smiling wryly. "I never have sex just for the fun of it. I have sex to obliterate my fears—like, *Is this pain in my chest angina, or is it heartburn?;* and my doubts—like, *Did I bomb this evening?* or, *How come I'm not getting any bookings this month?* I also have sex to avoid loneliness on the road. I have sex to avoid small talk with women I've just met who I'm not really interested in. Sometimes I have sex to close the gap with women who come from different cultures or classes or who speak different languages."

Robert pauses for a moment and manically begins chewing on his cuticles. "You won't believe this, but sometimes I even have sex to avoid being funny. Honest. I swear. You go out with a woman, or you meet someone while you're doing a club date, and she expects it to be a laugh a minute. Forget it. It never is. But at least in the bedroom you don't care."

The ease with which some men engage in recreational sex is in striking contrast to the discomfort that it brings to others. "Recreational sex sounds great, and I wish it were all that easy," observes Cary, a darkly handsome 20-year-old Yale junior who, from all appearances, would seem to have no trouble finding women either for long-term or short-term relationships. But the truth is that this brilliant science student and outstanding swimmer is exceedingly shy.

"Sure, there are girls around all the time," he says. "Nice girls, pretty girls, smart girls, but somehow never in exactly the right combination." For a relationship or a marriage, perhaps, but why not for something more immediate and realistic—say, a purely sexual encounter? Cary grins. "Sounds good to me," he jokes, but then his eyes cloud over as he tries to explain himself. "I guess that with all this sexual freedom, the stakes are always just a little higher than you want them to be. I mean, most of the time the girls I hang out with are girls I like. They're fun to be around, they're smart, they're real friends. Sex always looms large—it's tantalizing, it's exciting to fantasize about, yet it complicates matters in a way I'm just not ready to handle."

Cary admits to having had sex with only three women in his life: the 38-year-old French professor who took his virginity and whom he saw on and off for a year; a prostitute ("only once—and it was gross"); and a girl he'd known since his first day at Yale ("it was a travesty and ended our friendship").

Cary thinks it's unfortunate that women expect men to make a pass on the first date. "The pressure is enormous. Girls think you're either gay or not attracted to them if you don't jump into bed with them the first instant," he observes. "But what do you do if you have sex with a girl and then you want to keep the relationship casual and easy? She gets hurt. What if *she* wants to keep it casual and easy? Then *you* get hurt. What if it's just too intimate, too personal, for the limits of the friendship?" He shrugs. "I don't know. I don't have any answers."

Cary's more conservative thinking was echoed by Henry, a 28-year-old stockbroker, and by Henry's young cousin Larry, an 18-year-old Harvard student. "I

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am celibate for long stretches of time because I am reluctant to connect so casually with a woman," says Henry, a big burly fellow who looks like he'd be more at home in the wilds of Oregon than in the stodgy brokerage offices he occupies. "You see, I'm just not the in-out, slam-bam-thank-you-ma'am type. If I do it, I want to do it right. And I don't mind waiting. Like, right now I'm waiting, and I have been for six months. Besides, there's something very *charged* about this 'waiting' situation. I feel like I'm in a constant state of excitation. I have a fantasy life that's off-the-wall. And; believe it or not, from time to time I still have wet dreams."

Is Henry afraid that a real-life partner, when she presents herself, won't live up to his carefully developed fantasies? "Sure, that's a possibility," he says, nodding. "But the point is that when I choose a woman to have sex with, she's going to be someone I care about in other ways as well. So we'll just keep trying till we get the sex stuff right."

As for Larry, the Harvard student, he has been seeing his steady girlfriend since they were both 15. "I'm a serious kind of guy," he insists. "I'm not into sleeping around. Like, it bores me. I mean, I've done it with enough girls. After all, I've been fucking since I'm 14. But for me sex is the greatest when it's with Gwenn. We really love each other, and *that* makes a difference. Besides, who said that recreational sex, sex just for the fun of it, *has* to be promiscuous sex? Gwenn and I have recreational sex all the time. It just happens to be with each other."

If the men I spoke with were divided over how they felt about recreational sex, most of them were comfortable with and often obsessed by it. On the other hand, the women as a group tended to be more unified and definitely more wary in their responses. With the exception of four, the 15 women I interviewed were disappointed with their own experience of sex for its own sake. And they all viewed it either as an interim diversion on the way to more substantial emotional commitments or as a passage in their own growth patterns.

Take Katharine, for example. The only woman I spoke with who engages in recreational sex as casually, frequently, and unemotionally as the men, this 33-year-old schoolteacher admits, "Sex has always been one of my favorite pastimes. Some women like to cook, others like to crochet, I've always liked to fuck. When I was younger, I'd do it all the time. I'd sleep with one man in the morning and one in the evening. I'd go to a bar and scout out the best-looking person in a three-piece suit and take him home and fuck him. Then I'd never want to see him again. For me it was a way of saying, 'Hello, how are you? Good night, goodbye,' without getting involved. It was also, or so I thought at the time, a way for me to be totally in control." Growing up in a strict Catholic family, Katharine was told as a child that a woman had to submit sexually. "I swore I never would and that I'd enjoy it."

Katharine has, over the last decade, taken well over 300 lovers, but her attitude about sex seems to be changing. "For so many years I thought that all I had to offer a man, and that all a man wanted from me, was my pussy, and so I gave it to him immediately to get the issue out of the way. Also, ironically, I—the woman who refused to submit, who insisted that, unlike my mother, I would 'enjoy' sex—simply couldn't say no. I had a total inability to change the flow of events if a man I was with was determined to fuck me. So there you have it: my mother's passivity, which I'd always disdained, rising up to haunt me. What an irony! But I feel that today I am *not* the same woman I used to be. For one thing, as a result of one of my blind encounters, I've contracted herpes, which is certainly a sobering condition. Beyond that, I feel that I've evolved to a point where I'd like something more than impersonal sex. I deserve something more, and now I'd like to try for a relationship instead."

> "I don't want the grief that comes with having a steady anymore," says one man. "Now I'm playing the field—and the field is the size of a football stadium."

Is the danger of contracting a sex-related disease—herpes, VD, fungus infections, even AIDS—a factor to be concerned with today? Fifty percent of the men brought it up as a key issue, and *all* the women did. "I'm very blunt about it," says Cara, a 19-year-old University of Michigan sophomore. "I simply ask guys, 'Are you clean? Do you have herpes?' Luckily, most of the guys I go out with are pretty inexperienced, but let's face it, it only takes one unlucky fuck to make you miserable for the rest of your life."

"Frankly, I would engage in more recreational sex," confides Lisa, an auburn-haired 22-year-old English major at New York University, "if more men were better lovers. But the truth is I never worry about diseases, while I do worry *a lot* about not coming. And most of the casual sex I've experimented with—some one-night stands, sex with guys who were friends and would never be anything more, sex with married guys—has always been catastrophic. Most guys, in my opinion, don't know anything about what pleases women. I can't tell you all the guys I've gone down on who've let me know, either by being skittish or by being blunt, that they weren't about to return the favor. And I can't tell you all the guys I've gone home with who've come and then rolled over without the faintest idea of whether or not I've had *my* orgasm. Worse, I don't think they cared."

Lisa insists that the only way a man takes real interest in pleasing a woman is when he's actually involved in a relationship that he's eager to continue. "Then, at least, the guy is eager to learn what it is that you like. For instance, I just adore it when a guy kisses me on the neck and ears. Simple, right? Well, in the course of any one night, how many times can you tell this to a guy without feeling like a shrew—or worse, a fetishistic nut? In a relationship, however, we can keep working on specifics like this until he gets the knack of it. But if you know any great lovers who can tune in to what gets me going, let me know. I'm all for sex just for the fun of it—*if* it's fun."

Cindy, a petite, sandy-haired 32-year-old Chicago divorcée, has had no problem enjoying random recreational sex. "You know what Tallulah Bankhead once said?" she asks devilishly. "She said, '*I* am not promiscuous, you know. Promiscuity implies that attraction is not necessary.' And I, too, have always made it a point to be attracted, in one way or another, to the men I've made love to." Nevertheless, Cindy, who manages to juggle a busy life as a third-year law student and mother to two young daughters, reckons that "my attitude toward recreational sex has changed a lot. Years ago I used to be a glutton about it. I slept with many men, and often indiscriminately. But somehow, as I've gotten older, that kind of raw sex has become less appealing. Now I need to know a man before we have sex. I'm not talking about a serious commitment, mind you, but just a camaraderie that makes me feel warmly toward these guys."

Although Cindy has been seeing one particular man on a steady basis for the past two years, she feels that the present state of their relationship is not enough for her. First, they only get together twice a week. "And I'm a person who needs a lot of sex—once or twice a day, if possible," she says. "Besides that, I like variety. And I find that sex is not just pleasure, not just something that feels good, it often makes me feel closer to my partners. It's a way to get to know them."

As an example, Cindy tells how, most recently, she got to know one of her neighbors "quite intimately." "Alan and his girlfriend live down the hall from me. They've been here for dinner a few times, and I've been to their apartment. One rainy Saturday afternoon a few weeks ago, I was going to the incinerator when I ran into Alan. He was disheveled and

CONTINUED ON PAGE 76

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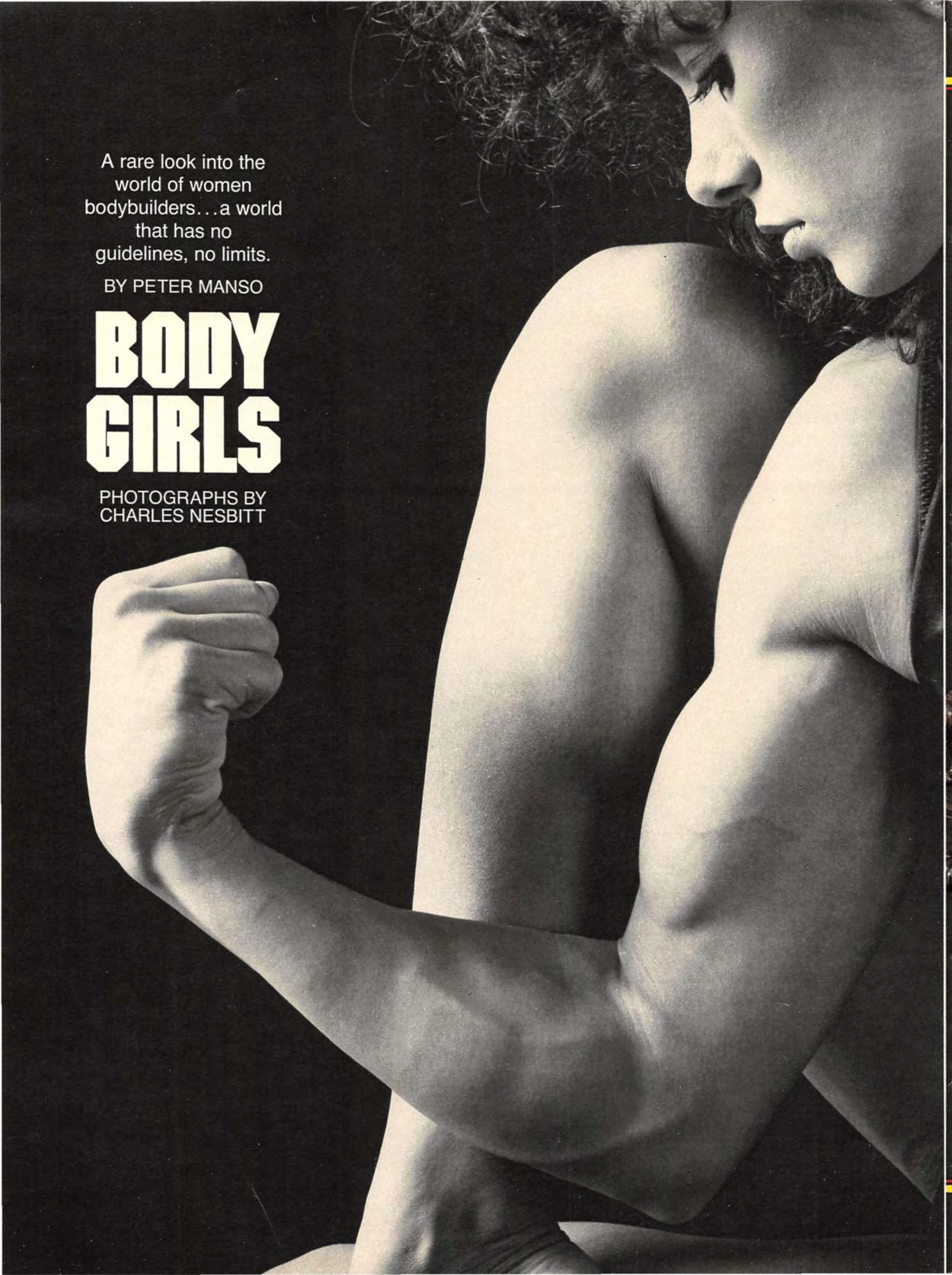
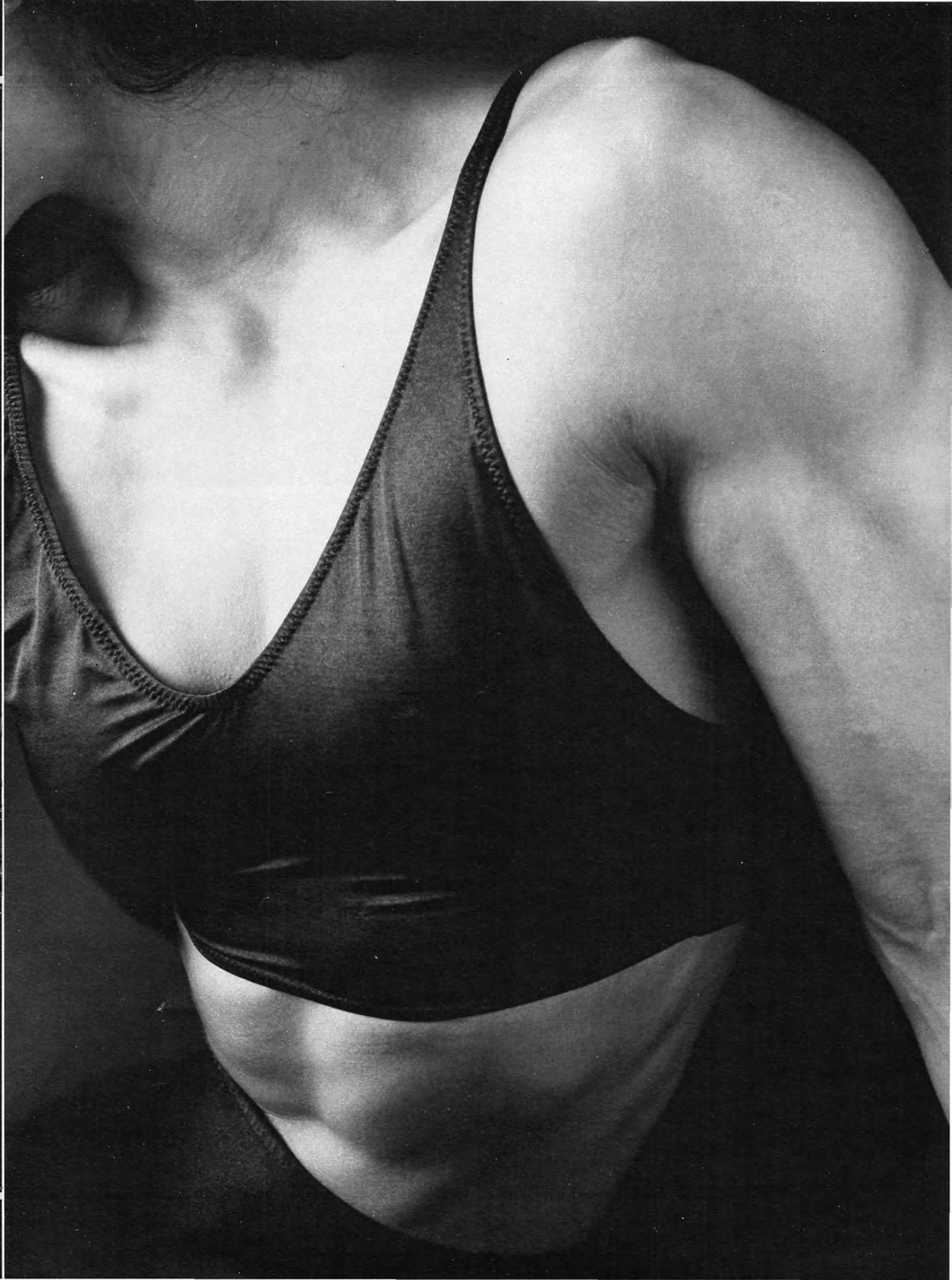
BY PETER MANSO

BODY GIRLS

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CHARLES NESBITT





Pumping Iron II is now in the theaters, and it's an experience—particularly the episodes with the girls in the shower and the one with the moribund old fucker of a judge at the 1983 Caesar's Palace competition who's so rattled he can't even get his point-tally straight. The dilemma's real, though: These guys do not know what they want in female bodybuilding. "When male bodybuilders are judged, they are not judged by their faces

. . . but with women, from the neck up is always taken into account," says Wayne DeMilia, chairman of the International Federation of Body Builders. Bodybuilder Rachel McLish, known for her sexy locks, says she feels hair is as important as the body, and DeMilia supports her theory. "It's a wild-woman look that the male judges fantasize about and the female judges live vicariously through."

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SEX

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 66

sweaty and out of breath. His clothes were wet. I said hello and asked him what had just happened. He said, 'You won't believe this, but I just caught an intruder trying to pick my lock. I chased him downstairs, out of the building, and for about a mile and a half. But, damn it, he got away.'

"Because he looked so soggy, I invited Alan in for a cool drink. He walked into my house, took off his shirt, mopped himself off, and wolfed down three fresh lemonades. Then, as we sat in the kitchen and talked, sparks started to ignite. I began joking with him about how wet his pants were—'from the rain, of course,' we agreed—and soon he'd taken them off. Then I teased him. 'As a good hostess, I feel it my duty to take my things off, too, so that you'll be comfortable here.' 'No, let me,' he said, unbuttoning my shirt and pulling off my jeans, and suddenly we were fucking right there on my kitchen table. It was one of those thunderously rainy days, and we spent the entire afternoon making love. It was heaven."

Cindy hasn't seen Alan in the two months since their encounter, but it doesn't faze her at all. "I've been busy studying, and I presume he's busy, too," she notes without a trace of remorse.

While Cindy views recreational sex as a way to get to know her men-friends more completely, Janet, a youthful-looking divorcée, sees it as a complement to her ego. Slim and raven-haired, Janet's checkered history includes stints as a high school teacher, actress, and prostitute; she now runs a Manhattan health food shop. Janet mulls the idea of sex just for the fun of it. "In the course of the past 15 years, I've indulged myself plenty," she says, smiling. "God knows, I couldn't count my partners if I tried. These days, though, I mainly see two sex partners—my husband, Joe, and his best friend, Alan—although I only see them separately."

Janet sits behind the counter in her small, crowded shop and drinks freshly brewed herbal tea. "My needs are really different from what they used to be," she murmurs thoughtfully as she delicately sips from the cup. "Years ago, I would have sex just to satisfy my ego needs. I never really got *horny*. I never met a guy in a bar and just *wanted* him more than anything. No pulsating, no throbbing, no salivating. I just loved having a man respond positively to me. I adored having him desire me and give me attention. For those few hours, men made me feel pretty and funny and sexy and charming, and that's exactly *why* I would pick them up. They made me feel, well, adored. These days I guess I don't need to. I'm more sure of myself. I have two very attentive men in my life. This store is doing great. I don't need that fake attention, that quick shot of flattery. I don't have the same ego needs that I once did."

For some, recreational sex holds emotional hazards. Mona, a 27-year-old administrative assistant with a New York City arts foundation, is one such person. "It's funny, I can meet a man, immediately become turned on to him, and jump into bed with him that evening—and it's usually terrific," she says. "Actually, I love first encounters. Nobody has any emotional baggage, nobody has any resentments, the balance of power is evenly divided between the woman and the man, the man is as perfect and as loving as he's going to get. Which is why these casual sexual experiences are sometimes the best, the sexiest. I find that I even have my most intense orgasms with these strange men."

"Don't talk to me about recreational sex!" laughs Beth, a roly-poly sophomore from the University of Colorado whose round, rosy face and halo of blond curls make her appear much younger than even her 19 years. "I confess I'm not that experienced. I've had two boyfriends, period. My first, who I went with steadily for about four months last year, finally decided that one girlfriend wasn't enough for him. He didn't want to settle down, he told me; he wanted to date around. My second, who I just broke up with, decided we had no future because I wasn't a virgin when we met. Can you imagine?" Her voice gets higher and louder with mounting frustration and disbelief. "Here we are in the eighties, and Mr. Jock of America wants a virgin! I can't believe it. Like, for six months we're fucking like bunnies, and *he wants a virgin!* But you know what? He has a frat house full of friends who think the same way. What's the matter with these guys? They leave a girl with no choice. She's damned if she gets into bed with someone, and damned if she doesn't."

> Ken makes no bones about what interests him in his conquests. "The power play," he says: "Each girl becomes a game. My goal for the year is 100."

Beth's bewilderment echoed that of many of the women, and some of the men, with whom I spoke. For them, sexual freedom was a conundrum they weren't quite sure how to solve. If there were some, like Cindy, who used sex to explore intimacy, most women, at any rate, preferred that intimacy precede their sexual encounters. "I have nothing against sex for the fun of it, but isn't it better if you and the guy have loving feelings for each other?" asked Linda, a 23-year-old graduate of Ol' Miss.

"I've had more than one experience where the guy lured me into bed, only to be flaccid and unaroused," points out Sally, a New York copywriter. "And my guess is that he was just going through the motions of sex because he thought that it was *expected* of him when, really, he would just as soon have *not* gone to bed with me. Like, dealing with a guy who, for one reason or another, isn't as excited as he ought to be is not my idea of sex as fun."

"No matter how easy it seems to slip into bed with a stranger or a casual friend or a new beau, it's always complicated," remarks Jennifer, a 28-year-old speechwriter. "Even though it's the eighties, when I sleep with a guy on the first date, I get the feeling that I've made a terrible mistake. That now the power is all in his hands. That he thinks less of me. Sometimes I think a guy needs to make an investment—in time, in money, in effort—in order to 'see' you clearly. Otherwise, you're just another cunt to him."

"Let's face it," says Renée, a cosmetician, "being intimate with someone means sharing your most naked and vulnerable self. I've done it with men before, hoping that it would be a springboard to further closeness. Often, it's not. And it's devastating. It becomes a total rejection of your best and most loving self. Now I take a good long look at a guy before I decide whether I want to be intimate with him. If you get burned often enough, you learn not to put your hand in the fire."

What's striking about these responses is a conservatism that was *not* in evidence, say, five years ago. Although we take our sexual freedom for granted, many men and women today are having second thoughts about recreational sex. One of the problems—an age-old standoff, it seems—is the difference between what women and men want. Whether biological or environmental in nature, or whether the result of the simple numerical fact that there are more available women around than men, the truth is that almost all of the women I talked with still use words like "commitment," "romance," "intensity," "caring," and "tenderness" when they describe even a casual sex situation. Men, on the other hand, seem less interested in the emotional aspects of their encounters, placing more emphasis on sheer variety and on preserving their sense of separateness from their partners. With exceptions, of course. It may prove of interest that two of the men in this survey who were *least* comfortable with the idea of sex for its own sake were also the youngest.

What, in fact, do responses like these

CONTINUED ON PAGE 100

"All my pent-up
energy makes me a better-
than-average lover.
Men like it, and they also
like the way I
keep my pubic hair cut
really short. It makes
for easy access, and I love
being kissed
and caressed all over. . . ."

MELISSA

"I'm a very strict vegetarian. I guess you could say I like to date *animals, not eat them!"*

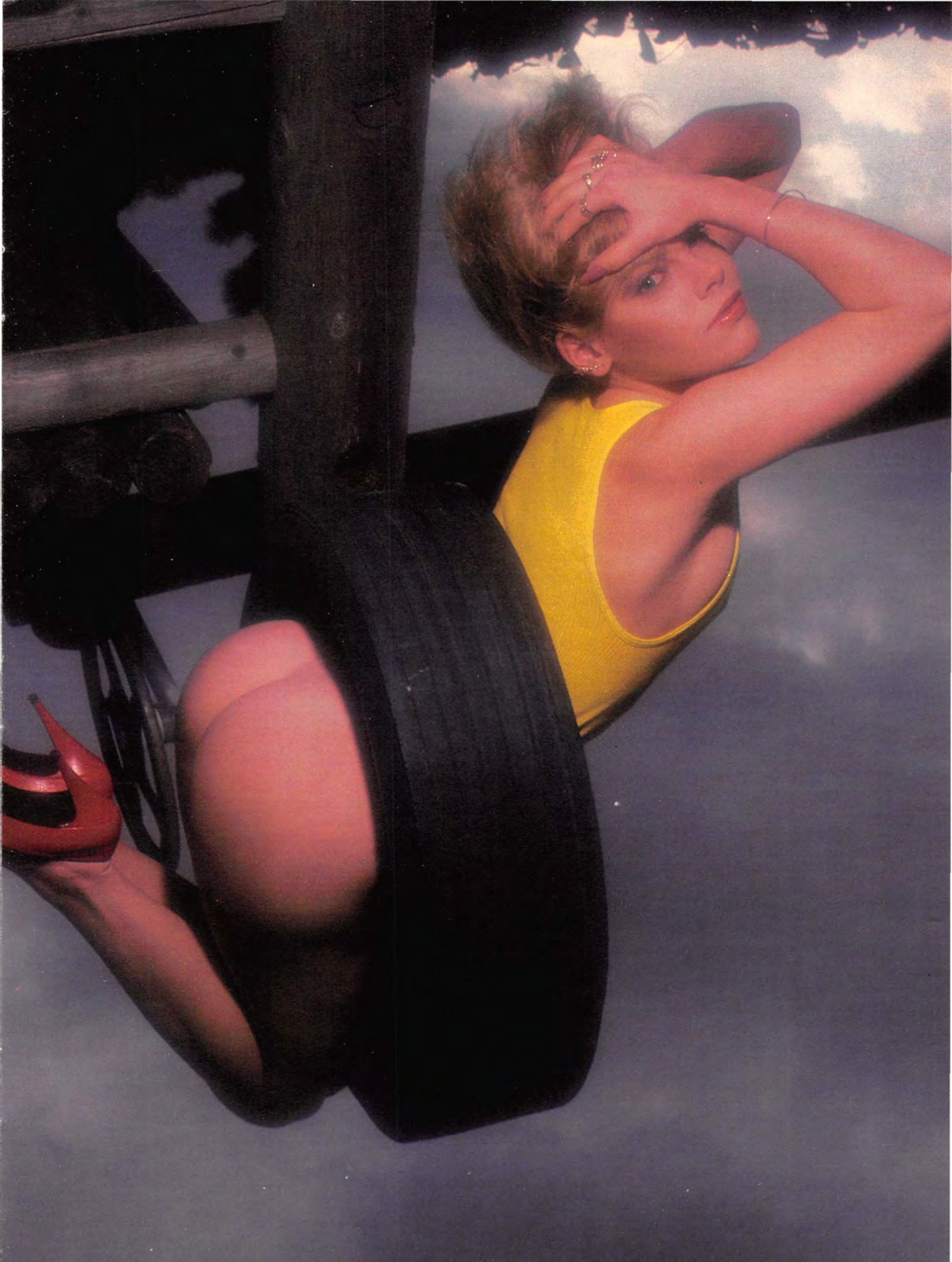
SHORT AND SWEET

PHOTOGRAPHS BY EARL MILLER

With her pixie haircut, elfin smile, and slim 36-22-34-inch figure, green-eyed Pet of the Month Melissa Wolf could be a stand-in for Peter Pan, and the lush green mountainous outskirts of her native Vancouver, B.C., could serve as her Never Never Land. Appropriate, since this outgoing 20-year-old blonde claims she doesn't want to grow up. She would like to fly, but settles instead for sailing through Stanley Park on roller skates—often pursued on foot by admirers trying out "hit" lines.

Occasionally one is right on target, but she always keeps it casual. The only men in her life she's seriously crazy about are her father and Bob Guccione. Melissa works part-time for the former, a successful optometrist. And modeling here for the latter, she says, is the happiest job she's ever had.

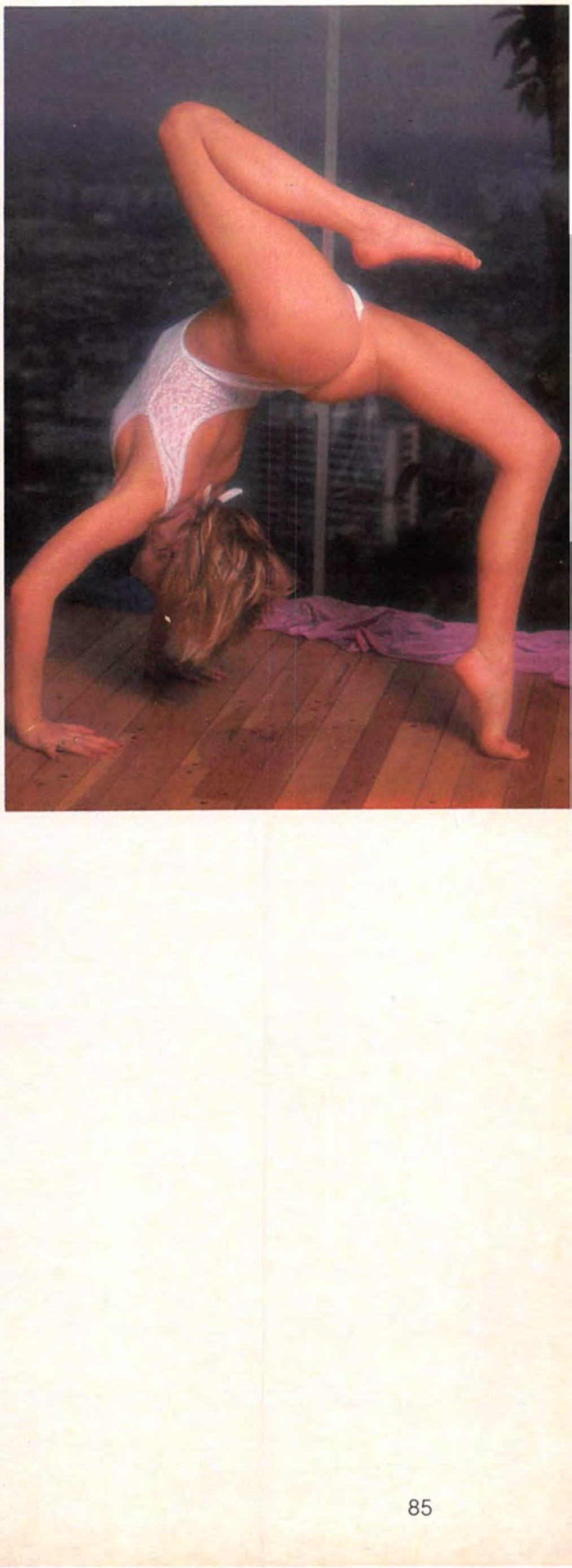
Makeup by John Maldonado, hair by Darlene Defreitas



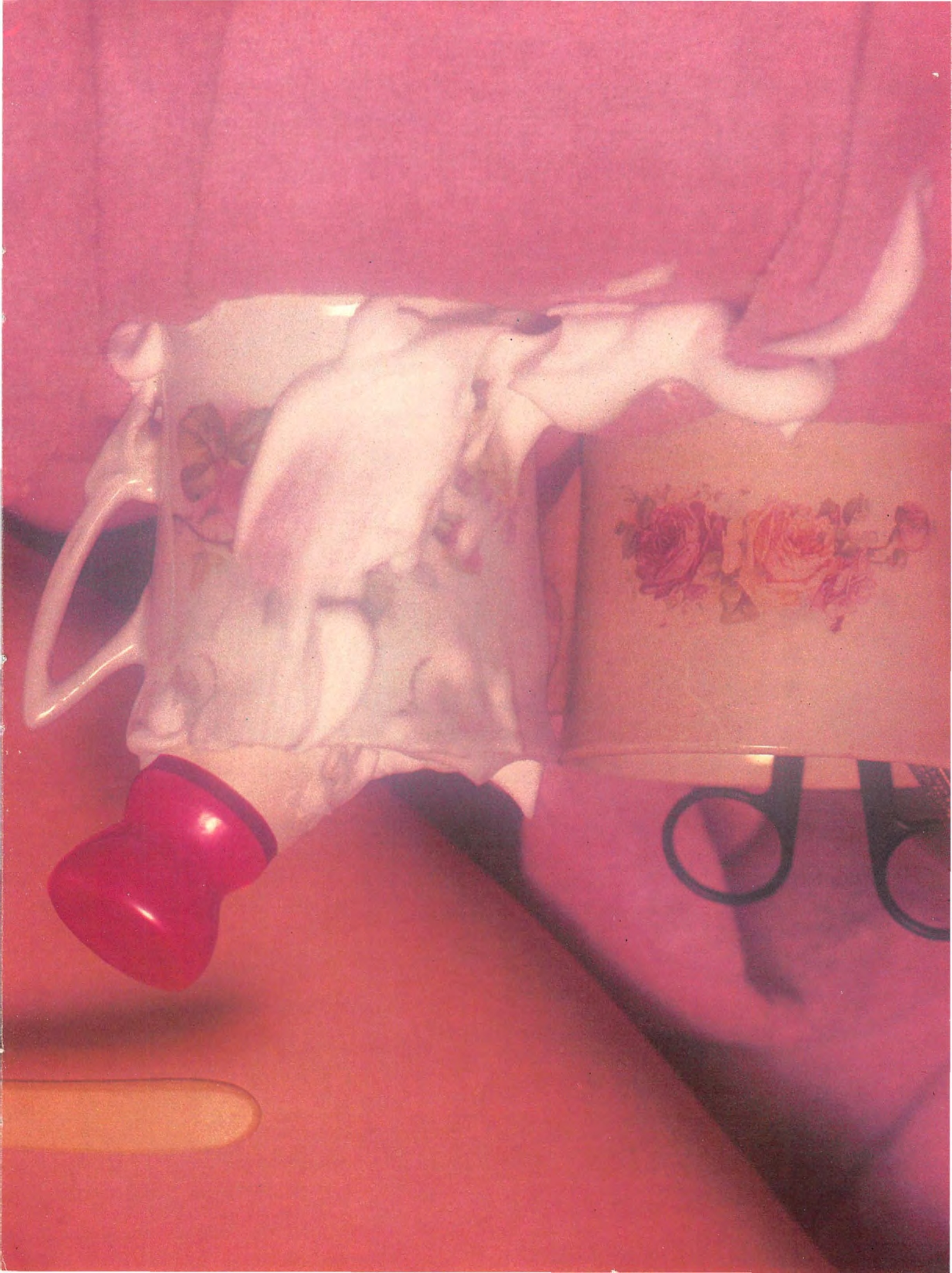
"I wouldn't want modeling to be my main career, though," she says, "because I'm just so hyper and restless and impatient. I couldn't take all the waiting or the sitting still in one place."

All that pent-up energy doesn't make her, she admits, the best office worker in the world, but it does make her a better-than-average lover. . . .

"Men like it, and they like the way I keep my pubic hair cut really short. It also makes for easy access, and I love being kissed and caressed all over. . . ."



She's never been in love with a man, though. So far, she's more hooked on shopping with her younger sister, playing softball, dancing, and laughing at off-beat comedians like Eddie Murphy. She's also a talented chef, though she only bothers to cook for family and friends.



"Otherwise, I'm a very strict vegetarian. I like to *date* animals, not eat them." She also confesses to

another fetching eccentricity. "When I was a little girl, I loved to run around naked. But then, I guess I still do."

MISS MELISSA WOLF/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH

MISS MELISSA WOLF/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH

THE VIETNAM VETERANS ADVISER

During the 10 years since the Vietnam War ended, it has often seemed that the nation could be divided between those who went to Vietnam and those who didn't. It makes little difference whether one discusses the affliction of those veterans with Agent Orange Syndrome, or those who haven't been able to rejoin society, or those who have been denied recognition for their efforts in the war. Those of us who didn't go oftentimes can't understand the indignation and outrage that many vets feel when their pleas for help in the form of legislation, jobs, or compassion go unheeded.

But now it's time for the nation to realize that Vietnam is something that happened to all of us. Memorials and dedications have been springing up all over the country. People are trying to find new ways of making peace with themselves and Vietnam.

In April of 1980 director John DiFusco, along with eight actors—all of whom are Vietnam veterans—began to come to terms with their own war experiences through theater. DiFusco led the eight in workshops for six months in personal improvisation, rap sessions, psychodrama, trust, and ensemble work.

The award-winning play *Tracers*, which opened in Los Angeles in October 1980, is the result of this collaboration.

DiFusco is clear about the play's purpose. He knows that the characters are "types"—they're all "the boy next door." *Tracers* is intended to "celebrate the survivors of Vietnam, but it's also a tribute to those who didn't return."

> A new play, written and performed by veterans, is riveting entertainment that helps us find new ways of making peace with ourselves and Vietnam.

We first meet the characters as they're arriving for basic training. They're told by the seemingly sadistic drillmaster that unless they listen up, they'll all die. He refers to his recruits derisively as "maggots," but in asides to the audience he explains that the squad's training is inadequate; that the Vietcong, in contrast, are all too well-prepared; and that he feels he's sending a steady stream of American recruits to their deaths.

The men in the squad typify the different groups who went to war. There's the bookish "Professor," whose reading serves as his sanctuary. There's the patriotic Little John, whose optimism and kindness make him an almost maternal figure to the others. Baby San requires constant looking after. The aloof but compassionate Habu balances characters like Scooter and Dinky Dau, who are always in a fever of anxiety and use drugs to escape from the horrors of the war.

In the New York production that opened in January 1985 at the New York Shakespeare Festival's Public Theater, some of the original company have been replaced by members of The Vietnam Veterans Ensemble Theatre Company, under the direction of founder Thomas Bird. The entire cast of *Tracers* continues to be made up of Vietnam veterans.

DiFusco feels that the Vietnam War is alive in all of those who served: "We're at the beginning of a new understanding," he says. "Although there is still much bitterness, we've evolved from the postwar bitterness. . . . After all, many vets have been very successful." DiFusco and his colleagues had those successful vets very much in mind in creating *Tracers*. They hope that the play might help to dispel some stereotypes. DiFusco explains that whereas veterans were seen as emotionally unstable loners immediately following the war, a new but equally inaccurate myth is now being promoted—that of the veteran as a one-dimensional superhero. *Tracers* is an attempt to balance this view, showing men who have been through an experience that has changed them. Some cope; others can't.

But to DiFusco, it's equally significant that the play's characters are portrayed by successful, experienced actors who happen to be Vietnam veterans. There was pressure when he first put on *Tracers* in a major performance center to hire "name" actors. It was said that the play would attract a larger audience with recognizable stars. But DiFusco insisted that he wanted "people to see vets as competent."

But for all the reasons, the passions, and the rhetoric, *Tracers* is, finally, riveting entertainment. The audience is hushed during performances. Vignettes of relaxed moments back in Saigon, of jungle warfare, and of soldiers on leave doing anything to forget the fighting are fused by the loud, pulsing rock music of the time. That musical connection between scenes works its magic on the audience and forms the final bond between those who fought and those who didn't. Even if you weren't there, you can remember what you were doing when "Sympathy for the Devil" or "The Unknown Soldier" was blasting into your consciousness. The music in *Tracers* triggers our own memories of those times, as we experience what was going on for soldiers in Vietnam while we went about our business back home.

The play *shows* us, in ways that simple recounting cannot, why so many veterans suffer from flashbacks and stress, and why those who have made their lives whole deserve to be seen with new respect.—*Claudia Valentino*

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"Sweden's commitment to social experiment has hardened into ideology, and the bureaucracy of social benefit has begun to serve itself. Certain aspects of Swedish life now evoke aspects of life behind the Berlin Wall."

ADVISE & DISSENT

OPINION

BY SALLY HELGESEN

The author, a journalist who has been published in *Harper's* and several other magazines, is currently completing her first novel, which will be published by Doubleday.

TROUBLE IN PARADISE

There exists in America the popular notion of Sweden as a kind of ideal society, an earthly Eden: progressive, enlightened, unencumbered by the dirty historical baggage that occasions poverty, oppression, and rigid adherence to unwieldy and outworn traditions. Sweden, land of *I Am Curious: Yellow*, sexual freedom, and moral leadership. A place where tall, attractive blond people live the healthy outdoor life (sometimes in the communal nude), hiking through snow, relaxing in saunas, eating fresh herring, and, in summer, hunting strawberries in unpolluted woods. A place that provides free education, free health care, job security, and generous pensions. Such advantages are presumed to exist in Sweden without diminishing personal liberties.

The distinguished American economist Robert Heilbroner wrote in 1980, after returning from Sweden, "Anyone wishing the best for his child should talk the stork into letting it be born in Scandinavia." And *New York Times* European correspondent Flora Lewis wrote earlier last year about how Sweden set an example that could still inspire confidence throughout the world.

It would be nice to believe all this, nice to know that social utopias are possible in a confused and imperfect world. But they are not, at least in Sweden. An extended visit there last year showed me that at some turn of the pass, Sweden's commitment to social experiment hardened into ideology, and the bureaucracy of social benefit got out of hand and began to serve itself. Certain aspects of Swedish life now evoke aspects of life behind the Berlin Wall, although Sweden, being a democracy, uses not force but rather the power of persuasion to enforce policies believed to serve the interests of the state. "Killing with kindness," George Orwell called it, but it is killing nonetheless.

The French journalist Cornelia Spar, writing last autumn in the magazine *Le Point*, suggested that far from being an Eden of social accord, Sweden had become a purgatory of red tape, a country choking on a morass of legislation (10,000 new laws in ten years), a land that was reducing all but the strongest to the same dismal standard. "Dismal" is the appropriate word. The minute I arrived in Sweden, I sensed something sad about the country. Stockholm, a beautiful city, must be the dullest capital west of East Berlin; at night, it's about as lively as downtown Cleveland. The stores close at six, and only buses and a few taxis disturb the quiet; even cafés are shut, and only formal restaurants remain open to serve the tourist, the businessman, the Swede with lots of money. There are almost no bars or pubs in Stockholm; in the center of the city I could find only three. This is a city where people go directly from work to their apartments or

homes, and stay there until it's time to emerge for work the next day.

Work and security dominate people's expectations in Sweden. Ninety-two percent of Sweden's blue-collar workers belong to a single trade association, and 75 percent of its white-collar workers belong to another. The strength of these unions, the role they play in national life, has won many benefits for Swedish workers. The state is everywhere, always with an offer of help. When people talk about rights in Sweden, they rarely mean liberties as most democracies define them; they mean instead the "right" of everyone to housing, food, an income, medical and child care, old age benefits, maternity leave, and the rest of it. The theory is, of course, that liberties are not worth much to people who must worry about the cost of food or financing an operation for a child. It's a seductive notion, questionable only when one considers that the state, which pays for these rights, necessarily controls all access to them.

During my first few days in Stockholm, I interviewed several people who spoke of the Swedish malaise, of national feelings of apathy and failure, of dullness, complacency, defensiveness. I heard how nearly 400,000 Swedes, many of them enterprising and educated, had emigrated since 1969 in search of more stimulation and lower taxes. But it was not until four days after my arrival, when I was treated to a five-hour taxi ride through Stockholm's extensive suburbs, that I began to taste the flavor of the lives served by this bureaucracy. My pilot on this journey was Bjorn Malmborg, a well-educated, well-traveled young taxi driver of aristocratic descent, and his wife Brittmari, a talented and ambitious painter. Their remarks were no less fascinating than what I observed during our journey.

We drove west from the old central city on a Sunday evening, over highways and main streets strangely deserted. West is the better direction, I was told; to the south, it was not so pleasant. We arrived first at Vallingby, a "model" suburb built in the early 1960s. It was not a suburb in the American sense, but more what we would call a project: identical buildings set amid parking lots and shrubbery.

"You would be really lucky if you were assigned an apartment here," remarked Bjorn. "It is not dangerous, and not so far from the city center."

"Assigned?" I asked.

"Yes, of course. You would need to be far ahead in the central queue. It would be difficult."

Bjorn explained that although most housing in Sweden is privately owned, one cannot simply rent an apartment from a private landlord. One must instead register with the municipal housing authority and be assigned a place within one's price range. "It's all determined by your place in line," he said. "If you were new here, you would be assigned to one of the farthest suburbs."

"But what if you wanted to live in the city center?" I asked. "What if you didn't like the suburbs?"

"Oh, it would be impossible just to rent something right in the city. If you had lots of money you could buy an apartment; that is allowed. And there's an illegal system where people pay private owners to rent from them, but the owners are sent to jail if it is found that they've taken money. Because of this, an owner would only take money if he knew you very well. You must have connections."

"In other words, the only way to avoid the central queue is to have lots of money or to be well-connected?"

"Yes, unless you are in the arts or something. For special people in certain fields, the government sets apartments aside."

The pièce de résistance of our trip was the southern suburb of Vastra Flemingsberg: forbidding concrete slabs that seemed as tall as skyscrapers, all set in a single row with no streets or sidewalks between them, and all drives leading to underground garages and elevators. In a touch right out of Orwell, each road in the suburb, because it adjoined a nearby hospital, had a name such as "Therapy Drive" or "Diagnosis Way."

"The residents call these buildings by a Swedish word that means 'towers to jump from,'" Bjorn explained. "I hate to come here more than anywhere—I never know what will be waiting at Diagnosis A-6 for me. One night, a man began crying in my cab, saying he didn't want to go home, life here was just too horrible. I tried to comfort him, said that it wasn't the usual thing, when suddenly someone threw a sofa out of a high window without opening it first. The sofa came flying out with all the glass, but there were no screams, no other noise; it was just dead. The guy said, 'See what I mean?'"

Social-welfare workers often come up in discussions about life in Sweden. The authorities seemed to be involved in ordinary lives to a surprising extent. Annalei Kastrup, a counselor with the International Red Cross who had been a social-welfare worker from 1976 to 1983, was quite open in discussing this involvement.

"In Sweden, everyone has the right to a social worker," she said. "Middle-class people, those living in suburbs, the rich. Perhaps it's different than in other countries where social workers are just there to help the poor."

I asked Annalei about children being taken from their homes by social workers and forced into foster care or institutions. This was an issue that a number of European writers had

CONTINUED ON PAGE 155

THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN IS AS PLAIN AS

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SEX

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 76

signify? It's difficult to say. But it's interesting to note that, according to statistics, more couples are getting married this year than at any time in the past decade. The personal columns in popular magazines, once given over to ads for sexual partners, are now devoted to ads for committed relationships. A recent survey among French teenagers revealed that 80 percent of them rated romance tops on their list of goals, while only nine percent rated sex similarly. And most interesting of all, Michael Jackson, America's most celebrated rock hero—whose staggering popularity rivals that of the Beatles in their prime—is at 25 a self-proclaimed virgin who insists he will remain that way until his wedding day, should there ever be one.

How do we interpret these facts? Are these instances merely unrelated coincidences, or are they indicative of a trend in sexual relations—a return to old-fashioned values? Are we on the brink of a new backlash? Is the sexual tenor of our country becoming as conservative as our politics? Or have men and women simply become accustomed to and blasé about sex for its own sake?

As one 22-year-old graduate student at M.I.T. told me, "What's the big deal? Sex is great. It's part of life—like eating and sleeping and brushing your teeth. Only it feels better."

Or, as Woody Allen confided to Diane Keaton after an intimate moment in *Annie Hall*, "That was the most fun I've ever had without laughing."

RECREATIONAL SEX QUESTIONNAIRE

Age
City and state
Occupation
Level of schooling
Marital status
Sex: M or F

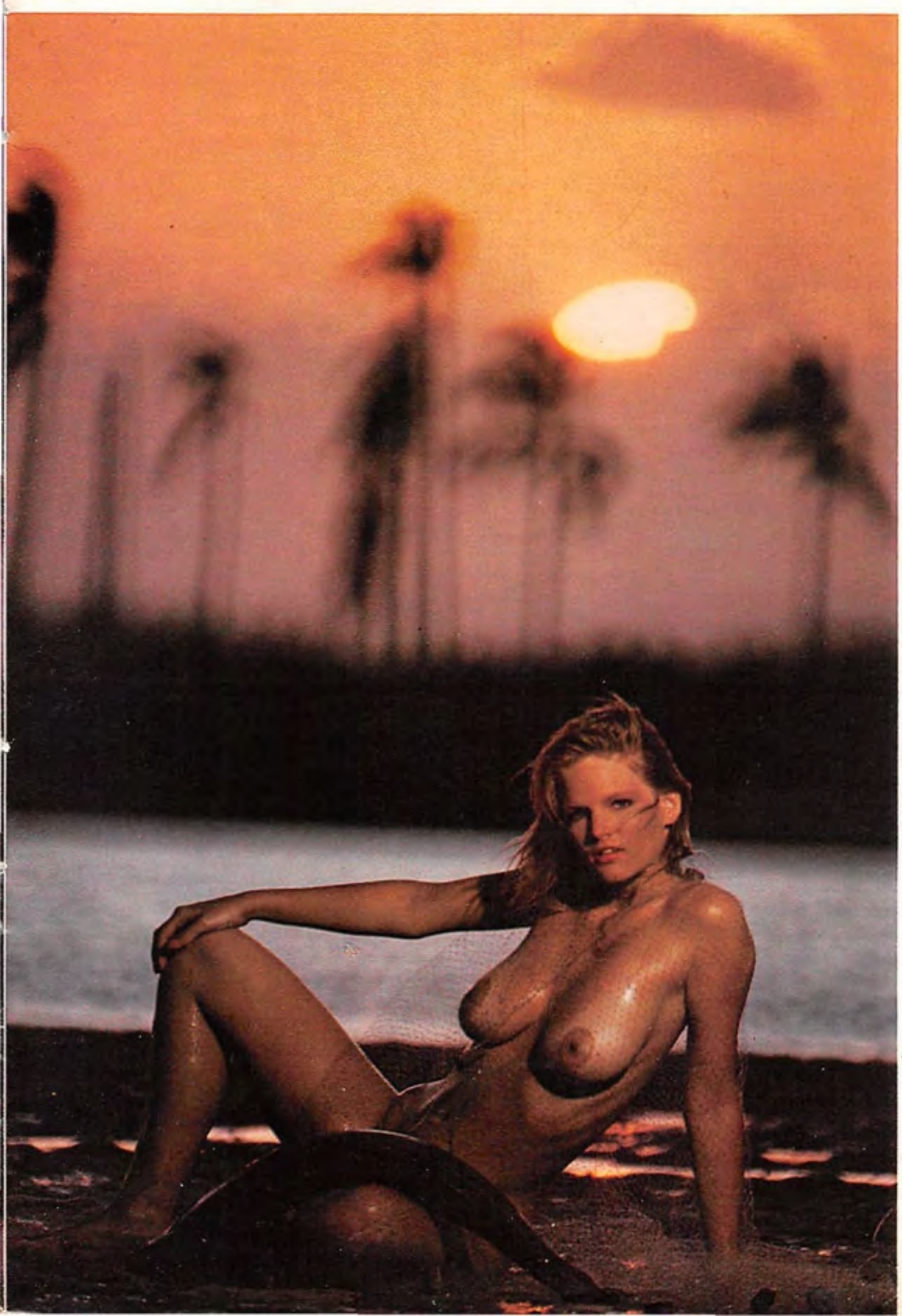
1. Is your sex life satisfactory?
2. If not, why not?
3. In what ways would you like to improve your sex life?
4. How often do you usually have sex?
5. Do you have a regular sex partner or partners? How many?
6. If you have a regular sex partner, how long have you been seeing each other?
7. How often do you see each other?
8. If you have more than one partner, does each know about the other?
9. How do they feel about it?
10. If you have *no* regular partner, how long have you been without one?
11. How do you usually meet your sex partner(s)?
12. How long do you prefer to know your sex partner(s) before actually having sex with them?
13. Do you prefer to "date" first?
    13A. To what extent?
14. Do you prefer having recreational sex with partners you know, or with those you don't know at all or don't know well? Please explain.
15. Do you have any rules by which you govern your sex life?
16. Do you have any rules by which you expect your partner(s) to abide?
17. In your sexual relationships, who defines the terms of the relationship? Describe.
18. What is the most difficult issue for you and your partner(s) to resolve?
    A) commitment
    B) different sexual temperaments, preferences
    C) frequency of sexual act
    D) orgasm
    E) other
19. If other, please explain.
20. What are your greatest fears/worries regarding your sexual encounters?
21. Do you consider yourself sexually experienced or naive?
22. Do you "choose" your sex partners, or do they "choose" you?
23. How many partners have you had?
24. Have you ever paid money to a prostitute to engage in sex?
25. If so, approximately how often?
26. In what ways is this type of experience different from your other sexual experiences?
27. If your answer to question No. 24 is yes, do you usually choose to seek out a prostitute for sex? Why?
28. Do you like having more than one sex partner in your life at a given time?
29. Have you ever had sex with more than one partner on the same day?
30. Why do you usually choose to have sex with a partner?
    A) as an expression of love
    B) to relieve tension
    C) lust
    D) curiosity
    E) friendship
    F) horniness
    G) to feel powerful
    H) to gain affection, warmth
    I) other
31. If other, please explain.
32. What sexual practices especially turn you on?
33. What sexual practices especially turn you off?
34. What is the most difficult or straining aspect of recreational sex?
35. What are the most rewarding aspects of recreational sex?
36. Do you practice anonymous sex?
37. If so, why?
38. Do you orgasm more intensely with:
    A) committed sex—with a loved one or spouse
    B) recreational sex with a familiar partner
    C) recreational sex with an unfamiliar partner
    D) sex with a prostitute
    E) totally anonymous sex
    F) other
39. If other, please describe.
40. In what ways does your sexual relationship with someone change as it becomes more committed?
41. Have you ever participated in an orgy? How often?
42. A ménage à trois? How often?
43. Sex with a partner of the same sex? How often?
44. Have you ever attended a sex club? How often?
45. Participated in partner-swapping? How often?
46. Which, if any, of the above forms of sex have been satisfying to you?
47. What was your most bizarre sexual experience?
48. What was your most satisfying sexual experience?
49. What was your most dissatisfying sexual experience?
50. What was your most loving sexual experience?
51. What is your favorite sex fantasy?
52. Have you ever confided your fantasy to your partner(s)?
53. Have you ever enacted your favorite sex fantasy?
54. Have you ever asked your partner(s) to share their fantasies with you? 54A. What happened?
55. In the best of all worlds, what would your ideal sex life consist of?
56. Do you have any fears about sex? 56A. If so, what?
57. Do you ever feel guilty about sex? 57A. If so, why?
58. Apropos of today's sexual atmosphere, do you ever feel undue sexual pressure? 58A. If so, how?
59. Do you think your sexual expectations are realistic?
60. If not, why not?
61. Do you separate sex and emotion?
62. Sex and love?
63. Sex and romance?
64. Describe your ideal sexual partner.

Please fill out the "Recreational Sex Questionnaire" on a separate sheet of paper and return it to Questionnaire, *Penthouse* Magazine, 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023-5965. The results will be published in a future issue.

Pet of the Year

PLAY-OFF

Sisterhood is powerful, say the feminists, and we vigorously agree. But so, of course, is the inherent will to win that our Pets, past and present, invariably possess. When the accolade is nothing less than our coveted Pet of the Year crown—a title tantamount to being declared one of the sexiest females on earth—the competition is nothing less than fierce. The beauties pictured here would normally be happy to share their bounty with their fellow "sisters"—especially since they have plenty of bounty to share! But when the prize is a beauty Queen's ransom in cash and gifts, which awaits the winner of our annual extravaganza, well. . . . After all, no matter how much a lady loves her buddies, diamonds are still a girl's best friend! And so are her fans, the loyal *Penthouse* readers. As always, it's up to you to help the editors of *Penthouse* make this delectably difficult decision. Ask yourself if it was nubile Nadine, lovely Lisa, comely Cody, or athletic Antonia who roused your interest the most. Send your verdict to the New York office of *Penthouse,* 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023-5965.



NADINE GREENLAW October 1983

Despite being selected as Miss Maine World of 1980, blond, blue-eyed Nadine considers our Pet of the Year competition the main event by far. Being a traffic-stopper blessed with adoring parents, dozens of admirers, and 37-24-37 eye-popping inches, she admits she's a girl who has everything—almost. "The only thing I lack is a sexy, handsome hunk who will take the time to send me slowly but surely into orbit." It seems men are rushed when making love to Nadine because she "gets them too excited." Gentlemen, we sympathize.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY
HANK LONDONER

LISA SCHULTZ
December 1983

Any man going north to Alaska would be tempted to stop in his tracks at the Queen Charlotte Islands just above Washington State, where lissome 36-24-36-inch Lisa speeds around on a bike looking built enough for two. Her job as an island tour guide keeps visitors as restless as the natives, and Lisa loves it. "Men have always been bowled over by me, and I'm thrilled. A day without a compliment is like a day without sunshine!" And the weather is flawless; sharing Lisa's cabin in the woods could turn a bon vivant into a hermit.

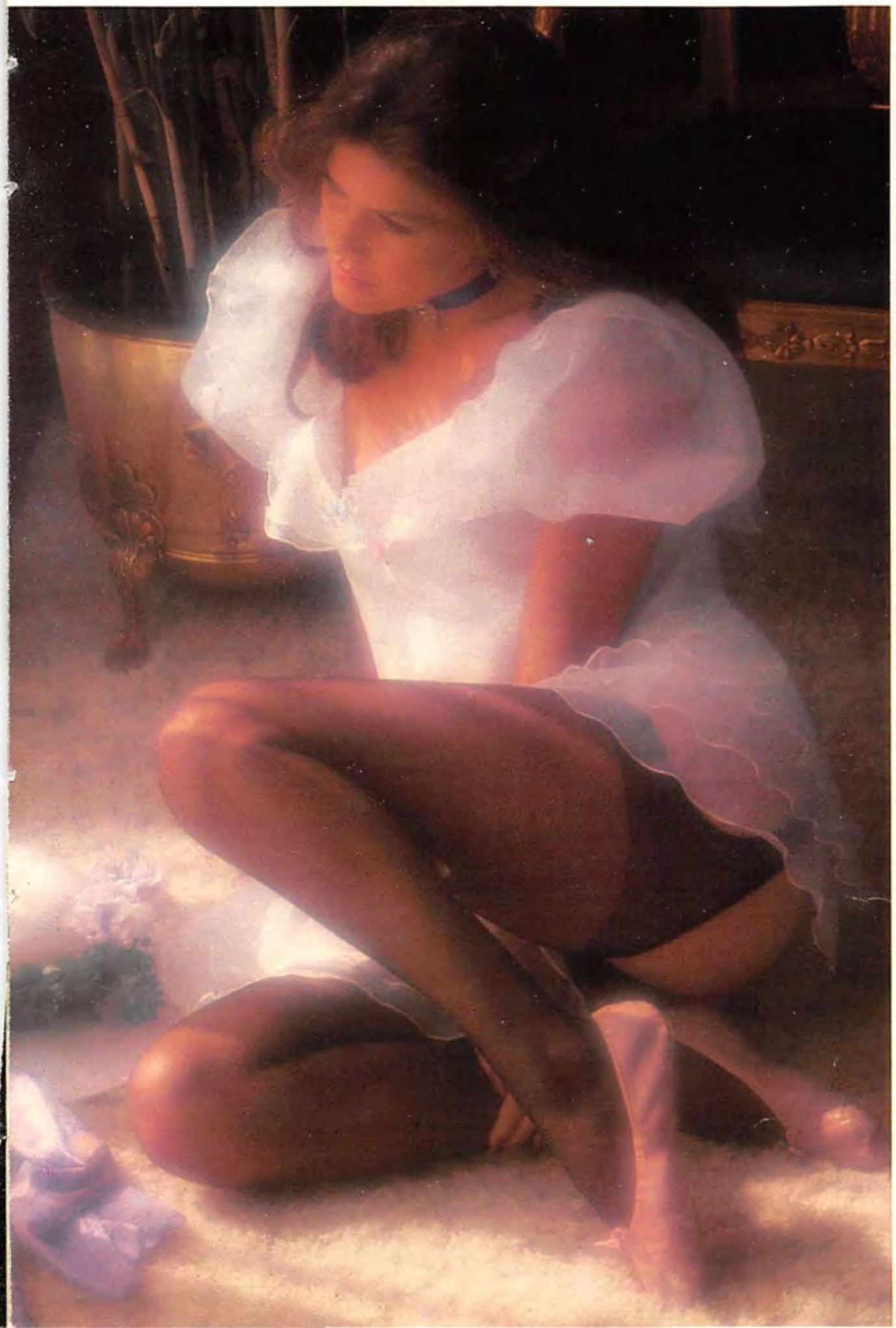
PHOTOGRAPHS BY HANK LONDONER

CODY CARMACK

January 1984

Two-time centerfold Cody Carmack claims she'd never two-time her man. But our tall, tawny, brown-eyed Texan admits she has a roving eye in one respect—her consuming passion for travel. Now ensconced on the East Side of Manhattan, she finds "it was fun to be a *standout* in Austin, but better to be a *fit-in* in New York." Cody models professionally and does extensive video, film, and poster work for *Penthouse*. Our 36-23-36-inch aspiring actress is hoping right now for the coveted role of Pet of Pets, because she knows she's up to the part. . . .

PHOTOGRAPHS BY
BOB GUCCIONE

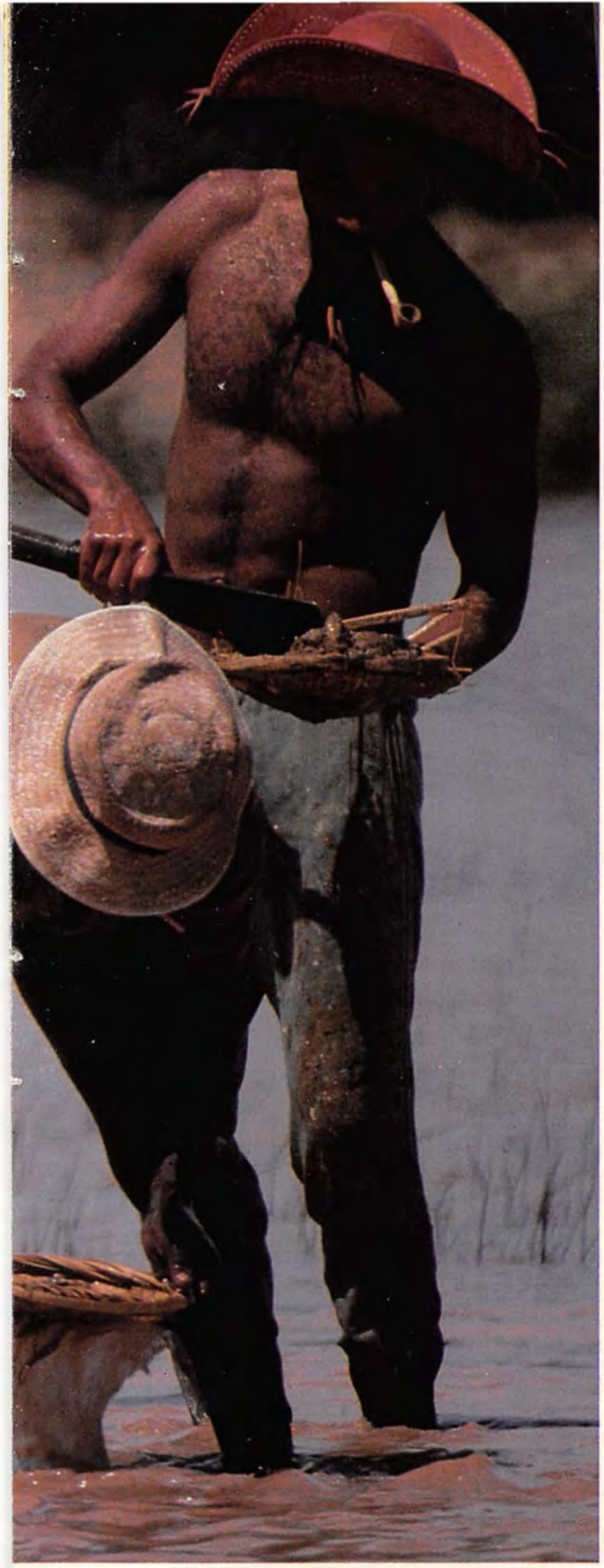


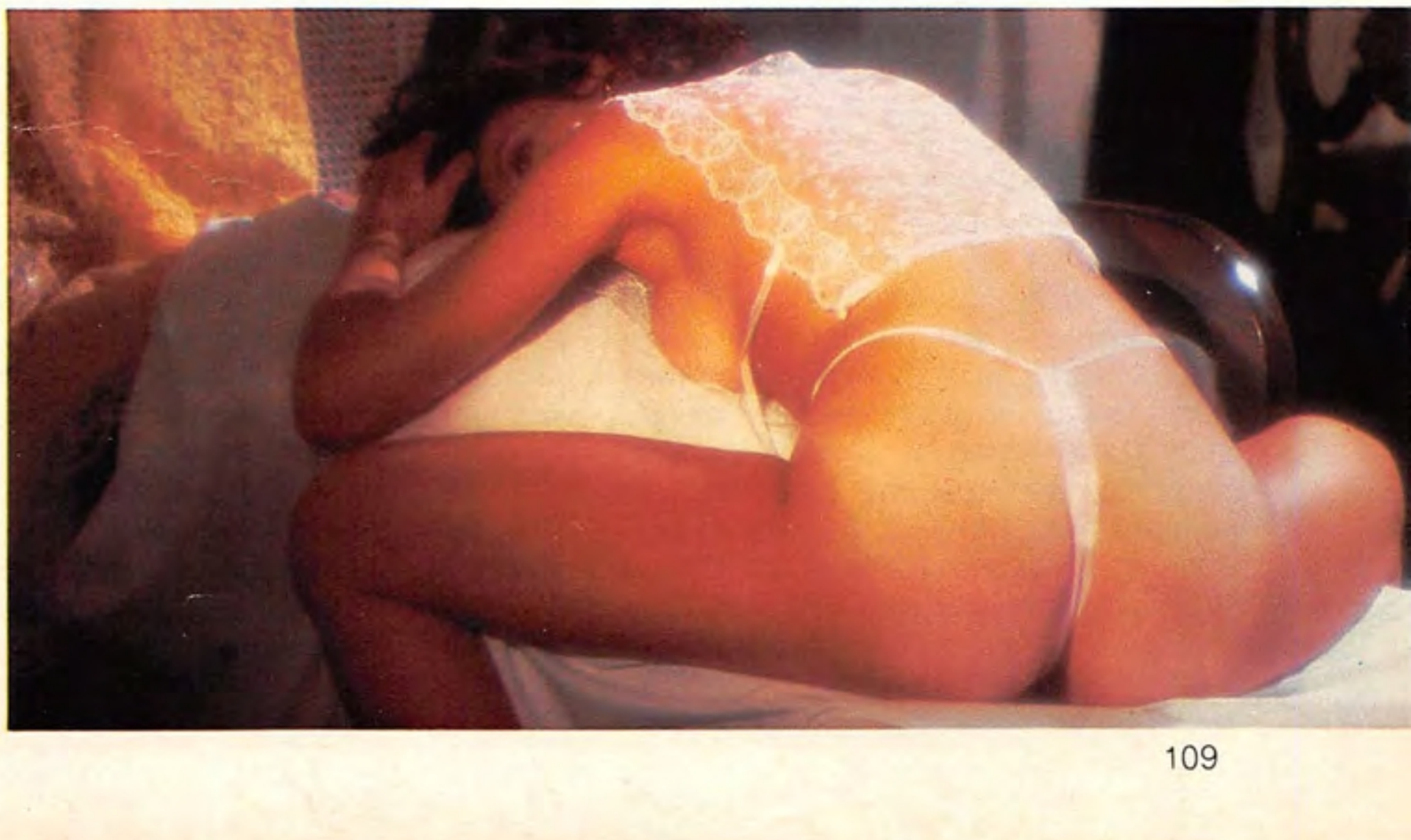
ANTONIA LARSEN

February 1984

A darkly exotic blend, part Italian temptress and part Swedish sensation, Antonia is also all-American. This statuesque five-foot-ten stunner claims she sees her 35-24-35-inch body as less a temple than a fortress, to be kept in a constant state of readiness. Just 23, Toni has already learned that some men are only out to use her, so it takes a suitor some time to win her trust. "But once he does," she promises, "the walls come tumbling down, pronto." Toni, the faster the better.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HANK LONDONER





TWENTY WORST

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 48

their steel-plated, highly vulnerable BMP the weakest link in their armed forces, but at the time, the United States didn't have anything even *resembling* a modern BMP. That situation has since been rectified. The Army's new M-2 Bradley Fighting Machine, the world's most expensive battlefield taxi, will transport seven infantrymen (plus its three-man crew) to the front at a per-unit price of nearly $2 million. Unfortunately, the heavily armed M-2 is made of aluminum, a definite no-no: unlike steel, aluminum amplifies explosions. In fact, the aluminum alloy used in the M-2 was originally developed for use in land mines. Thus, despite its imposing appearance, the M-2 can be easily knocked out by a $100 rocket grenade, which is why critics on both sides of the political spectrum call it a rolling death trap. The Army plans to buy nearly 7,000 M-2s for approximately $13.5 billion, but Congress is *very* pissed off about this military "blunder bus." Even though approximately 2,000 M-2s have already been built, the rest of the program may yet be canceled. Don't hold your breath.

9. VIPER ROCKET ($1 billion)
In development since 1976, the Viper is a lightweight (8.9 pounds), shoulder-fired antitank rocket originally slated to cost $78 apiece, including launch tube. The price is now up to $787 a unit, and that's the good news. The bad news is that by 1980, the Pentagon knew that this Walkman of a bazooka couldn't penetrate the frontal armor of three classes of Soviet tanks built since 1970. It's effective against the side and rear armor of modern Russian tanks, but if you're an infantryman, that doesn't mean much: The Russian Army protects its tanks with artillery and infantry, which makes them nearly impervious to ambush at Viper's range of about 300 yards. Armed with this kind of information, the Pentagon didn't do right by our boys. Instead of scrapping or improving the weapon, the Department of Defense lowered the Viper's performance requirements—making it officially okay for the Viper to be overmatched against half the Soviet tank force. Even though less expensive and/or more effective Light Antitank Weapons (or LAWs, as they're known in the trade) were being produced in France, West Germany, and Sweden, the Army wouldn't buy any of them because they exceeded its weight limit of 12 pounds each. The sole reason for that weight requirement was that the foreign LAWs weighed from 13 to 20 pounds apiece. To compound the craziness, in October of 1983 the Army issued RFPs (Requests for Proposals) for a new, more powerful U.S. LAW that will be allowed to weigh up to *30* pounds. Way to go, guys.

10. NUCLEAR AIRCRAFT CARRIERS ($7 billion)
This year the Navy plans to begin construction of two 90,000-ton nuclear aircraft carriers, which, at $3.5 billion apiece—excluding aircraft—will be the most expensive ships ever built. I hate to be the bearer of bad news, but if we're ever involved in a full-scale war, these supercarriers will probably fare about as well as the Polish Army did when it mounted a cavalry charge against Nazi tanks. Military technology has now reached the point where any surface ship—especially one the length of three football fields—can be located quickly and attacked by missiles situated hundreds of miles away. The Navy wants to operate 15 supercarriers, and because of all the cruisers, destroyers, and nuclear subs necessary to protect these babies, the cost of each carrier task force will probably exceed $20 billion. Aircraft carriers worked wonders during World War II, but today they're passé: We don't need to launch missiles from planes based on floating bull's eyes. When Congress asked Admiral Hyman Rickover how long nuclear carriers would last in an all-out war, he replied, "About two days." Some naval experts think he was being optimistic.

> Anyone care to guess how much of the annual $22-billion spare-parts budget could be saved if the Pentagon would get out of bed with defense contractors?

11. TOW MISSILE ($1.5 billion)
The Army's Tube-launched, Optically tracked, Wire-guided (TOW) missile has been around for about 15 years, and its delivery system is worthy of a George Lucas movie. The missile, a four-foot-long, $12,000 antitank round, is attached to a long spool of wire fitted into a portable launcher. After firing a TOW round, the gunner continues sighting his target through an eyepiece, which controls the wire that guides the missile to its target. Sometimes, however, the wire breaks. The wire will break if it should encounter a bush or twig along the way. And if the missile should pass over a pond or a stream, the wire will probably short-circuit. The TOW's biggest drawback, only recently discovered, is that it sometimes drops to the ground in mid-flight, reignites, and then comes flying back at the soldier who launched it.

12. HUMMER (HMMWV) ($1.6 billion)
Originating in World War II and still in service today, the Army's beloved general-purpose vehicle—the jeep—has always set high standards for utility and durability. A four-wheel-drive, khaki-colored plodder, the jeep can ford streams, can cross the toughest terrain, and, because of its simplicity, rarely breaks down. Obviously, there's a problem here: The jeep's design isn't . . . *new*. Rather than go with a proven winner, the Army has come up with a successor to the jeep—the High Mobility Multipurpose Wheeled Vehicle, aka the Hummer. Talk about lousy ideas: In addition to replacing the jeep, the Hummer is also supposed to replace a variety of other vehicles, including ambulances and small cargo trucks. Not only that, but the Hummer eventually will be fitted out to launch antitank missiles and lay down smoke screens. Before all this takes place, however, the Hummer needs a slew of modifications, including a shorter chassis frame, a different exhaust system, and relocation of the engine and radiator. In a test conducted last August, a Hummer's drive shaft snapped, causing the Army to cancel further tests until that particular problem is resolved. The Army's set to purchase 55,000 Hummers, and I'll be wildly surprised if these vehicles don't wind up costing $40,000 apiece.

13. AWACS ($9 billion)
The Advanced Warning and Control System jet aircraft was created to be an airborne sentry that can detect the presence of incoming missiles, bombers, and fighters. Its secondary function is to direct our fighters into combat. Thus far, AWACS has proven itself a loser on both counts, for its radar system is unreliable and can be easily jammed. In one test conducted over the Pacific Ocean, a Grumman jet outfitted with 20-year-old jamming devices guided two F-106 fighters to within 150 *feet* of an AWACS before their presence was detected. During a demonstration for congressmen, an AWACS's radar system cut out completely, but the congressmen weren't aware of it: They were watching prerecorded tapes of radar activity on the plane's monitoring screens. Each of these birds costs well over $250 million, which seems way too much to pay for a turkey.

14. M-16 RIFLE ($?)
The Pentagon has never published a running tab on the M-16, which replaced the M-14 as the Army's standard rifle soon after our guys were sent to Vietnam. The M-14 had to be retired because, when placed on automatic fire, it bucked like a bronco that had just received an electrical charge to the gonads. A worthy alternative to the M-14 was already waiting in the wings: the Armalite Corporation's

CONTINUED ON PAGE 112

HOFMEKLER'S PEOPLE:
FOLK HEROES, PART 26

He could star in Hitchcockian chillers;
He's right out of those le Carré thrillers.
Don't think Casey's too shy
Or unlikely a spy—
He runs all of our CIA killers.

TWENTY WORST

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 110

AR-15, a lightweight automatic rifle that fires .22-caliber bullets at a rate exceeding 700 rounds per minute. The AR-15 was so brilliantly dependable and lethal that the Air Force adopted it as standard-issue in 1962, as did the Green Berets in 1963. The Army didn't follow suit, however, for that would have deprived its procurement honchos of developing a weapon of their own. The result was a bastardized AR-15 that sported a useless handle and fired a type of 5.56-millimeter ammunition that caused the rifle to jam. In fact, during the war in Vietnam, M-16s jammed so often in combat that thousands of GIs bought AR-15s on the black market. An uncounted number of GIs who didn't died as a result of their M-16s jamming during firefights. When their buddies wrote home to tell parents, wives, and congressmen about it, Congress held hearings. Nobody went to jail. The Pentagon is finally phasing out the M-16 in favor of the improved M-16A2. If you're familiar with military jargon, think of the M-16 as a classic snafu—and just let it go at that.

15. PATRIOT MISSILE ($11.2 billion)
The Army's Patriot antiaircraft missile, in development since the 1960s, has long been considered the future centerpiece of NATO's long-range air defenses. The Patriot's selling point is its built-in computerized radar system, designed to track down several targets simultaneously while being able to withstand enemy radar-jamming. Patriot missiles are 17 feet long, weigh 2,200 pounds, cost $500,000 each, and can't hit the side of a barn, let alone an enemy aircraft. Or even a test aircraft. The Patriot's radar and computer programming are so faulty that the Army has yet to test-fire the missile in the field.

16. F/A-18 HORNET ($39 billion)
This particular tale will not make your day any sunnier. In the late 1960s, Congress decided that the Navy's F-14 Tomcat fighter, which cost somewhere in the neighborhood of $30 million, was just too damned expensive. So Congress pushed for an inexpensive alternative and eventually came up with the F-18 Hornet, which, in its original incarnation, was going to cost only $3 million each. The Navy didn't like the F-18 and twice tried to kill it, but Congress persisted. When the Navy finally got into the spirit of things, it turned the F-18 into the first modern military aircraft that's both a fighter and an attack plane (bomber). Since the concept itself is about as reasonable as designing a sports car to haul lumber, it's no surprise that the F/A-18 has turned out to be lousy at both its stated functions. Jet fighters are gas-guzzlers that require quick acceleration, good speed (a Navy term), and a high degree of maneuverability. Bombers only sip fuel: Their primary need is range. In 1983, a team of Navy pilots reported that the Hornet couldn't hack the Navy's required 550-mile combat radius from a carrier. In August, it was discovered that at least 50 of the 156 Hornets already built had cracks in their tails as a result of pilots putting the plane into steep climbs. The Hornet is now grounded, but it will fly again. It *has* to: The Navy's ordered more than 1,300 F/A-18s—at a cost that's now up to $30 million per plane.

17. MAVERICK MISSILE, I²R VERSION ($6 billion)
A nonnuclear missile, Maverick's been around since the mid-1960s, when it was first introduced as the Air Force's primary antitank weapon. It didn't work then and it doesn't work now. After attempts to guide the missiles via television and then laser beams, the Air Force developed the Maverick's current "imaging" infrared (I²R) guidance system, which transmits thermal images to a computer. Let me spare you the technical details and cut to the bottom line: Mavericks can't distinguish a tank from a burning bush, and they're virtually useless at night and in bad weather. In July of 1982, the General Accounting Office recommended that the infrared version shouldn't be put into production "before certain deficiencies have been corrected." Fat chance. Still, the Air Force got a nasty shock when it was handed the bill for a supply of 200 I²R Mavericks: The Hughes Aircraft Corporation had somehow jumped the price of each missile from an estimated $480,000 to $1.1 million.

Thus far, AWACS has proven itself a loser.
Each of these birds costs well over $250 million,
which seems way too much to pay for a turkey.

18. AH-64A APACHE HELICOPTER ($6.1 billion)
The U.S. Army has about 10,000 aircraft, the Air Force about 7,500. Unfortunately, the Army's air force is composed entirely of helicopters—the Army's not *allowed* to have fixed-wing aircraft. This astoundingly stupid policy began when the Air Force split away from the Army at the close of World War II, and wasn't changed during the Vietnam War, when the Army could have saved the lives of countless GIs with a short-takeoff-and-landing plane. Because the Army can't have the type of aircraft it needs, it feels no compunction about acquiring the kind of ultimate—and really, quite useless—attack chopper that was featured in *Blue Thunder*. The AH-64A Apache has a laser range-finder video screen, a futuristic night-vision system, Hellfire missiles, 2.75-inch rockets, a 30-millimeter Hughes Chain Gun, and a top speed of 225 miles per hour. When the Apache was commissioned by the Army in 1972, its estimated price tag was $3 million. In production since 1983, the current cost of the Apache is up to $14.3 million. In Vietnam, we lost 4,643 helicopters to machine-gun and rifle fire; the Army's planned fleet of 515 AH-64As is designed to fight a European war, which means going up against sophisticated weaponry. In modern battle, these flying gas cans will have very little chance of survival.

19. PERSHING 2 MISSILE ($2.9 billion)
In November of 1983, the Russians got very upset when our Pershing 2 nuclear missiles began arriving in West Germany and were immediately pointed their way. In one quick move, we had significantly loosened the Soviet stranglehold on Western Europe: West Germany suddenly had a fleet of missiles that could drop nuclear warheads on Russian targets with surgical precision. Unfortunately, the Army never bothered testing the Pershing 2 until after the missile was in production, and the initial results were hardly encouraging: The first Pershing 2 to be tested exploded 14 seconds after it was launched. The Pershing 2 is a two-stage missile, but, in its only two-stage test flight, the second stage missed its target by 24 miles. For the sake of safety—just whose is still unclear—the Army then dispensed with further two-stage test flights. To put it another way: The Pershing 2 has never been tested successfully. Since that's relatively late-breaking news, the question now becomes who's angrier at us—the Russians or the West Germans?

20. SPARE PARTS ($22 billion)
The outrageous prices paid by the Pentagon for spare parts have finally gotten so out of hand that change seems inevitable. The Pentagon hasn't balked at paying $7,417 for three-cent antenna motor pins; $2,543 for $3.64 circuit breakers; $2,043 for six-sided, 13-cent nuts; $1,118 for 25-cent plastic-stool leg caps; $466 for $1.49 sockets; $436 for $7 claw hammers; $110 for four-cent diodes—a complete list of spare-parts rip-offs would take up far more space than this entire article. Anyone care to guess how much of the annual $22-billion spare-parts budget could be saved if the Pentagon ever decided to get out of bed with defense contractors?

They're alive, they sing, they're
rhythm and blues, they're swing, they're flat-foot
floogie with a floy-floy, they're . . .

JUKES

PHOTOGRAPHS BY KAZ TSURUTA

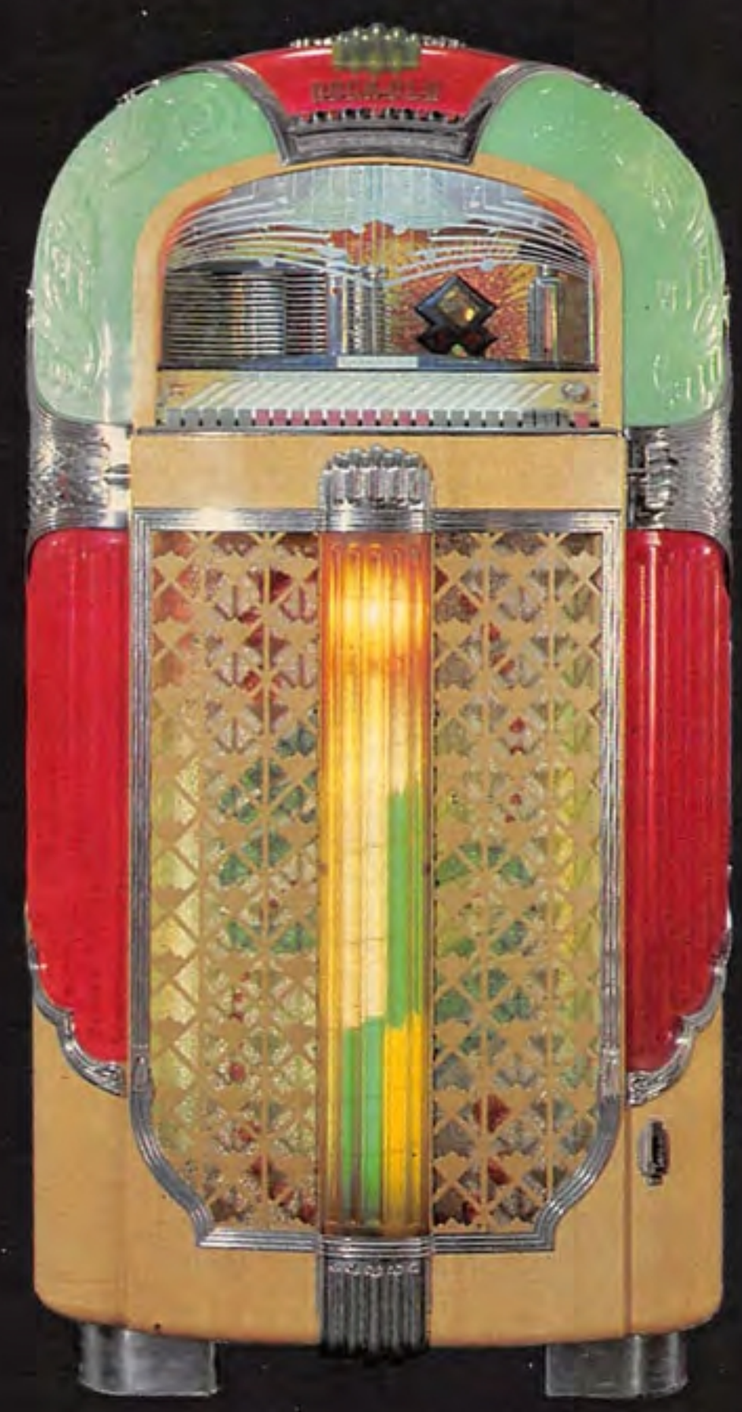
JUKES

(First page) 1947 Rock-Ola. (Left) 1948 Wurlitzer model 1100. (Above) 1948 Seeburg S-148. (Below) 1941 Wurlitzer model 850, known as the "Peacock." (Right) 1946 Packard Manhattan.

Jukeboxes are immortal music machines that emerged in the mid-twenties as America's favorite way to listen to music. Not only did these intricately ornate, amplified versions of the phonograph become the focal point of social bebopping in diners and bars, they were also a launchpad for several recording artists. Although there are conflicting theories as to the origin of the appellation "jukebox," one plausible version is that it sprang from the African word "jook," meaning to dance or boogie. And indeed, these nickelodeons inspired people, night after night, to dance, swing, and in some cases maybe even ride the Chattanooga Choo-Choo all the way home.

"MANHATTAN"

JUKES



Seeburg and Wurlitzer were the most innovatively designed jukeboxes of the thirties and forties. They utilized the extreme lines of Art Deco, with materials of bright-colored plastic, moving prisms that subtly changed hues, and chrome. Those years came to be known as the golden age of jukeboxes, and to present-day antique dealers, a juke from that era means big bucks. But it is nostalgia, not money, that drives most collectors to purchase a jukebox—the burning desire to hear an old 78 by Duke Ellington, Billie Holiday, or Cab Calloway emanating from the machine upon which it was born to be played.

(Left page, top left) 1942 Wurlitzer model 950. (Top) 1941 Wurlitzer model 750 was Wurlitzer's most popular model. (Bottom) 1948 Rock-Ola model 1428. (Above) 1942 Wurlitzer model 42, known as the "Victory." (Right) 1941 Rock-Ola Spectravox was the only dial-a-tune juke.

Great sex negated by lame acting and mediocre production values—this is what adult videos specialize in.

X-RATED VIDEO

BY AL GOLDSTEIN

DOWN AND DIRTY
Dirty Blonde (Video-X-Pic)
Dirty Blonde is a mixed bag of a tape, the kind adult video specializes in: great sex negated by lame acting and mediocre production values. The plot is a ditsy private-eye drama made novel only by the addition of a female private eye. "H. H. Harper," played with languid disinterest by Danielle, is hired to locate a stud so adept his ex just can't live without him. Carol Cross plays the ex, although the camera doesn't do her enough justice to reveal that it's really her. The two women, client and shamus, journey through a series of bad sets and uninspired locales searching for Bigus Dickus and meanwhile taking on everyone they meet, including each other. The tape only ignites when two or more of its players find themselves in bed together. The sex is fun, frenzied, and real—enhanced by good camera angles. Everyone, it seems, knew what they were there for: to get it on. Everything else is superfluous, and looks it. *Dirty Blonde* ▲▲

BAWDY BUILDERS
Body Girls (Caribbean)
Hyapatia Lee has been stunning male gonads ever since she copped the Miss Nude America title a few years back—most recently with a pictorial in this magazine. She's always been a woman firmly in control of her career, someone you can hold up to feminists when they try to hit you with "All porn women are dupes." Put her sultriness and smarts together and you come up with a tape like *Body Girls*. The screenplay was written by Hyapatia and her husband, Bud, so whatever blame or fame the tape garners should be laid directly at Hyapatia's sweet feet. That it comes out well is more a tribute to her hot body and those she surrounds herself with than to any scripting or acting talent she may have. Hyapatia, in the story, is the owner of a health spa for women, and the camera plays long and lovely over leotard-clad bodies. The sex is sizzling when it comes, but all the interludes are worthy only of the fast-forward button. If you like your women lusty and athletic, try *Body Girls*. *Body Girls* ▲▲

QUOTE OF THE MONTH
Open Up for Tracy (Vidco)
"We have to make love to other boys and girls."—Tracy Lords, in *Open Up for Tracy*

The Californicatin' phenomenon that has blitzed porn lately has had a few terrific results, and one is the entry into the spotlight of Tracy Lords, West Coast cooze supreme. (I don't care if she wasn't born there, she looks as if she *ought* to have been.) That's an example of her style quoted above. It isn't kiddie porn, she just likes to come on as an innocent. Which makes seeing her in action all the hotter—but not in a tape like this.

After her stunning success as a *Penthouse* Pet and in a couple of Fraser-Svetlana films, Tracy settled in to grinding out made-for-video schlock that would wear out her good name, if there wasn't such an incredible body behind it. Even though the production values here are on a par with a home video where the home has bars on the windows and is run by the state, even though the dialogue is flat and stupid, even though the male talent is despicable—even with all this, Tracy and the rest of her California coterie triumph. If she had the production behind her, instead of against her, she would be unstoppable. As it is, she's merely horny as hell. *Open Up for Tracy* ▲▲

RAUNCHMASTER DAMIANO
Inside Everybody, Return to Alpha Blue (AVC)
Gerard Damiano didn't exactly invent the adult film, just like Henry Ford didn't exactly invent the automobile. Films like *Deep Throat* and *The Devil in Miss Jones* blew the door off the closet that was keeping X-rated films from mainstream human consumption—blew the door off, melted the hinges, and destroyed the jamb.

What's Damiano doing now? Like just about everyone else, he is experimenting with the cheaper, less restrictive medium of video, and shooting his productions directly on tape.

Inside Everybody is Damiano's sly lampoon of the "Inside" films: *Inside Seka, Inside Jennifer Welles, Deep Inside Annie Sprinkle,* et cetera and ad nauseam. The director sets himself up as a talk-show host, a Johnny Carson of cooze, and gives in-depth interviewing a new meaning when he goes after Janey Robbins, the ubiquitous Ron Jeremy, George Payne, and a newcomer to porn named Sally Rose. When Damiano talks, labias glisten, and there is some hot sex among the verbiage.

Oral sex is the centerpiece of *Return to Alpha Blue,* a

An overblown pseudocomic romp with Blonde Goddess*'s Susanna Britton.*

Professional Janine: *"One hump or two?"*

tape that should be compared to its progenitor, *The Satisfiers of Alpha Blue*, in order to get a good idea of the difference between film and tape. *Alpha Blue I* was a spectacular attempt to create a futuristic world within the context of a smut film. *Alpha Blue II* makes no more than a passing attempt at plot or character, and goes straight for raw sex. Using the framework of a world where women rule and sex is practically the only worthwhile activity (sounds like America in the eighties), Damiano turns up the afterburners. Some of the raunchiest blowjobs ever committed to videotape are in *Return to Alpha Blue*. Beyond that, there is the famous Damiano "tone": cynical, world-weary, daring, and experimental. *Return* is light years away from the concerted power of *Satisfiers*, but Damiano has proved he can go back again. The man is still the master.
Inside Everybody, Return to Alpha Blue ¡.¡.¡.

BASIC ADULT VIDEO LIBRARY
Blonde Goddess
(Video-X-Pic)
This tape sneaks in the Basic Adult Video Library by the skin of its teeth—or, more accurately, by the skin of Loni Sanders's ass and Susanna Britton's tits. The two lead females are the delicious draws for this overblown pseudocomic romp, and they are worth the price in and of themselves. Susanna plays the blond goddess of the title, and while she may be blond, I think Loni takes the goddess tag away from her.

The plot is nothing if not ambitious. Jonathan Ford plays a wimpy comic-strip illustrator who keeps getting sucked into his strips, usually as the long-schlonged hero. This was porn's answer to *Raiders of the Lost Ark*, but somewhere along the line it took on a life of its own. Ford pursues his blond goddess through exotic locales, Mayan ruins, and multiple adventures. He is a daring archaeologist à la Indiana Jones, a private dick à la Bogart, and a flying ace shot down by the Red Baron—à la Snoopy, I guess. The action may not measure up to Hollywood standards, but the sex is fast and furious. Nostalgia points for those disappeared goddesses of the groin, Loni Sanders and Susanna Britton.
Blonde Goddess ¡.¡.¡.¡.¡.

EASY LEI
Lorelei (LA Video)
This tape is hot for a few short minutes during its otherwise vomit-inducing length, and that is when Rikki Hart is on the screen. She typifies the talent that is pouring into porn lately: young, a good actress, a great face, and an incredible body. She's the type of woman who reminds you of someone you wished you knew. It's too bad that she's the diamond lodged in the diarrheic ass hole of this tape. Kay Parker is the centerpiece, and while those tits are still magnificent, the lady's past her prime. What really sends *Lorelei* into the shithole is not the lack of plot—there is some hazy fashion-designer nonsense infecting the action like a flu plague in a hospital—but the reptilian lead man, Billy Dee. He may be the victim of a bad makeup job, but he stalks through the scenes with all the charm of a Goebbels or a Richard Speck.
Lorelei ¡.

KRAUT PLEASER
Professional Janine
(Caballero)
Professional Janine is a West German import that is a sequel of sorts to the supersuccessful *Sensational Janine* of five years ago, and as such it could be subtitled "The Decline of the Motherland." NATO is in big trouble if the morals exhibited here are any indication of the character of our allies, the Krauts. The sex is constant, incessant, and meaningless. Erections prong out at the viewer in the most unlikely circumstances. Sexual congress is consummated on horseback, in stables, anywhere the heroine happens to find herself. It is spectacular, steamy, and ultimately tiring. Sex for sex's sake lobotomizes you, and sooner or later you may as well be watching nature films. As the sultry and stunning heroine, Leila Visgo (the name probably means something suitably bawdy in German) is the type of woman you wet-dream about: game, lovely, ready for anything. It's just that in the course of the hour and a half that it takes for this tape to finally unspool, a little too much comes at her.
Professional Janine ¡.¡.

RATING KEY

¡. Not recommended—You'll either get ripped off or get the least for your money.
¡.¡. Fair to reliable—You'll get what you pay for with minimum results.
¡.¡.¡. Good—Standards of professionalism are maintained.
¡.¡.¡.¡.¡. Highly recommended—The best of its kind available.

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BODY GIRLS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 74

unfortunately they also throw the body's natural hormone balance off. People have OD'd. Heart attacks, liver failure, prostate cancer . . . Because of their high estrogen levels, birth control pills, though, are avoided like the plague by bodybuilders. Estrogen causes a softening, an ultrafeminization of the body."

Lydia Cheng: "You're going at it every day, training, and sometimes you look up and say, 'Why am I doing this?' But what happens if you get onstage after all that training and then within five minutes it's all down the drain because you've been cut from the top group? That's the reality any athlete faces, that there's room for only one winner. That's where I feel the loneliness, and you have to deal with that on your own."

Carla Dunlop: "Nowadays every celebrity has jumped on the physical-fitness bandwagon—from Victoria Principal to Jane Fonda, and some of their routines are fine. On the other hand, I see a lot of women coming into my gym saying, 'I want to work out, I want to body-build,' but when they get to the weights they find the atmosphere so serious they're immediately put off. Like 60 percent of them just walk out. It's a real social phenomenon: gyms which bring the sexes together, places with a bar and restaurant, and there are women who show up in full makeup and matching leotards and don't do a damn thing except drape themselves all over the equipment."

Bev Francis: "The pain that's part of training, you get used to it and part of it's nice, really. When something is hurting, you know that what you're doing is worthwhile. You're in touch with your body."

So there it is—at least, a clue. In the final analysis it comes down to the rigors of training, the slow, lonely progress after hours and years spent in the gym. Bev Francis, Arnold Schwarzenegger, Franco Columbo, and Carla Dunlop all subscribe to the motto "pain is growth" and speak of pushing themselves to the limit—a limit which, paradoxically, they're forever revising, testing, rejecting. There's also cash involved, and the pots keep getting bigger and bigger, but for those who are the best it goes past that, as it has to.

So the film and its companion book, *Pumping Iron II: The Unprecedented Woman*, are going to set off a flurry. Whether Bev or Carla or Lydia wind up in Hollywood is another thing entirely. What's exciting is that these women aren't pulling any punches. They're out there on the proverbial edge, and they're bucking the establishment with brawn, not claptrap ideology. Can that be bad?

P53

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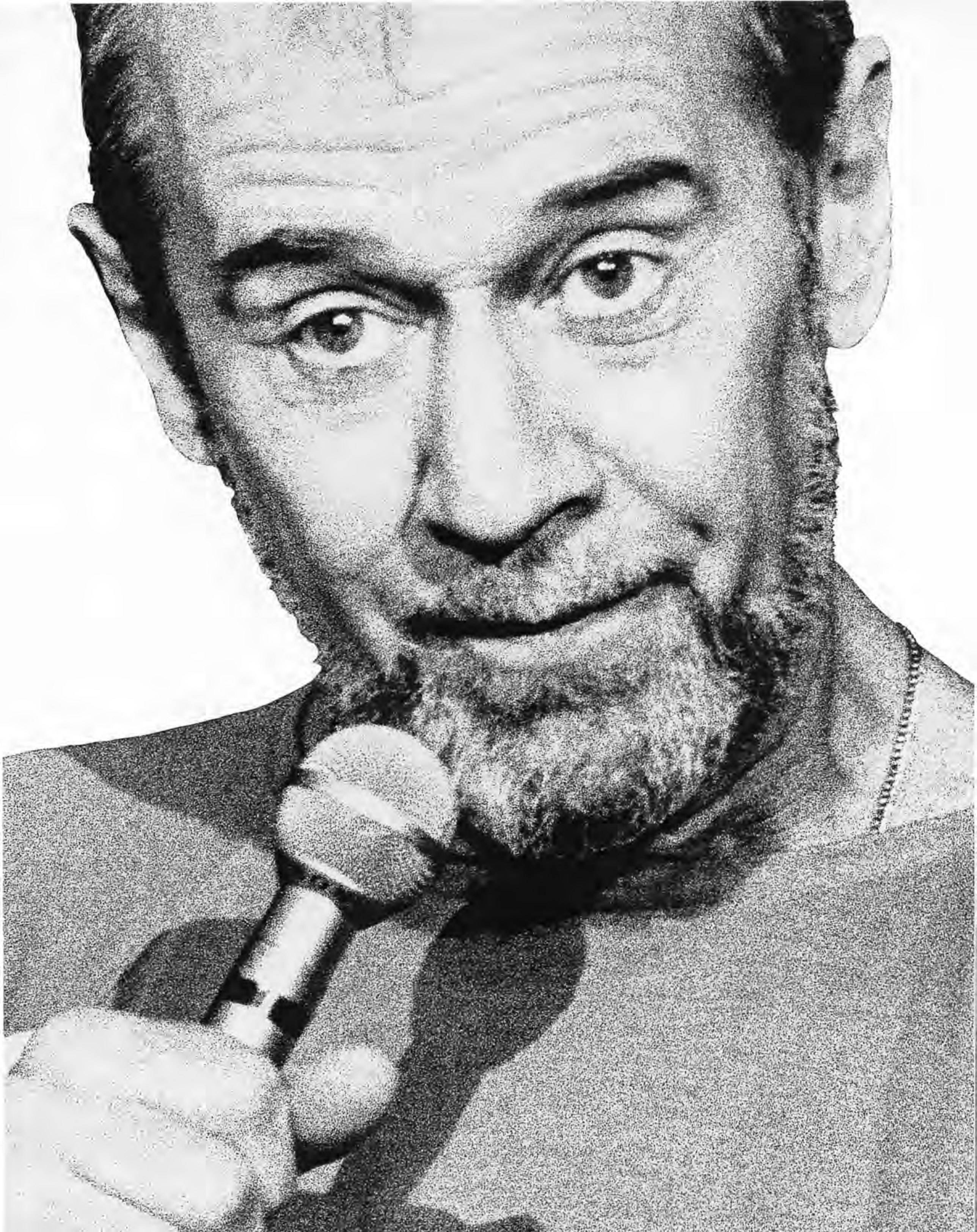
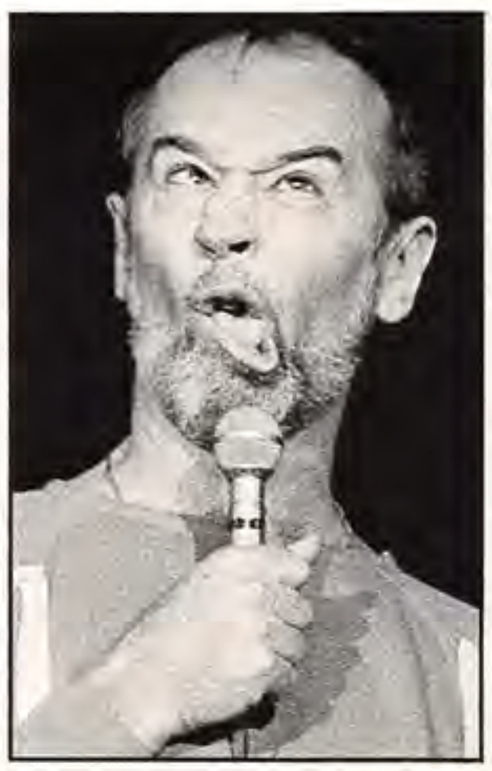


The outspoken rebel makes peace with the world—and with himself.

TAKING CARLIN SERIOUSLY

BY ALLAN SONNENSCHEIN



For a comic, George Carlin is a very serious guy. When the iconoclastic Carlin is discussing his difficult childhood growing up in New York City, or giving a dissertation on the art of comedy, few would recognize him as the same individual who keeps concert-hall and nightclub audiences rolling with laughter.

George Carlin has always been a rebel. As a youngster, he took on school authorities and ran away from home. As an adult, he fought wars with television networks and the Federal Communications Commission over his language and his humor. Carlin has often been described as the prototypical sixties personality and character, and while there may be some truth to that observation, George, as with many of his generation, appears in middle age to have made an uneasy peace with his enemies.

One of the reasons for Carlin's recent decision to accommodate the

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DAVID KENNEDY

discordant elements in his life, rather than continue to commit acts of rebellion, has been his need to reconcile the good and bad experiences in his life—especially by coming to terms with his childhood.

The 47-year-old Carlin was born to Irish-American parents who both earned their livings in the advertising business. George's father died when he was a child, and he and his older brother Pat were brought up by their mother. It was not a typical happy household, according to Carlin: "My mother had to raise us, working every day, and it was never a very close family. So we kept a distant tension between us, and everybody grew up and went their own ways."

George still has some difficulty in discussing his relationship with his mother. "I had a mother that I really didn't like very much. While she set a very bad example, she had a lot of great points, too. She's only been dead less than a year, so I don't want to dump all over her. She had great things that she instilled and gave me, but she also had a lot of the spoiled little girl in her. I started running away when I was 14. I said, 'This ain't for me; fuck this shit.' "

Whatever happiness George did have growing up was found in the streets of "the old neighborhood," New York City's Morningside Heights, one of the city's most ethnically and culturally rich areas. It was a community that included Irish-Americans, blacks, and Puerto Ricans. George describes it as a place where "you had all that cultural influence on one hand and all the street vibes on the other." In walking distance from Carlin's home were such city landmarks as Columbia University, the Juilliard School, Grant's Tomb, Riverside Church, and the Cathedral of St. John the Divine. But it was more than an area that provides fond memories. It was the neighborhood where George Carlin learned to be a comedian.

Carlin recalls how he began his career in grade school: "When you're a funny kid, a nudnick, you pick the best spots to do it and that's when it's quiet in class. You pick your spot and you get everyone's attention, get them all hollering, and they think you're a cool guy."

One of the reasons he enjoyed this was that it helped him earn the affection of his friends—an affection he was unable to receive at home. "I set the whole thing up. I saw that by being funny you got the approval of your friends. You made the authorities mad, which I kind of liked, and you stood out in the crowd. It was nice."

In a neighborhood where most families had at least four or five children, comedy was Carlin's best weapon in competing with the dozens of his street-corner friends. "I wasn't much of a fighter, although I did a lot of the street things. I could run, I could steal, I could hitch on trucks, I could climb, but fighting wasn't my thing. My thing was fucking entertaining the guys on the corner and stoops. There was a lot of good shit that went down on those stoops—verbal, quick. Playing the dozens, we picked up a lot of good street vibes from the neighborhood blacks. Being funny was important because it was good training and gave you confidence to think on your feet."

When Carlin turned 17 he joined the Air Force. He found himself no happier in the military than he had been in high school or, for that matter, than he had been "anywhere I had to be regimented, or anywhere I had to belong and fucking shape up." After his brief stint in the service, Carlin met another young comedian named Jack Burns, and the two decided to form a comedy act. Carlin was 23.

It was 1960, and young comedians then did not have the opportunities available to their counterparts 25 years later. The comedy clubs that are a familiar sight in just about every city in the country today did not exist. The showcases for young comedians were coffeehouses frequented by postbeatnik and prehippie audiences. These "cool" customers would gather to listen to one of the myriad folk music groups then in vogue and to be entertained by a new type of comedy—one that was more ethereal than bombastic, and often smacked of the new rebelliousness against authority that would soon become one of the themes of the sixties. The most popular of these new comedians were Mort Sahl, Mike Nichols and Elaine May, and Shelley Berman. But none were more symptomatic of the new wave of comedy than the leader of the pack, Lenny Bruce.

"For the most part," Carlin recalls, "the audiences were open-minded and they would give you a chance to experiment and even fall on your face—as opposed to standard nightclubs where people are there to fucking judge you, cut you down, or throw fucking rolls at you." Carlin and Burns thrived in this free atmosphere. Within six months they were on "The Tonight Show," then hosted by Jack Parr. They put out a comedy record and, while it was no great financial success, they had broken down some important doors.

In 1962 Burns and Carlin amicably ended their partnership. Burns was more interested in another coffeehouse phenomenon, improvisational theater, while Carlin thought the time was right to develop his own act. "The whole idea of teaming up with Jack was to get my career started quicker than if I had started solo. It takes a little bit more balls to get up there alone. You felt a little bit more protected with another guy. If anything shitty is going to happen, it's going to happen to two of you. So it took a little less nerve, and on that basis we started."

Despite Carlin's growing confidence, he was basically uncertain about what kind of comedy he was going to do. Many of his routines were three- or four-minute monologues about funny things he had seen on television or heard on the radio. Often, they consisted of material he had done with Jack Burns. It was, he says, "all tightly memorized and it went one way. I really didn't have an act where I came out and talked as myself, saying things like, 'Did you ever notice this?' or, 'Hey, did you ever feel this way?' It never had anything to do with me. There was no conversational tone in my act then."

But slowly, Carlin began to experiment with more personal and controversial material. He talked about race relations and drugs. And these routines, as they became successful, created a dilemma for him. While television was beckoning him into America's living rooms, it was clear that his new, controversial material was not welcome in the medium. So he was forced to return to the old, and safer, routines. By the end of the sixties he found the situation intolerable.

> "These network people don't know what their functions are, and they come around and fiddle with your shit. I know what I do and I like to be left alone."

On the one hand, he was reaching a high point in his career. Money was coming in and he was well-known across the country. If he continued to walk the straight and narrow path of network television, George was bound for superstardom. But Carlin the rebel saw himself losing his integrity: "For a while I stayed in a state of limbo until I finally got pissed off with everything I was doing. In 1969 or 1970 I said, 'Fuck this! I'm going back and do what I think I can do better,' and that was to be myself. So that's when all those changes happened, when my hair grew longer and I began to be identified with a counterculture type of comedy."

Carlin began to explore many personal and intimate parts of his life that he had yet to come to terms with. "There were a lot of things in my gut and on my mind that I wanted to fool around with and talk about. Some of them were autobiographical. I then went through a long period talking about my childhood, religious training, schooling, and the old neighborhood shit. It was a period of getting these things out of my system, the built-up pressures and the anger."

Carlin's break with mainstream television comedy was therapeutic. To this day, he is contemptuous of the networks. "It is a game with certain rules. Sometimes you want to play them for your own purposes. For example, I will go on television to promote my book, my company, or a

new record album. I'm willing to go out there and not hassle them about their rules. It's sort of a trade-off."

But, he continues, "I don't care for the way network television works. It's not just the thing about language, but general subject matter. They are afraid they will offend people because their advertisers don't wish to hear certain things. You have these network people who don't know what their functions are, and they come around and fiddle with your shit. I know what I do and I like to be left alone."

Carlin believes that his best mode of expression is the language of the streets. Moreover, he is convinced that restrictions on language create a barrier. And when some critics charge that the only reason Carlin enjoys using four-letter words in his routine is because he wishes to follow in the footsteps of Lenny Bruce, he shakes his head and smiles as one who has heard the criticism too often.

"I didn't want to imitate Bruce or follow any of the specific themes he covered in his act. I wanted to have the same freedom because the words belonged to all of us. So I gave myself that permission. And after a while it dawned on me that if I established the fact I could use that language when I *wanted* to, then I could also have the same freedom *not* to use it—and that gave me two ways to go with my career. On any given night I could do something clean or dirty. Whereas a guy who never uses that language is forever restricted from using it. The day he starts to use it everybody is going to say, 'Why is he doing that?' He's got a whole bunch of trouble. I don't want that restriction."

Not everybody has agreed with George. In Las Vegas one night he used the word *shit* and was fired. ("Here's a town where everybody plays craps and they fire me for saying 'shit.' ") Yet the more resistance Carlin met in his choice of language, the more he was convinced that he had every right to express his ideas freely. This inspired his most classic routine—the dirty-word list.

One afternoon recently Carlin reminisced about the genesis of this idea. After being fired in Vegas, he says, "I had a lot of fun fooling with the word *shit*. I guess it was half a year later I decided on the 'Seven Words You Can't Say on Television.' I don't know why I thought of it, but the words that came out were 'shit, piss, fuck, cunt, cocksucker, motherfucker, and tits.' " Carlin quickly incorporated the idea into his act and people paid attention. Carlin became known as the guy who used the seven dirty words. He became more famous—and infamous, as well.

He was arrested in Milwaukee after a concert performance. And ultimately the dirty-word list actually came before the United States Supreme Court. A radio station in New York City decided to play Carlin's list, bringing the wrath of the Federal Communications Commission down on its management. The station decided to fight the commission, and after several years the court ruled in favor of the FCC. But by that time the original list had become passé. The FCC had won the battle, but it had lost the war.

Throughout the years the list has expanded, often with imaginative contributions from Carlin's fans. The seven words have grown to several hundred. And the list is often updated. Usually Carlin concludes a performance with a rapid-fire delivery of the dirty words. Carlin acknowledges the importance of these words for his career—"It's like another foot or something that I am able to walk on, so I don't do anything to amputate it"—but he sometimes acts like Henry Kissinger trying to keep the Pentagon Papers secret. When *Penthouse* asked for the "Official 1985 George Carlin Dirty-Word List," he thought the idea over for quite a while before declining the invitation. It would be too difficult, he explained, to guarantee that the list was absolutely complete and up-to-date. Therefore, he wished to publish none of it.

But George Carlin today is much more than the man who invented the dirty-word list. He is a successful comedian—in fact, one of the most respected in his profession. Among newcomers who have received a helping hand are Paul Rodriguez and Richard Belzer. Now that he has his own production company—which is involved in producing a comedy series for HBO, "Apartment 2-C"—Carlin has an open-door policy for young comedians to contact him and audition for parts.

Carlin's wife, Brenda, is also involved in George Carlin Productions. Although Carlin would not describe his marriage as "normal," he believes it has been a successful partnership. "If you're working and traveling throughout 23 years of marriage, it is very difficult to encapsulate just how it survived. We had some hard times, some bad times when we were going a little bit nuts with drugs. Yet, despite a lot of pulling and straining at the fabric of the marriage, it has been okay. If anything, it has strengthened over the years, and the commitment has always been to the family first."

Today he is busier than ever. "Apartment 2-C" is but one of several projects he is involved with for HBO. Last year he discovered a new comic medium when Running Press published his book, *A Little Brain Damage Helps*. And his most successful record album to date, *Carlin On Campus*, is available on the Eardrum label.

At 47, Carlin appears to have found the equation for a better life. While he will always be a rebel, Carlin also realizes that "there's a side of me that just wants to be a regular citizen. I simply want to do my life's work and not get thrown in jail. So that part of me says, 'This is nice, let's go this far and no further.' I know that there is a happy medium somewhere for me and I've discovered it. It is where I am now." And George Carlin's philosophy for a happy life? "Leave everybody alone!"

"Our newest board member, Mr. Bissell, has asked why I get to sit up here. Okay, gentlemen—time to measure 'wienies.' "

XAVIERA

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 34

difference how the problem began; both the man and the woman need treatment.

Another possible cause of vaginismus is a strict and puritanical upbringing that teaches a girl to consider sex dirty or evil. Such negative attitudes can very well prevent her from functioning sexually at all. In other cases, a woman's vaginismus can be traced back to a particular traumatic experience, such as rape or coitus with an inconsiderate partner.

Whatever its cause, vaginismus can always be treated successfully if the couple is willing to cooperate. The first and most important therapeutic step is simply an educational one: A sex therapist explains the phenomenon in detail and then demonstrates it physically by placing the woman on the examining table. As soon as he tries to insert a finger into her vagina, the involuntary spasm closes the opening. The woman's sexual partner is then asked to put on a rubber examining glove and to feel the constriction himself. Once both partners realize that they are indeed dealing with a clear physical obstacle to coitus, they are ready to take the appropriate practical steps.

The therapist gives them several special vaginal dilators in graduated sizes which they can use in the privacy of their bedroom. There, under the woman's direction, the man begins by inserting the smallest dilator into her vagina. As she becomes more relaxed, he is able to use the larger dilators, and after a few days, the woman is asked to keep a fairly large dilator in her vagina for several hours during the night. Eventually, the man can attempt to insert his own penis instead of the mechanical device. If the dilators are used every night, the vaginal spasms usually disappear within less than a week, although, in rare cases, the dilators may still be needed before coitus for a month or so.

Successful physical therapy is usually followed by some psychological counseling. This is the best time for the therapist to build the confidence of his clients and to relieve them of any remaining tensions and misconceptions.

CORSET CURE-ALL

In the September 1984 issue of Penthouse, *a reader wrote to complain that she could not purchase sexy lingerie, particularly corsets, to fit her figure (four foot ten with a 32D bra size). Please tell your reader that there is hope!*

My wife is 26 years old, five foot one, and takes a 36D. She had always worn ugly "full figure" bras and complained that the straps cut into her shoulders. Also, after the birth of our child two years ago, my wife's once tiny waist thickened noticeably.

On our vacation last year we happened to be strolling by an exclusive lingerie shop and, on a lark, decided to check the place out. Regina, my wife, fell into a conversation with the proprietor about her figure problems. The proprietor suggested that the solution was for Regina to try a custom-made corset. The next two hours were spent measuring and remeasuring Regina and discussing the problems she had with lingerie in the past. The proprietor explained that it would take two weeks to complete the corset and then she would ship it to our home. We paid her $275 and went about the rest of our vacation.

One night about a week after we returned from vacation I came home and beheld a scene I'm sure I will never forget. Regina was standing in the hallway wearing a low-cut black dress she had not been able to fit into for years. I knew immediately what had come in the mail!

Regina's breasts were uplifted incredibly, revealing about a mile of cleavage. Her waist was smaller by far than I had ever seen it. Without saying a word, she undid her dress and let it slip to the floor, revealing the strapless white satin corset. The sight of Regina's well-tanned breasts so firmly supported by the heavily boned corset was almost more than I could take. The coup de grace was a pair of black seamed stockings encasing Regina's gorgeous legs and supported by the garters of her corset.

Not surprisingly, we made love five times that night, three times before Regina even removed the corset. Just before we fell asleep, I dared Regina to wear the corset to work the next day. To my surprise, she readily accepted the challenge.

The next morning, after Regina had fastened the hooks on the front of the corset, I spent 20 minutes tightening the laces on the back. Then together we attached Regina's stockings to the garters of her corset. Even after she donned the conservative skirt and jacket she was going to wear to work, the change in her figure from just the day before was incredible. I was both embarrassed and turned on by the thought of my wife appearing at the office in this condition. Needless to say, I didn't get much work done that day, recalling the sight of my wife's beautiful body tightly laced into her custom-made corset. No wonder Rhett fell for Scarlett!

When Regina got home that night she was in an unusually buoyant mood. All day long, she explained, coworkers had been congratulating her on her "weight loss." When she slipped off her suit jacket, two male coworkers had been so distracted that they actually walked into each other. I suppose I should have been jealous, but by this stage I was far too turned on to give any thought to jealousy.

At this point, Regina made an announcement that truly took me by surprise. She said that wearing the strapless corset instead of her old, uncomfortable bra had been such a relief that she was going to order two more custom-made corsets and start wearing a corset on a daily basis instead of a bra and panty hose. Although the cost of the two new corsets was nearly $600, I readily assented to Regina's proposal.—B. H.

> Rapid orgasm is not what sex is all about. Indeed, some Oriental sex treatises suggest that the best male lovers should learn to make love many times without coming.

One of the unfortunate aspects of today's dress styles is that not much is left to the imagination. A hundred years ago, a brief glimpse of a well-turned ankle was enough to make John Doe cream his underpants. The sight of erotic curves and the dark mystery of cleavage between a pair of uplifted breasts, which are only partially exposed and surrounded by a tantalizing border of frilly lace, are far more exciting than to have a tit dangled in your soup by a topless waitress.

The traditional French maid in a short, provocative black dress with lace panties, a garter belt, and black stockings has always been a turn-on. It is nice to know in an age of computerized mass production that there are still craftsmen prepared to turn out beautiful custom-made things. If one considers the work involved, the price is not excessive.

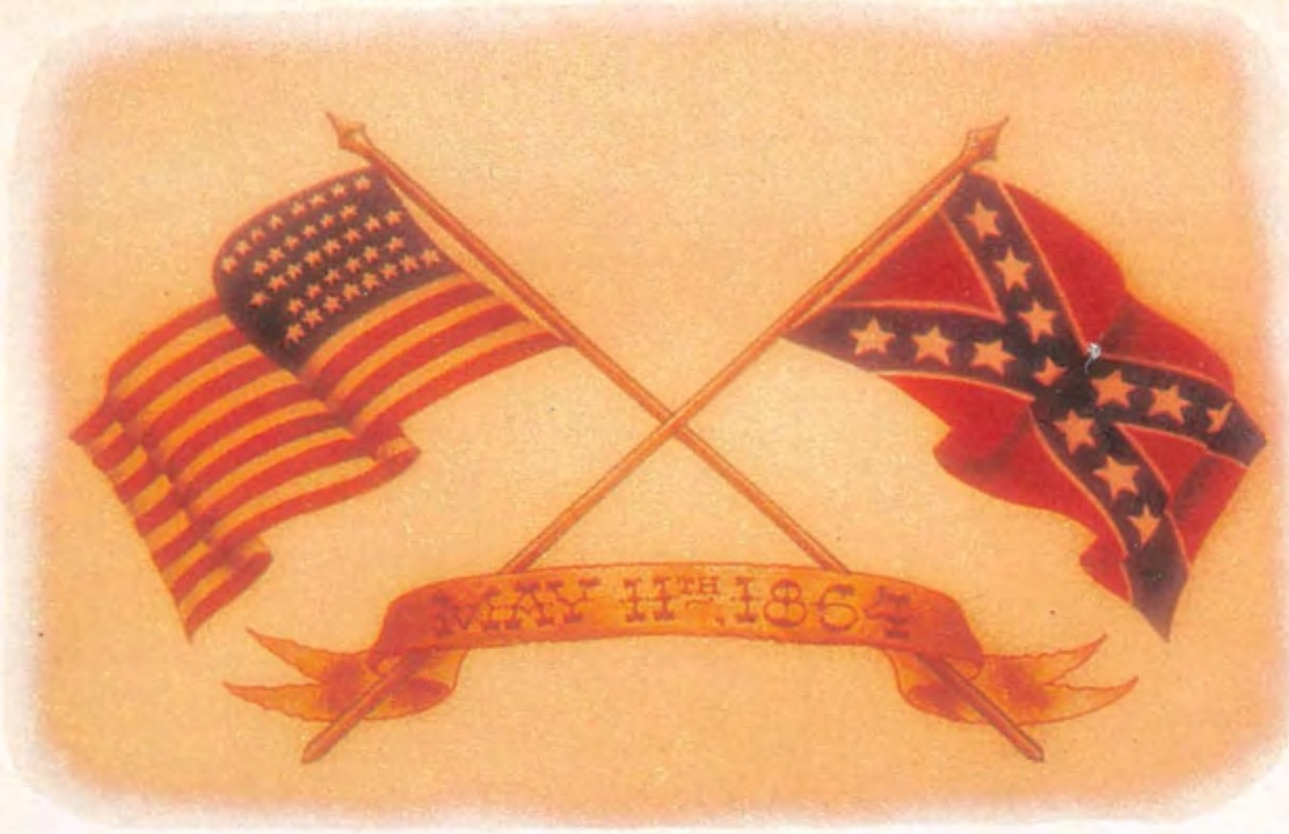
EX AFTEREFFECTS

I have a problem that I'm sure isn't unique, but I don't know what to do. I'm in my early twenties and am recently divorced. I have a boyfriend who is terrific in every way, but my previous marriage has left me with a few hang-ups.

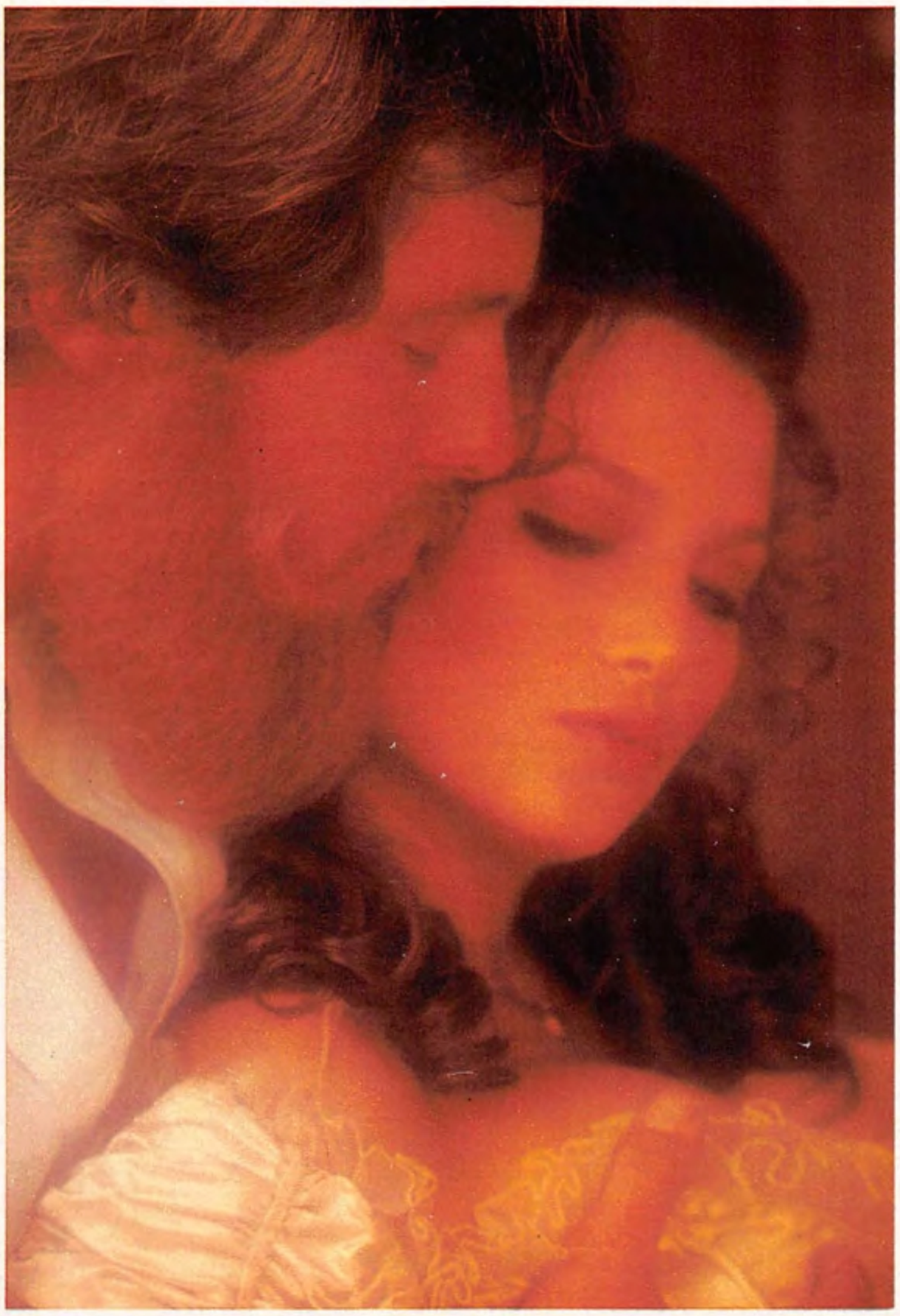
My ex-husband and I were married for three and a half years. During the last two and a half years of the marriage, I had caught my husband cheating about six times. He blamed his problem on me. He said that I couldn't satisfy him and that I was ugly and inexperienced. I was stupid enough to accept this and tried harder to please him, but he kept on insulting me. We have been divorced for more than a year.

My boyfriend is very loving, gentle, and sincere. He is great in bed, but I still can't relax enough to reach a climax. I have been with him for several months and I have only reached orgasm three times. Those three times were when he woke

CONTINUED ON PAGE 149



CONFEDERATES OF THE FLESH



PRODUCED BY ALEXANDER S. DOUGLAS
PHOTOGRAPHED AND DIRECTED BY CARL WACHTER

UNION HOTEL

Family Style Eating

Like all Southern men, he spun yarns—but this one, he promised her, was true. It was about a Confederate soldier like himself who'd crossed the Mason-Dixon line to seduce a Union general's wife, and met an untimely end. Illicit lovers of opposing political stripe themselves, they found the tale so arousing they agreed to rendezvous in the same setting, the Union Hotel—and to make it a command performance for the Confederacy.

Makeup and hair by Steve Reily. Photographed at the 1880 Union Hotel, Los Alamos, California

Curtsying her greeting, she praised his dashing uniform and gleaming weapon. Quickly, they rented a room where Wells-Fargo passengers were wont to sleep — intent on reenacting the now historic encounter of a Southern Romeo and his Northern Juliet.

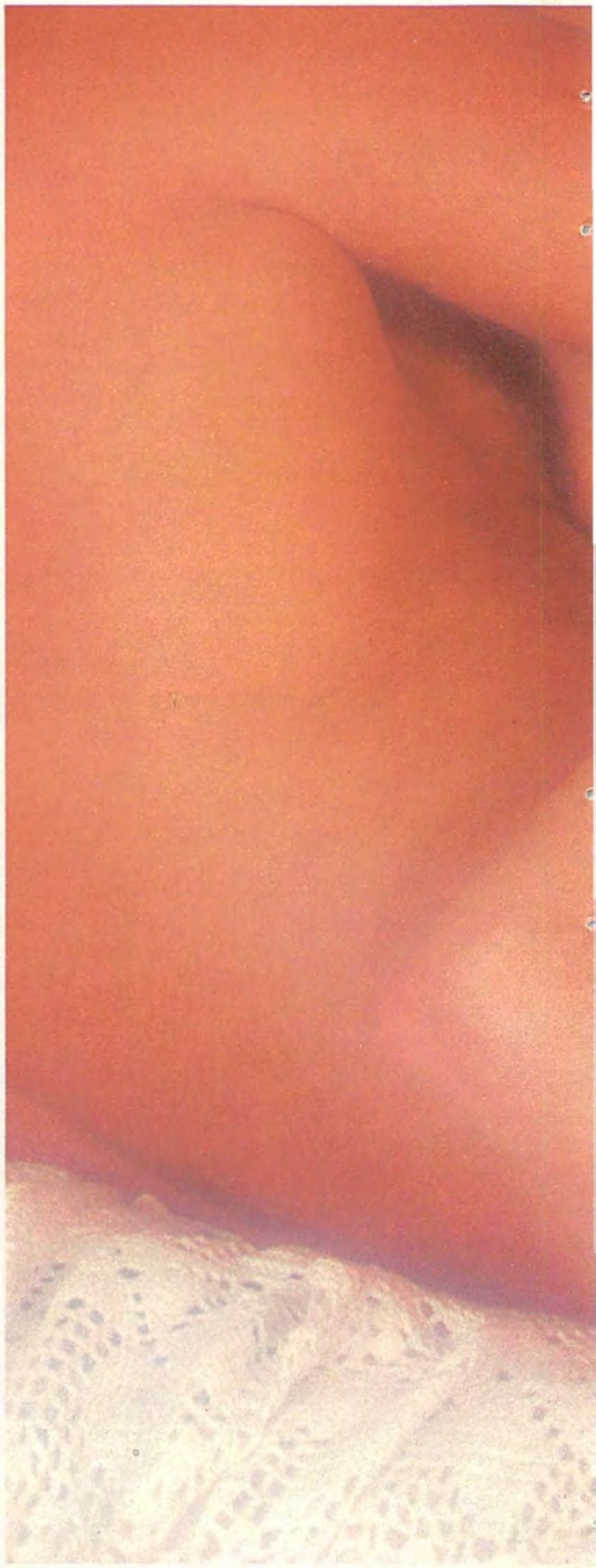
Accordingly, she feigned fear for his life, but smiled when the South rose again and soothed her trepidation. . . .

Responding with a carpetbagger's voraciousness, she bent to steal the precious essence of Southern manhood.

Inspired by the romantic legend of his former comrade-in-arms, he was even more gallant than usual, pausing to kiss the flower of his lady's feminine charm. Nestled in the antique satin and lace that endures to this day, they fell sweetly into each other's arms as they fell back in time. . . .

She became his lusty confederate in love, baring her body and soul to the ravishing enemy soldier. Having been stung by her Union husband's betrayal, she aided and a-bedded the enemy, a triumphant traitor to the cause—every cause, that is, except love.

He, on the other hand, was unable to remain a gentleman, a slave to the passion that knows no boundaries.



A man who deserted his men for the whisper of a woman so sweet it drowned out the "Battle Hymn of the Republic" . . .

Approaching their climax, the adulteress begged to know the legend's ending—and maybe their own. "The irate husband shot him," he replied, "though the South claims instead he died in battle." They shuddered, then continued their more perfect union, knowing that all is fair in love and war. . . .

FORUM

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16

TWICE THE FUN

My boyfriend and I have enjoyed reading "Forum" for years. Thanks to you, we've tried new things and have put a few of them on our permanent sexual menu. We've had great sex ever since we met three years ago, and it got even better when I moved in with him last year. Joe's a beautiful man: He's warm and sensitive, and he never fails to please me. I love his nine-inch cock. Sometimes I ask him to jack off for me just so I can watch him come. In turn, I'll masturbate for him. His favorite is when I start playing with my 36D tits, and slowly work my way down to my pussy. Then I straddle his face so that my pussy is a couple of inches above his mouth, and he can watch me manipulate myself. We usually end up in a very heated sixty-nine after that.

Recently Joe had a fantasy about having a threesome. At first I said absolutely not. I don't want another man, I love Joe, and I just couldn't imagine doing anything with another woman. I've tasted my own juices—on his mouth after he's gone down on me and on his cock after he's been inside me—and I've never objected; but I just couldn't lick another woman's pussy. Joe said he understood.

The next day I had a drink at my health spa with my friend Carla. I told Carla that I preferred to suntan nude because I hate tan lines. She told me her sun deck at home was perfect for nude sunbathing, and said anytime I wanted to, I could come over and use it. Sounded fine to me. When it was time to leave the spa, I went into the locker room and showered. As I stepped out of the shower, Carla was on her way in to take one. I could see she wasn't lying about her sun deck. What struck me, though, was her remark about me. I've been admired by women before, but when she came right out and said, "You're beautiful," I couldn't help but feel a little self-conscious. I told Joe about it when I got home, and he said she was after my body. We laughed about it, but in the back of my mind, I thought he might be right.

The next day, while Joe was at work, I played with myself in the shower. I love to masturbate in the shower; steam and hot water running over my body really turn me on. I just let my mind wander and fantasize about whatever comes to mind. That day I found myself fantasizing about another woman. The things that were running through my mind made me very uneasy. I got out of the shower, dried off, and put on my robe. I couldn't shake the idea of being with another woman—I was actually excited by it!

I went into the bedroom and picked up the November issue of *Penthouse* and started leafing through it. With each picture I got hotter. By the time I finished going over every pictorial, I could no longer control myself. I really wanted a woman. My hands were working their magic between my legs, and I felt like I was going to explode. Joe came home from work and found me there on the bed frantically playing with my clit, alternating my hands between my pussy and my mouth so I could taste my juices. Joe didn't say a word. He just went down on me like I've never known before. I screamed, I yelled, and bucked like a crazy woman, and when I finally came, I really came.

Joe sat up and smiled at me. His face was wet from my juices. I kissed his mouth hard and tasted myself on him. I wanted more. He was just about to ask me what set me off when he noticed the *Penthouse* lying next to me, open to a pictorial of three women going at it with each other. "I thought you didn't want to go that way," he said with a smile on his face. I told him that it just hit me, but I hadn't totally changed my mind yet. We sat and talked about the idea for a while. Finally he said, "If you want to, okay. If you don't, okay. It's up to you." I picked up the phone and punched out the number Carla had given me. When she picked up the phone, I asked if her sun deck was still open, and if Joe and I could come over and use it. All she said was the sooner, the better.

On the way over I was nervous as hell, but just as excited. My pussy was so wet I wanted to take my shorts off in the car, but I waited. We got to Carla's house, and Joe knocked on the door. She answered wearing nothing but a sheer robe. "Come on in and make yourselves comfortable," she said as seductively as could be. She guided us through the house to the sun deck. A six-foot fence bordered it on two sides, and the house provided cover on the other two. "Well, here it is," she said as she slipped off her robe, "the best place to get a real, allover tan."

I gave a few admiring remarks about the sun deck (and her body) as I slipped out of my clothes. Joe stood there for a moment with a lustful smile on his face;

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his rod looked as if it was going to pop through his pants. Joe was obviously as hot to trot as I was. It was then that I realized we were in for a fun-filled, sun-filled afternoon.

Carla handed me a bottle of vegetable oil, claiming it would really help me darken my tan. "And it's edible, too," she said. I took the oil and sat down on the floor (the only furniture on the deck were a few low tables). I looked at Joe, who while he dropped his pants had a shit-eating grin on his face, and asked if he'd rub some on my back. Before he could answer, Carla took the oil from me and poured some onto her hand. I purposely sat up so I could watch Joe's expression as Carla gently rubbed the oil into my back. It felt so good, my nervousness seemed to disappear. *Well, girl,* I thought, *it's now or never.*

I turned my head a little to the side as Carla's hands worked the oil on my shoulders, and a moan—slight but audible—escaped from my throat. I was ready. I winked at Joe and said, "I don't want my tits to burn." Joe took the oil from Carla and started to apply it in just the right spot. There was no turning back now. I turned my head to Carla and asked her if the sun deck was only for getting a suntan. She smiled, leaned closer to me so I could feel the pressure of her hard nipples on my back, and kissed me. Meanwhile, Joe was fondling my left tit with one hand and working my pussy with the other. I leaned back into Carla's arms and put my own around her sexy body, holding her close and prolonging the kiss. I wanted more, so I slid my mouth down to her neck and then to her tit. I just did to her what I love Joe to do to me. It was fantastic!

Now I knew why Joe enjoyed sucking my tits. She responded by squeezing my tits and playing with my nipples. While all this was going on, Joe was gently working my throbbing clit and drenching hole, one hand on each. The orgasm I had then was like none before, but it was to be only the first of many.

After I relaxed for a moment, Carla said she wanted to watch Joe and I fuck. Joe quickly agreed, but I wanted him in my mouth first. I licked his pole up and down, just enough to get his taste, then sat up and straddled him. My pussy was so wet, he just slid right in.

Joe smiled and pushed a little to start a slow rhythm, reminding me of how glad he was that I took belly-dancing lessons. We were like that for a good five minutes, when Carla started moaning loudly as she finger-fucked herself. I looked over at her and pointed to Joe's face. They both got the idea, and Carla lowered herself onto Joe's waiting mouth.

The instant Joe's tongue touched her pussy, all hell broke loose. She started riding his face, and his thrusts into me quickened. Carla leaned forward and started sucking my earlobe. I reached with both hands to play with her tits, only to find Joe's hands already there. No matter, I joined them, and Carla's hand found my bouncing breasts. I kissed her, sinking my tongue deep into her mouth. I came all over Joe's hard cock, still in my pussy, and shuddered all over my yearning body.

Carla smiled and said, "You came." I nodded my agreement, and she said, "Want to again?" All I could do was quicken my nod. She smiled and told me to lean back a bit.

As I did, her tongue ran its way down my neck, between my tits (I *love* that), and down to my pussy. It was unbelievable. Two flicks of her tongue on my clit, and I was coming again! Joe's balls shot their hot sauce deep into my already soaked hole, and the sensations of tongue and tool between my legs brought me to a howling orgasm. I stroked Carla's rich, black mane as she kissed her way up to my mouth. She asked me if she could have Joe in her mouth so she could taste

It was beautiful:
pink and wet and waiting
for my kiss.
Why hadn't I ever done
this before?

his juices with mine. I smiled and said she could, but only if she would share. We both proceeded to wrap our tongues around Joe's come-drenched cock, Carla remaining on his face and me staying between his trembling legs. We licked him clean as a whistle.

The three of us kissed and caressed as we rested. I concentrated more on Carla than on Joe. Ten minutes later I told Carla that I'd never even touched another woman's pussy and that I wanted hers. I looked at Joe who gave an "it's all right" look. Carla spread her legs and said, "Enjoy."

I felt a tingle on my clit as I reached down and touched hers. I kissed my way down her body, shyly at first. But, as my mouth surrounded her hard and sweaty nipple, I felt myself wanting nothing more than to eat her snatch. I remembered Joe once saying he liked me on top in a sixty-nine position because he could get at my pussy better from that angle, so I turned over onto my back and went for Carla's sweet hole from underneath. I could feel my hands trembling as I spread her lips apart.

There it was, another woman's pussy, right in front of my face. It was beautiful: pink and wet and waiting for my kiss. I waited for a moment—not in hesitation, but in wonder, in admiration. I was asking myself why I'd never done this before. Why hadn't I? Fear of becoming a lesbian? No, I enjoy sex with Joe; to switch would be impossible. I put those thoughts out of my mind as I raised my mouth to Carla's wet and waiting pussy. This was the moment of truth. And I was diving in head-first.

I could feel my entire body tremble as the lips of my mouth met the lips of her cunt for the first time. I slowly started working my tongue from her clit to her hole and back again. I pulled her close to me, pressing my face a little harder to her, inserting my tongue into her tasty hole. "No, Joe, let it just be her and me right now," I heard her say as I felt a hand touch my damp thighs then retreat. I closed my eyes and went to work. She lightly pinched my nipples, and I raised my hand to do the same to her. With my other hand I reached down to my own begging pussy, but she brushed my hand aside and said, "Let me do that." Leaning back, I let her take control.

She started with her hand, but it wasn't long before we were in a full sixty-nine. I spread my legs wide, with my knees in the air, as her tongue did to me what mine had been doing to her. We both came at least twice.

Now we have a threesome every chance we get. Carla and I have sunbathed a few times by ourselves, and once with another woman. Now I like making love with Carla almost as much as I like making love with Joe. This new experience has really opened my eyes. I'll never understand why I never wanted another woman before, but I'm so glad I've changed my mind. Ladies, if you haven't and you're curious, by all means, try it.—*Name and address withheld*

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CAMERA CREDITS

Pet of the Month Melissa Wolf, who appears on page 77, was photographed by Earl Miller with a Nikon F2 camera, Nikkor 55, 85, and 135 lenses, Norman strobes, and Harrison filters. J. Stephen Hicks shot Chanel, who appears on page 49, with a Nikon F3 camera, a Nikkor 180 lens, and Kodachrome 64 film. Our love set, beginning on page 127, was photographed by Carl Wachter with a Nikon F2 camera, a 43-86 zoom lens, and Kodachrome 64 film. For more information on the 1880 Union Hotel, call (805) 928-3838.

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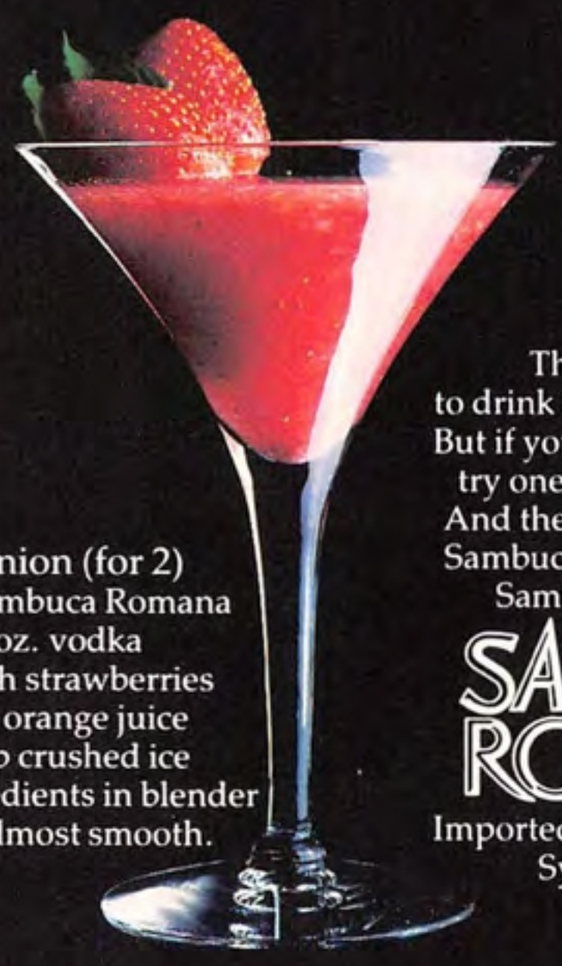

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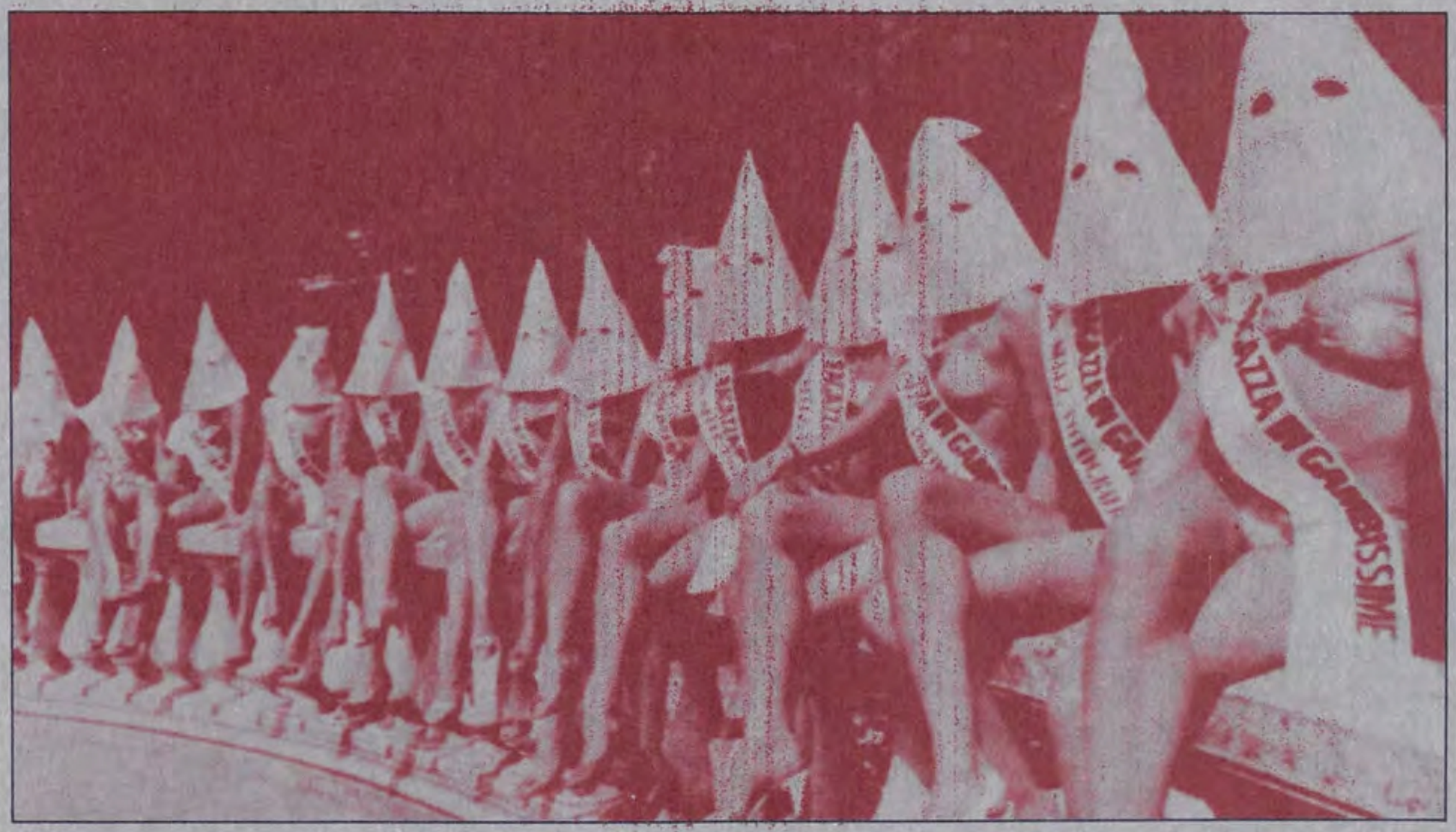
KLAN IT BE?



No, it's not the swimsuit competition in the Miss Imperial Wizard of the Ku Klux Klan beauty pageant. The contenders in the Italian "Miss Legs" contest wanted the judges to concentrate on their legs, not their faces, so they wore hoods. (*Trenton Times*—submitted by Dennis Randall, Trenton, N.J.) *Reminds us of a blind date we once had.—Editor*

A GRAVE WEDDING SITE

Mark Songer had lived with his girlfriend, Mary Lou Smith, for eight years, and said that it had been very important to his parents that he marry her. So when he finally decided to tie the knot, it was equally important to Songer to have his father at the ceremony—even though he was dead. "I don't know what made me think of it," Songer said. "He always wanted the best for me, and . . . it seemed so natural to do." The ceremony was held at Endsley & Son Funeral Home. Paul Shields, an associate of the funeral home, said this was the establishment's first wedding. "The funeral industry is always full of surprises," he said. (New York *Daily News*)

You can't take it with you, but you can still be there when it counts.—Editor

WRONG TURN AT THE SWIMMING POOL

It was ten or 12 too many for Mark Huston, of Omaha, Nebraska. After a night of drinking beer and playing cards, he dozed off at the wheel of his brother's car. He drove over a curb, around a house, into two other backyards, went through three hedges and a redwood fence, and then into a swimming pool containing five feet of water. Police say that he then turned off the ignition and put the car in park as it settled to the bottom. Huston was found the next morning lying face down on top of the car in four inches of water, wearing only a T-shirt—and he lived to tell some of the story. "I did some real good driving for not knowing what I was doing," said Huston. "My brother is on vacation. I don't think he'll be too happy about this." (*Omaha World Herald*—submitted by Dan Steiner, Lincoln, Neb.)

At least he can tell his brother his car is nice and clean.—Editor

A Flushing Cure

Dwayne Wilson was awakened one sunny autumn morning to witness the delivery of 50 portable toilets to his backyard. Wilson's sister-in-law, Sue Wilson, who works for Portable Sanitation Systems in Springfield, Illinois, was responsible for the hoax. Dwayne had persisted in calling Sue at work, disguising his voice, and ordering 50 units to be sent to one location or another, on various pretexts. Sue was never fooled by the ruse, but when she discussed the annoyance with her husband, he said, "The next time he does it, just send them to him and send him the bill." So she did. Dwayne knew it was a joke, he just didn't know who was playing it. Sue thinks this will cure him, but Dwayne, after finding out his sister-in-law was behind the whole thing, said, "If I'd known who sent them, I wouldn't have let her have themback."(*The State Journal-Register*–submitted by Mike, Butchek, Springfield, Ill.)

That would really bowl her over.—Editor

The Prince and The Papuans

The natives of Papua knew that some day their prince would come. And when Prince Charles finally did arrive on the scene, he was proclaimed an honorary tribal leader and presented with a string of dog's teeth. The photograph, however, shows the prince letting his noblesse oblige slip a little. (*The Detroit News*—submitted by William J. Parry, Waterford, Mich.)

The Prince is obviously thinking, "Next time I'll stay home and Di can go mucking about with the wogs."—Editor

YOUNG LOVE

Howard Johnson, a 40-year-old dairy farmer from rural east Tennessee, poses with his 13-year-old bride, the former JoAnn Clevenger, and her toy rabbit. The sixth-grader's parents asked the couple to wait until JoAnne turned 16, but Johnson said, "Life is too short." (New York *Daily News*)

As they say, "Spare the rod, wed the child."—Editor

WHAT'S SUSPICIOUS ABOUT A MAN WEARING NAIL POLISH?

In Kentwood, Michigan, the police responded when they got a report about a "suspicious man" painting his toenails and fingernails bright pink. On the way to the restaurant where the man was spotted, a police officer stopped a car driven by a man who matched the description. Sure enough, he was wearing pink nail polish. He also had an expired driver's license. The suspicious man took off, leading the police on a chase that went for 34 miles at speeds of up to 110 miles per hour. At one point the suspect drove his car, complete with smashed headlights and a dragging muffler, through a construction area. "He was passing vehicles on the right shoulder and on the left shoulder," said one policeman. Finally, the suspect's car hit a guardrail, exploded, and burned. But our "suspicious man" had escaped. He was apprehended at the home of Don Dilley, who said that the man wearing the pink polish on his fingernails and toenails and "big gaudy earrings" had burst into his house, asked where the bathroom was, and then requested a drink of water. Police found him comfortably sitting in a chair, smoking a cigarette. The suspect, who called himself "She," was arraigned on charges of malicious destruction of police property, fleeing officers, and driving with a suspended license. (*Monroe Evening News*—submitted by George Fling, Monroe, Mich.)

Next time, he should go for the subtler effect of a toasty-brown nail polish.—Editor

Gag Me With a Spoon!

At last, the answer for all those dieters who have less than the necessary amount of willpower. Contemporary Novelties, Inc., of St. Louis, Missouri, says if you use the new "Fast-ity Belt," you won't put on an ounce so long as you keep the lock locked. (*Weekly World News*—submitted by Philip Giboon, Chattahoochee, Fla.)

And you can imagine what an exciting social life you'll have while you wear it.—Editor

EDITOR'S NOTE:

We welcome your contributions for future "Hard Times" columns, and we will give a free one-year subscription to *Penthouse* to each reader whose item is printed. Send clippings to: Hard Times, c/o Penthouse, 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023. Please include the name of the newspaper, the page number, and the date the clipping was published.

PARTING SHOT

BY EDWARD SOREL

XAVIERA

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 126

me up caressing me and we made love.

I haven't told my boyfriend about this because I don't want him to think that it's because of him. He compliments me and tells me how much I please him, but I still have a hard time relaxing in bed. Could you please help me? Do you have any suggestions to help me get over this?—C. K.

You have a very real problem. Your inferiority complex or feelings of inadequacy are caused by your ex-husband's brainwashing. I am sure he only did this as an excuse for his infidelities.

You are obviously a very sensitive person who is easily affected by what people say. I know a very attractive Irish girl who became anorexic simply because a man she fancied told her she was fat and ugly. Her own boyfriend had a hell of a job trying to make her eat, and she almost starved herself to death. Even though he constantly told her she was now much too skinny, the damage had been done.

Luckily, you seem to have found a kind and sympathetic boyfriend. As you have managed several orgasms in his hands (or mouth or via his cock) you are on your way to solving your own problem.

VASECTOMY BLUES

I'm writing to you in hopes that you can help my husband and me. Recently, after the birth of our third child, my husband had a vasectomy. For 11 years we've had a very exciting and fulfilling sex life. We read Penthouse *together, which has helped us get rid of some hang-ups we had. We're very affectionate and are always giving toward each other.*

Since having his vasectomy, sex has been great. Now that we don't have to worry about me getting pregnant, there's no interference anymore. But he does complain about his climax. He says everything is terrific and he couldn't ask for more erotic, sensual pleasure, but his climax is dull. He describes it as just oozing out, with no throbbing to it at all. He doesn't say much about it, but it bothers me to think I'm not giving him the same fulfillment that he so openly and lovingly gives me. He gives me so much pleasure, I want him to feel as content with me as I am with him.

I think this problem is psychological, but I don't know what to do about it. I don't think he will talk to the doctor about it, because every time I mention it, he doesn't answer me.

I hope you will put this letter in your column. I'm hoping that if he reads your response it might get him to seek help—if that is what we need. Please help if you can.—A. T.

There is apparently no medical reason for a vasectomy to diminish a man's sexual pleasure or cause impotence. There are cases on record of this happening, but it is usually for psychological reasons. The only consolation is that the vasectomy operation is reversible in about 25 percent of cases. So if your husband really feels bad about it, perhaps he can go back to his doctor and have his tubes joined up again.

My lover (who is as horny as a billy goat) tells me that a man's orgasm is different every time. Sometimes, when we have already made love a couple of times in as many hours, he wants a repeat performance. We may make love orally, or he'll come between my tits, so I am able to see him ejaculate—and he only produces a few drops of sperm. I will often tease him, asking if all that effort was worth such a minuscule result. He tells me that each orgasm was better than the previous one and the quality of the climax has no relation to the quantity of the semen. It all has to do with how turned on he is, how much foreplay we indulge in, and how long we can delay the final moment of his climax.

Rapid orgasm is not what sex is all about. Indeed, some Oriental sex treatises suggest that the best male lovers should learn to make love many times without coming. Your sex life has entered a new phase, so I suggest that you both spend more time on the exciting intimacies of enjoying each other's bodies rather than on a 100-yard dash to orgasm. In the immortal words of Robert Louis Stevenson, "To travel hopefully is a better thing than to arrive."

RAH RAH RIM-JOBS

I am an 18-year-old virgin with blond hair and blue eyes. I carry 115 pounds on my five-foot-seven-inch frame. I think it is fair to say I turn a few heads when I am cheerleading. I dated many guys on the football team, though I have stayed a virgin because I don't want to get pregnant. But that does not mean that the football team has been getting blue balls. In fact, they have been quite satisfied.

I accomplish this by an absolutely insatiable desire to give head. It started with my first boyfriend, who was always pressuring me for sex. I had heard about blowjobs and decided that it wouldn't be bad to try it. I had no trouble talking him into it. We were in his car and he had his cock out in a second. I leaned over and began kissing it. It seemed like a dream, but I wanted more, so I slowly eased my mouth over the whole thing. To this day I still remember my excitement as I felt him shake, and I thought to myself what my mother would think! I couldn't believe I was actually sucking a guy's cock. After a few minutes of sucking I started licking it like an ice cream cone. I was not prepared for what happened next. When I took his head in my mouth I suddenly felt gobs of salty liquid hitting the roof of my mouth. I didn't know that would happen.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 154

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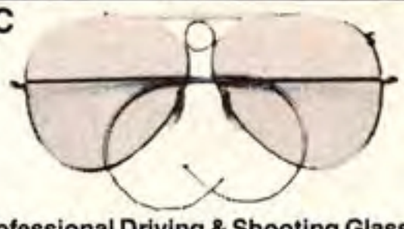

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PSYCHOGRAPHIC
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HOW PASSIONATE ARE YOU?

BY FRANK DONEGAN

Passionate men have an overwhelming appetite for experience. They generally see life as a giant restaurant and they definitely want everything on the menu.

At its best, of course, passion is the ingredient that adds spice and piquancy to our lives. It's the drive that enables great achievers to persevere through the bad times, when their less passionate peers would throw in the towel.

But passion also has its dark side. Its overwhelming power can seduce us into doing stupid and dangerous things. As Harvard social theorist Robert Mangabeira Unger says in his book *Passion: An Essay on Personality*, "The passions lead people to act in ways they themselves in more reflective moments would reject as unrealistic or too risky. They prompt people to violate their own standards of self-interest."

Some psychologists feel that people with highly charged, passionate personalities have a strong need to control and subjugate their environment. These people feel they'd better devour the world before it devours them. They walk an emotional tightrope: They are titillated by the dangers their passions can lead them into, yet, at the same time, they believe that the sheer power of their passions will be enough to overcome any danger and impose order on an unruly universe. Viewed in this light, Professor Unger says, passion can be "both the great destroyer and the sustaining impulse of our understanding of reality." It's passion that allows someone like John Lennon to write unforgettable songs, but it's also passion that prompts a Mark David Chapman to kill him. Passion is responsible for man's most creative accomplishments; it also underlies his bloodiest crimes.

For most of us, passion usually doesn't produce such extreme consequences, but it's a key variable in making or breaking our lives. If you answer the following questions honestly, you should get some idea of where your own passions may be leading you.

1. In sports, do you admire:
   (a) a team that performs at a consistently high level of excellence
   (b) an underdog team that patches together surprise victories

2. How do you feel about compromising?
   (a) I hate to compromise. It's the principle of the thing: If you're right about something, why should you give in?
   (b) If I'm firmly committed to a position, I probably won't compromise—but that's not a hard-and-fast rule. I'm always open to compromise if it seems to make more sense.
   (c) The ability to compromise is one of the most important skills you can have. Unless you're willing to take other people's feelings into account, you'll never get anywhere.

3. Do you feel your life has purpose and meaning?
   (a) yes, very much so
   (b) I don't know. I guess I won't find out the answer to that question until I'm dead.
   (c) Not really. When you come right down to it, existence is an accident.

4. If you ever became convinced that some political or religious cause was very important, do you think you could devote your entire life to it, even if that meant doing things society considered stupid, immoral, or illegal?
   (a) yes
   (b) maybe
   (c) It's highly unlikely.

5. Does it make you angry that many people get the short end of the stick in life, through no fault of their own?
   (a) yes
   (b) sometimes
   (c) No, I'm no bleeding heart. If people let themselves get screwed, then that's just their problem.

6. Does it make you angry when you see people receiving rewards that they haven't earned?
   (a) yes, very much so
   (b) I don't think it's fair at all, but I don't waste energy worrying about it.
   (c) No, I don't get angry. Life's like that.

7. Do you think you feel horny more often than other men?
   (a) yes
   (b) I suppose I'm about average.
   (c) no

8. Do you think you have sexual relations more often than most men?
   (a) yes
   (b) I suppose I'm about average.
   (c) no

9. Would you say sex is most enjoyable for you when you have it with:
   (a) a woman you love
   (b) a woman you don't really like but who is exciting in bed
   (c) an "anonymous" woman—such as a whore or a one-night stand

10. Do you ever feel despair?
    (a) yes, frequently
    (b) sometimes
    (c) rarely or never

11. If you had to choose, would you prefer to have:
    (a) a long, enduring relationship with one woman
    (b) a series of romantic, exciting, but short-lived affairs

12. With which of the following statements would you be more likely to agree?
    (a) The rules and customs of society are useful because they keep order and allow everyone to pursue his longings and desires.
    (b) The rules and customs of society are more often obstacles that

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"Passion is responsible for man's most creative accomplishments. It also underlies his bloodiest crimes."

PSYCHOGRAPH

keep people from finding their true selves.

13. Which of the following statements comes closer to describing your life?
(a) My life runs on a fairly even keel. Sometimes I'm happier than I am at other times, but I don't have a lot of emotional highs and lows.
(b) My life is never very calm. I go through a lot of emotional swings, from high to low. I may be enormously happy one day and very sad another.

14. Do you ever become so obsessed by an activity, idea, or person that you have trouble concentrating on anything else?
(a) yes
(b) sometimes
(c) no

15. Do you ever take risks—like skipping work or lying to people about what you're doing—so you'll be free to do what you really want?
(a) yes, often
(b) occasionally
(c) rarely or never

16. How do you feel about this statement: "I sometimes get so angry that I completely lose control of myself."
(a) Yes, that's very true of me.
(b) That's somewhat true of me; it happens once in a while.
(c) No, I almost never get so mad that I feel out of control.

17. Would you be more likely to agree or disagree with this statement: "There are some people I truly hate. I don't mean that I merely dislike them. I absolutely despise them."
(a) agree
(b) disagree

18. Do you find yourself entangled in messy situations and relationships without being quite sure how you came to be so deeply involved in them?
(a) Yes. Often I find myself saying, "Shit, how did I get into this mess?"
(b) sometimes
(c) Not usually. I seem to be able to assess where a situation or relationship is headed before I become too deeply involved in it.

19. Do you ever cry, or at least come to the verge of tears, when you read or hear a particularly sad story?
(a) yes, often
(b) sometimes
(c) rarely or never

20. Do you have any potentially destructive habits that you tend to take to excess?
(a) yes
(b) no

21. Do you get bored easily?
(a) yes
(b) no

22. Do you get excited easily?
(a) yes
(b) no

23. Do you get distracted easily?
(a) yes
(b) no

24. Do you feel your loyalty and trust are often abused and taken for granted by others?
(a) yes
(b) sometimes
(c) rarely or never

25. Do you ever feel as if some outside power controls your behavior—so you couldn't change what you're doing even if you wanted to?
(a) yes, often
(b) sometimes
(c) rarely or never

SCORING

All possible answers have been awarded point values, which are listed below. To find your score, add up the point values of the answers you have chosen. The highest possible score is 123 points; the lowest, 25.

1. a-1, b-3
2. a-5, b-3, c-1
3. a-5, b-3, c-1
4. a-5, b-3, c-1
5. a-5, b-3, c-1
6. a-5, b-3, c-1
7. a-5, b-3, c-1
8. a-5, b-3, c-1
9. a-5, b-1, c-3
10. a-5, b-3, c-1
11. a-1, b-5
12. a-1, b-5
13. a-1, b-5
14. a-5, b-3, c-1
15. a-5, b-3, c-1
16. a-5, b-3, c-1
17. a-5, b-1
18. a-5, b-3, c-1
19. a-5, b-3, c-1
20. a-5, b-1
21. a-5, b-1
22. a-5, b-1
23. a-5, b-1
24. a-5, b-3, c-1
25. a-5, b-3, c-1

If you scored 100 to 123 points:
Your life appears to be almost entirely ruled by passion. Men in this category generally are one of two types. Some attack every activity in their lives with equal passion. Whether they're eating a steak or seducing a woman, they plunge in with the same emotional ferocity. They go for the gusto without ever considering whether the gusto is worth acquiring in the first place. Others in this group bring enormous passion to bear on one aspect of their lives and completely ignore the rest of their existence. They are the oddball geniuses, crazies, terrorists, and absentminded professors who know everything there is to know about the subject that interests them, but can't remember what they ate for breakfast.

75 to 99 points:
Men in this category share many of the characteristics of those in the category above, but they have some degree of control over their passions. Consequently, they are often very successful people. Their passion lends their lives enormous energy and they will tend to know how to channel it into constructive areas.

50 to 74 points:
You appear to have a balanced personality. You are not devoid of passion, but it does not play a dominant role in your life. You may let yourself go from time to time but generally your life is ruled by rationality. You may admire—or be fascinated by—people with high-strung passions, but the idea of living in their type of emotional blast furnace really doesn't appeal to you. You don't plunge into anything without first carefully considering your options and alternatives.

25 to 49 points:
Passion of any kind is foreign to you. You appear to be the ultimate rationalist. Others may see you as cold and calculating, but you believe (quite correctly, perhaps) that excess passion is a lot more dangerous than careful, prudent, thoughtful judgment. If we lived in a society that valued philosophers and deep thinkers, you'd be a candidate for high honors. It's people like you who should probably be making decisions about war and peace. Unfortunately, however, your cool and austere intellectuality is unlikely to generate the charisma needed to attain positions of power.

Censorship can make the world a better place.

Censorship can make your life easier. When somebody else makes decisions about what you can read and see and hear, you don't have to think as much.

Censorship can cure the world of problems like violent crime and child abuse. If you believe information and ideas cause problems—instead of people.

Censorship can help everyone agree. If you weren't free to read or hear dissenting opinions, or to express your own, it would be a lot easier to agree...just as easy as it was in Nazi Germany, or as it is today in Cuba, Iran and the Soviet Union.

Once we make exceptions to the freedoms guaranteed us under the First Amendment, anything can happen. Ten years ago, the city of Miami banned *Mother Goose*. Other victims have included Shakespeare and even *Ms.* magazine.

Right now, some Americans are trying to abridge your constitutional freedoms so they'll be able to choose what books and magazines you read, what television shows you see.

As an American, you have the freedom to say No to censorship. Say it today—tomorrow may be too late.

Freedom is everybody's business.

This message is sponsored by Penthouse Magazine.

XAVIERA

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 149

I looked up at him with some of it running down my chin and he said, "I'm sorry, I came!" Then I knew what a guy's orgasm was like. I wiped my mouth but decided next time I would swallow it.

The next time I blew him I was on my knees and he watched me the whole time, calling me things like cocksucker and blowjob artist. When he shot his load, I looked at him and opened my mouth to let him see the come. Then I swallowed every bit. I was quickly learning to love the power it gave me over men. Since then I have sucked off many guys. I find that being on your knees and looking up at them is very exciting—especially the guy's look when you swallow his come.

I find that older men enjoy acting out fantasies with a cheerleader. During one football game, I started talking to this good-looking guy who was about 35. He invited me to his house, and I took him up on his invitation. I was wearing my uniform and could tell he was very turned on. He was sitting in a chair when I startled him by sinking to my knees before him, and taking off his pants and underwear. Then I started sucking furiously on his cock. He came in no time. I continued kissing it for a while afterward. I saw him several times after that. I always wore my uniform. One time I gave him a variation. I had heard about rimming from my friends. I thought it was a little gross, but I decided I would try it on my older lover.

The next day I was licking his cock and balls when I asked him to turn over. I spread his cheeks and began licking his ass hole. He went wild and I enjoyed my newfound technique. I've done it to a few guys on the football team since then. I find it very erotic to know that my tongue is in the most taboo part of a guy's body. I have found the smell and flavor of a guy's ass hole to be almost as enjoyable as sucking his cock.

I was wondering if you think it is unusual for a girl my age to enjoy swallowing come and licking ass holes? I have only had cunnilingus performed on me twice and was indifferent to it. The one time a guy licked my ass hole I was only mildly aroused. I can give myself orgasms. So what's your opinion?—F. M.

Thanks to the miracles achieved by modern science, it is no longer necessary to stay a virgin to avoid pregnancy. The reliability of the birth control pill has freed us women, and has put us on the same sexual level as men. A girl can take the active role in sexual overtures, as you have found out. Ideally, however, a sexual experience is something you share with someone else. It takes two to tango, and I get the feeling that you are missing out somewhere along the line. If you are not careful, you will become a total egomaniac. If you don't participate with all of your body, you may find sex boring.

One of the girls who worked for me in New York as a call girl had chosen to be a hooker, I think, because she loved herself so much that she didn't really have any love left for anyone else.

She had great tits and, like you, she enjoyed sucking cock tremendously. She almost always blew or tit-fucked her clients and usually managed to bring them to orgasm without taking off the sexy hot pants she invariably wore on her assignments. While she sucked, she would rub her thighs together, straining her pussy against the tight crotch of her pants. The friction, plus the man's excitement, almost always gave her an orgasm, too. She brought her working uniform with her—three or four pairs of clean hot pants in different colors.

One of the things that is obviously a turn-on for your power-blowjobs is your cheerleader kit.

I think that sooner or later you will meet some guy who has the same power over you as you have over your football team. Then you may find you want him in your underpants. So be prepared. Start taking the Pill and get that sweet little pussy of yours in business.

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ADVISE & DISSENT

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 97

examined at some length, providing many examples of young people being involuntarily "placed" because of what seemed like minor problems at home.

She thought quietly about this, and then said, "I think Sweden is a country that cares very much how its children are treated. The social laws say that each child has a right to live properly within the family. . . . Since this right exists, social workers are obligated to do something if it appears that a child is deprived. Of course, when the laws are wide, you have some bad things happen—some injustices, I suppose you would call them."

After the meeting with Annalei, I visited a group of social workers in the suburb of Rinkby. I asked them if they didn't sometimes encounter people resistant to their help, people who perhaps refuse them entry into their apartments. They responded that before 1982 this hadn't been a problem because they could always use force; a new law has made doing so more difficult.

The social workers told me that immigrants are still often reluctant to come to them; they have their own networks, their own sources in emergency, and they like to look after their children themselves. "We encourage them to take advantage of our system, but many do not want to. Yet their children begin to have Swedish attitudes. They come to us and say, 'I want to live like a Swedish teenager, but my parents want me to be Turkish.' Then we must decide if we should help that child by placing him elsewhere."

The women said they were busier now because of rising unemployment; among immigrants the problem was particularly acute. I asked why, with so many thousands of immigrants in the suburbs, there were virtually no ethnic businesses, no food stores, no family restaurants, no import shops.

"You must realize that Sweden is a bureaucratic country," one social worker responded. "You can't just go and open up a store. Sometimes the immigrants set up in a basement and try to sell their little junk, but even this is difficult. You can't just start selling things in Sweden."

The Culture Ministry proposed not long ago that all royalties received by writers go to the Central Writers Union and be divided up among its members. A new and extraordinarily unpopular series of "wage funds" was inaugurated, whereby employers pay a percentage of profits and a payroll tax into a large fund that allows unions to buy substantial interest in a variety of industries. Such measures occasion a few demonstrations, and then the Swedes go back to work—secure in their benefits, sure of their "rights," but in reality deprived of the incentive and energy that enable living societies to adapt and survive.

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Here's how they rob
you blind at three-card monte.

GAMES

BY SCOT MORRIS

A little game of hanky-poo, the black for me, the red for you.
—Traditional monte "rap"

You can find it in the business center of any big city around the world: Chicago, Los Angeles, Detroit, Paris, Madrid, Rio—crowds gathered around, a man standing at a cardboard-box table shuffling three bent cards back and forth. Money passes quickly. Big money. No ones or fives here. Often the smallest bet allowed is $20.

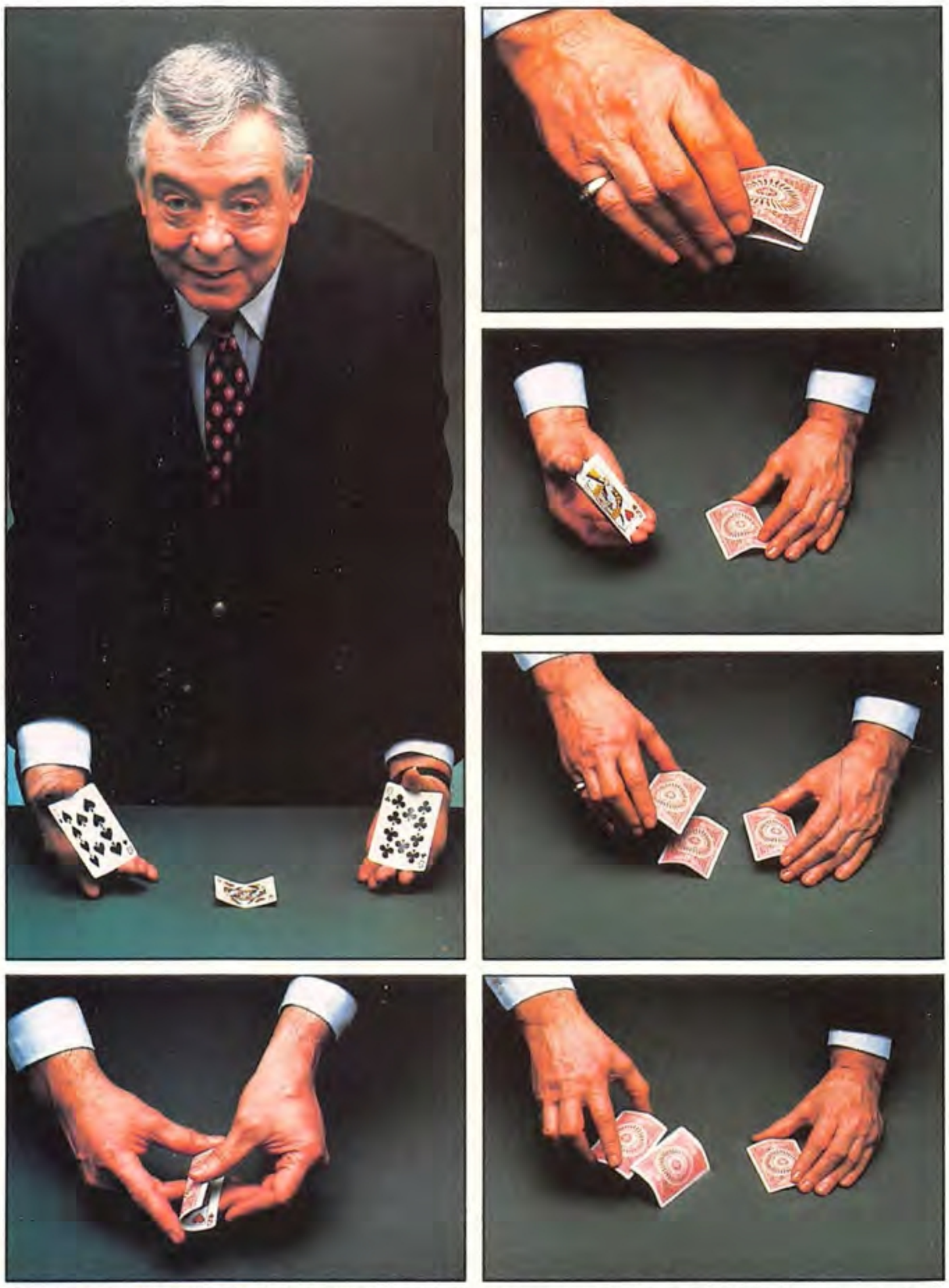
In New York the scene is played in Central Park, on Broadway, and by the pricey stores on Fifth Avenue.

The action is called three-card monte. It seems to be a game, but it isn't. It's a swindle, pure and simple. Here's how it looks from your angle. The operator has three cards—two of one color and one of another. Typically, the odd card is a queen of hearts, and the other two are black tens—of clubs and spades. All three cards are "bridged," or "crimped," with a lengthwise crease down the middle. The obvious reason is that this makes the cards easier to pick up. Incidentally, it also allows several sleight-of-hand moves that make it easier for the operator to rid you of excess money.

Your task is to keep your eye on the odd card as the operator turns all three cards face down and shuffles them about—and then, when he stops, to bet your money on the one you think is it.

If this were a game of pure chance, you would be foolish to bet because the payoff is even money, not three for one. Bet $20 on the card you think is the queen and, if you are right, you get only $40 back—your bet plus another $20. What makes people forget these odds is that the operator gives them the illusion that they have a better-than-even chance of winning.

To help us expose this scam, we enlisted the aid of Frank Garcia, who has made a lifelong study of three-card monte and other forms of crooked gambling. Garcia is the author of *Don't Bet On It: The Real Secrets of 3 Card Monte, How to Detect Crooked Gambling,* and several other exposés of gambling cheats. He is also one of the top close-up magicians in the world. Garcia posed for all the pictures on these pages.



Garcia at table: crimps all three cards (left); then, from top right: shows control grip; flashes the queen; shows a "proper" underthrow; and the trick move—a "hype" or "overthrow."

FIND THE LADY. The basic move is called the "hype" or the "overthrow" and is demonstrated by Garcia in the photos above. While seeming to throw down the bottom card, he actually releases the top card, pushing it with the tip of his index finger.

A well-run monte game appears to be only a one-man operation, but actually has four or five partners in on it.

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A unique dielectric focusing lens enables the Vixen II to "see" around corners, over hills, and to pick out even the weakest reflected or scattered signals.

And the exclusive Vixen II warning system tells you just what it's found. In living color.

No tiny numbered meters to read. No bouncing needles. No more guessing. All you have to do is follow the lights.

CITY, HIGHWAY, OR PRESET.

The SuperFox Vixen II is sensitive to all your driving needs. So we offer you a choice of City/Highway or Preset.

For most driving, a special "Preset" position will yield the best results. Around town, you may want to turn the squelch control to "City," to eliminate annoying false alarms from non-radar microwave signals, for example. On the open road, turn it to "Highway." Or choose any point in-between.

With the SuperFox Vixen II, you're in control.

IT'S LIGHT ON VISORS, TOO.

Our sensitivity even extends to installation. The mounting system of the Vixen II adapts to any size or shape dash. Or if you prefer, clips quickly to any visor.

Then, just plug the power cord into your cigarette lighter, turn on the volume control, adjust the squelch and you're protected. When you reach your destination, you can simply unplug the cord and put your Vixen II safely away.

A GOOD BUDDY FOR THE VIXEN II.

The Vixen II tells you everything there is to know about radar in your area.

To share your knowledge or to pick up on radar in other areas, look into the full line of Fox CB Radios. With their black, high-tech look and front mount mike, the 40-channel Fox CB 240, 340 and 440 are the Vixen II's natural "good buddies."

You'll find the SuperFox Vixen II and the CBs at your nearby Fox dealer. For the name of the one nearest you, call toll free 1-800-543-7892.

In Ohio, 1-800-621-2513. And in Canada 1-800-663-0295.

FOX MARKETING, INC.

Fox Radar Detectors are legal in all states except Connecticut and Virginia.

GAMES

Two are shills who appear to be betting on the game, just like you. If the operator is black, the shills may be white and dressed in conservative clothes to give the impression that they are outsiders like you. The shill may carry a delivery envelope, or a load of dry cleaning, to look like he "just stopped by." The other accomplices are lookouts, or "whistles," who keep an eye out for police. If the cops are seen, they may shout, "Slide!" or some other code word, at which time the operator takes all the money on the board, tips over the surface, and runs away.

Most careful gamblers like to bet only on sure things, so a good three-card monte operator has several ways of making you think you can't lose. In one of the best, the operator picks up the queen and "carelessly" stabs the other cards with it, leaving a bend, or "ear," in the upper right corner of it. He pretends not to notice it. As he shuffles the cards back and forth, it becomes obvious to you that you *know* which card is the queen—the one with the bend in the corner. You bet heavily, the bent card is turned over, and is found to be a ten. You have been suckered by the "ear," a sophisticated sleight shown in the photos at right.

First, the operator bends the corners of all three cards. This assures that a bend will stay in . . . and can be taken out. In two separate moves, the operator straightens out the bend in the queen and puts a new bend into the corner of a ten. It takes some practice, but the proceeds are worth it: When you turn over the bent card and find it to be a ten, you don't dare accuse the operator of cheating you, or he'll accuse you of trying to take unfair advantage.

We must point out that these pictures and descriptions will give you only a rough introduction to how the con works. Don't think that if you understand the moves we describe here, you will be able to outwit a monte operator and win money. You won't. There are many layers of trickery beyond what we can mention here, all designed to prove the adage that a fool and his money will part company sooner than you think.

The "ear." From top: putting ear in queen; queen in middle, while right hand puts ear in ten; ten is "overthrown" to center while right hand takes ear out of queen. Bottom: Surprise! You lose again.

Suppose you see through all the trick moves and put your money down on the *correct* card—the very queen herself. Here are some of the ways you can lose even when you bet correctly:

1. If you put $20 down, a shill can put $50 down on another card. The operator says, "Only one bet per game," and gives you your $20 back. Unless you are willing to outbid the shill, your bet doesn't count.

2. The operator can pick up another card and (apparently) use it to flip over your selected card, showing it to be a black ten. The move is a variation on a move called a "Mexican turnover," and was described as far back as 1903. The black ten used for the lifting is left in place (quickly switched), and the queen is carried away, leaving the impression that your bet was wrong.

3. He may accidentally tip the whole playing surface over, calling a misdeal, so the hand must be played again.

4. He may simply take the money and run, leaving you with three playing cards and a sheet of cardboard.

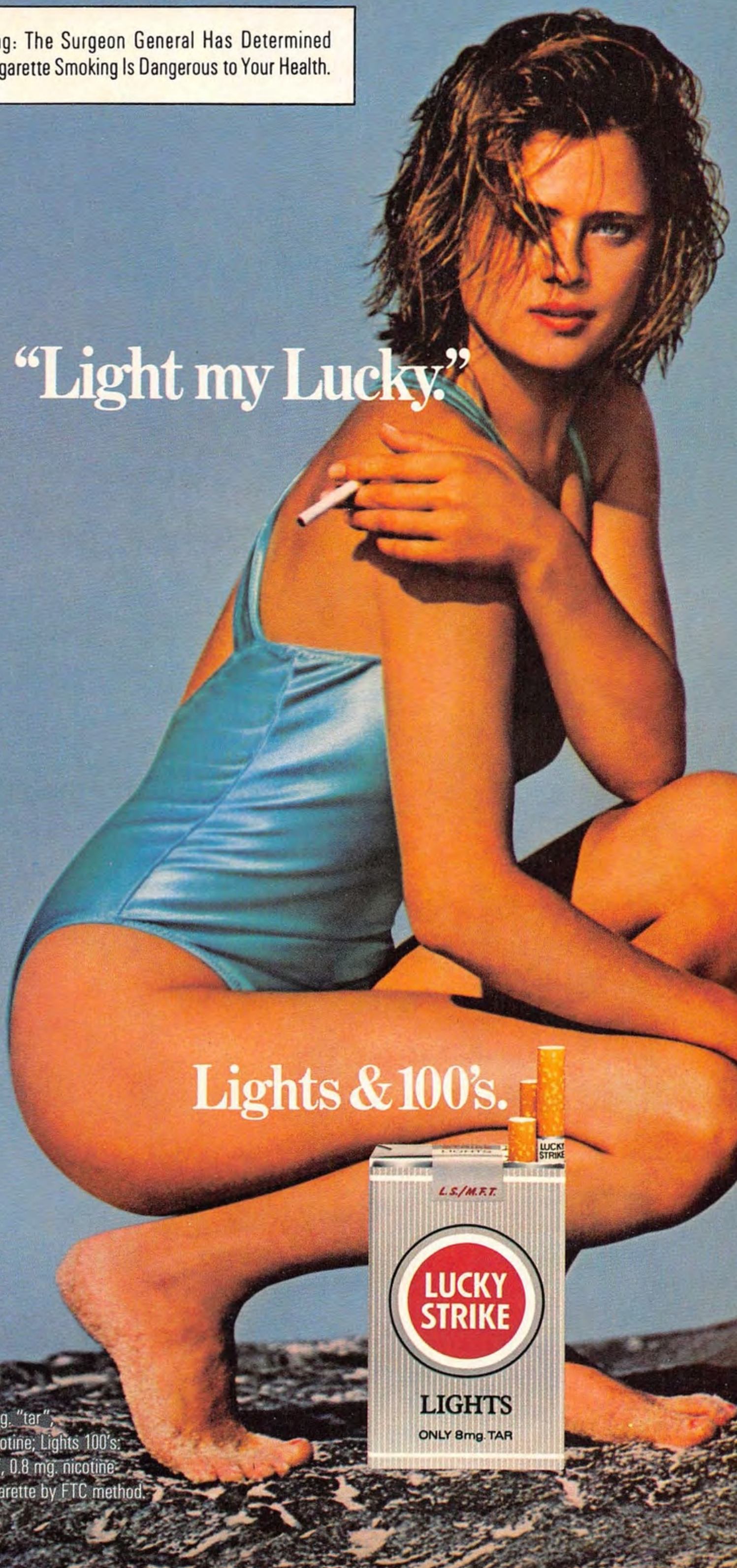
5. The operator can turn over the queen honestly, and let you win. This may have the desired effect of lulling you into self-confidence, so that you will bet more heavily the next time. If not, the operator may put your $20 bill on the top of a stack of bills in his hand and give you two $20 bills from the bottom of the stack. Both, of course, are counterfeit.

6. Finally, if you show that you know too much about the game, a shill who is standing next to you, pretending to be just another player, may get so excited by the action that he gestures wildly, poking his lit cigarette into your face. He may or may not say, "Sorry, buddy," before he turns his attention back to the action. Either way you've got the message: "You're not wanted around here. Beat it."

When in the hands of a skilled operator, three-card monte becomes a true work of art. If you want to stand and watch, to appreciate the skilled craftsmanship, the dance of the fingers, the sheer artistry of it, go ahead and tip the guy a few bucks for a good show. But whatever you do, don't bet on it.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

"Light my Lucky."



Lights & 100's.

Lights: 8 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine; Lights 100's: 9 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

Sweet chastity

by RON EMBLETON and BOB GUCCIONE

IN HER NEW ROLE AS TRANSYLVANIAN AMBASSADOR TO THE UNITED STATES, SWEET CHASTITY IS BRINGING A RAY OF SUNLIGHT INTO THE DISMAL WASHINGTON SOCIAL SCENE

RONNIE'S SHOWING SOME OF HIS OLD MOVIES TONIGHT— FANCY COMING BACK TO THE HOUSE FOR A HAMBURGER?

IT'S GOT TO BE BETTER THAN THIS!

I KNOW NOTHING ABOUT ART— BUT BY JIMINY— I KNOW WHAT I LIKE!

FRANKLY— I THINK IT'S A LOAD OF CRAP!

MY GOD! THAT'S A PROFOUND OBSERVATION! I WAS SEARCHING FOR THE ESSENTIAL SYNTAX— AND YOU WERE AHEAD OF ME!

I LOVE HAPPY HOUR!

THE ARBITRARY PSEUDO-PSYCHOLOGICAL EXPOSED TO THE DISQUIETING PARALLELISM OF THE AMBIGUITY OF NATURAL FORMS IN TIME AND SPACE..

...PRODUCES A MARKED DISPARITY CULMINATING IN THE VIVID PERCEPTION OF NON-OBJECTIVE CONTRADICTION

HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO HAVE THAT IN YOUR DEN?

WOW!

WHAT A MIND! AND HE'S A VEGETARIAN TOO!

I AGREE! I WHOLE-HEARTEDLY CONCUR!

I COULDN'T HAVE PUT IT BETTER MYSELF!

I DO A BIT OF PAINTING. YOU WOULDN'T CARE TO MODEL...

YOU KNOW WHERE YOU CAN PUT YOUR PAINTBRUSH!

WHY SHOULD YOU? I NEVER DID LIKE THE SMELL OF TURPENTINE! LET DADDY BUY YOU THE DELI— A SALT BEEF SANDWICH CAN BE A WORK OF ART!

I CAN'T GO ON! LOOK AT 'EM — MOTHS — FLUTTERING AROUND THE CANDLE FLAME OF MY INCANDESCENT GENIUS!

WHY SHOULD I BURN MYSELF OUT TO PROVIDE THEM WITH A FREE GLASS OF WINE ON THEIR WAY TO SOME COCK-TAIL PARTY?

IN TRANSYLVANIA, VINCENT VON FRANKENSTEIN IS SETTING U.... ENTERTAINING REPRESENTATIVES OF OPEC WITH A WEREWOLF SHOOT AND ALFRESCO BUFFET.

THERE'S A POWERFUL SMELL OF OIL HERE! WOULD YOU CONSIDER GRANTING A LICENSE TO MAKE SOME PRELIMINARY TESTS?

APPARENTLY THERE IS SO MUCH OF THE STUFF HERE THAT THE BRITISH AND THE AMERICANS HAVE ASKED FOR DEVELOPMENT OPTIONS.

OKAY, YOU SONS OF CAMEL DROVERS — YOUR MOVE!

MORE SHEEP'S EYES, YOUR HIGHNESS?

METHINKS THE CROSS-EYED INFIDEL IS HOLDING HIS HAND OUT!

HE HAS A WINNING HAND! THINK WHAT THIS COULD DO TO OUR OIL PRICES! SEND HIM A PRESENT.

AND WHILE VINCENT PLAYS HIS FAVOURITE GAMES, ELEKTRA, HIS LONG-NEGLECTED WIFE .....WELL, WE HESITATE TO IMAGINE WHAT SHE IS UP TO!

THIS IS WHAT A CLASSICAL EDUCATION DOES FOR YOU!

COMRADE COLONEL—I'VE FOUND THE MAN YOU WANTED! SOMEONE CLOSE TO FRANKENSTEIN!

A MOMENT, BOLOKOV —A MOMENT! YOU KNOW I DON'T LIKE TO MIX BUSINESS WITH PLEASURE!

AND JUST ACROSS THE BORDER, THE "PATIENTS" AT GULAG 934 START THE DAY WITH THE FIRST OF THEIR MANY DAILY REHABILITATION EXERCISES.....

NOW YOU MAY SPEAK!

HIS NAME IS JOHN VAIN!

CAN HE BE BOUGHT—OR DO WE NEED TO PERSUADE HIM?

IT'S MUCH SIMPLER THAN THAT! HE'S PETTY-MINDED, CORRUPT, HAS DELUSIONS OF GRANDEUR AND WOULD DEARLY LOVE TO SEE FRANKENSTEIN FALL ON HIS FACE!

GOOD! IF IT'S REALLY SIMPLE— YOU CAN HANDLE IT!

NOW COME WITH ME. I WANT SOME INFORMATION!

WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT THIS MAN?

IVAN PENISOVITCH FILE

A DEGENERATE! A PERVERT! HE'S BEEN KEPT IN SOLITARY CONFINEMENT —HE HAS NO REHABILITATION CERTIFICATE!

FORGET THE PARTY-LINE EMOTIONAL RESPONSE—FEED ME FACTS!

MEDICALLY-HE'S SUPPOSED TO BE SUFFERING FROM RABID SATYRIASIS —BUT THAT DOESN'T FIT THE FACTS.

HE SEEMS TO HAVE AFFECTED THE ENTIRE FEMALE POPULATION OF HIS VILLAGE! IT SAYS HE MAY HAVE USED SOME SORT OF DRUG!

IVAN PENISOVITCH FILE

THIS HUMBLE COSSACK WORKED HIS WAY THROUGH THE **ENTIRE** FEMALE POPULATION OF HIS VILLAGE?

WITHOUT A SINGLE COMPLAINT BEING LAID AGAINST HIM?

NOT FROM ANY OF THE WOMEN!

IT COULD HAVE BEEN A TYPE OF MASS HYSTERIA— THERE IS AN HISTORICAL PRECEDENT FOR SUCH BEHAVIOUR!

PUT HIM IN NUMBER ONE INTERROGATION UNIT. I WANT TO STUDY THIS DEVIANT AT CLOSE QUARTERS— UNOBSERVED!

HE DOESN'T LOOK ANYTHING OUT OF THE ORDINARY, DOES HE?

SOMEONE YOU'D EXPECT TO SEE MILKING A YAK IN PETROVSK-ZABAIKALSKY.....

...OR WORKING IN A CANNING FACTORY IN VERKHNE-KAMCHATSK.

SEND IN COMRADE LILA BARAKUDAVITCH —I WANT TO CARRY OUT A LITTLE EXPERIMENT!

MAY I REMIND THE COMRADE COLONEL THAT HIS FILE SAYS— TO BE KEPT IN ISOLATION!

WOULD YOU LIKE A LITTLE HOLIDAY ON THE NOVOSIBIRSKIE ISLANDS, COMRADE BOLOKOV?

ENTER LILA BARAKUDAVITCH, PRIDE OF THE MARXIST-LENINIST WOMEN'S LEAGUE. DENOUNCED HER OWN PARENTS AT THE AGE OF 6, JOINED THE ANTI-BLACK MARKET YOUTH VOLUNTEERS AT 12 AND GRADUATED TO THE STUDENT MOVEMENT FOR THE INVESTIGATION OF DEVIATIONIST TENDENCIES IN THE TEACHING PROFESSION. GOLD MEDALIST IN THE "MISS INTERROGATION" CONTEST.

I WANT YOU TO INTERROGATE A PRISONER FOR ME, COMRADE BARAKUDAVITCH.

ON YOUR FEET, PENISOVITCH!

?

I CAN'T HELP IT!

I TELL YOU— IT'S RUINED MY LIFE!

I WANTED TO BE A DENTIST! WHAT CHANCE DO YOU THINK I HAD — WITH THIS SORT OF THING GOING ON ALL THE TIME!

I'M YOURS, MY LOVE! TAKE ME!

I DON'T BELIEVE IT — NOT COMRADE BARAKUDAVITCH! I DIDN'T IMAGINE SHE WAS LIKE THAT!

WELL I'LL BE A SON OF A VITCH!

GASP!

GRUNT!

PANT!

THAT'S JUST THE POINT, BOLOKOV — MY SLOW-WITTED SUBORDINATE — SHE ISN'T LIKE THAT!

THAT IS IRRATIONAL BEHAVIOUR — TOTALLY **OUT** OF CHARACTER!

IF WE ARE **REALLY** SEEING WHAT WE ARE SEEING...

...AND THIS SON OF MOTHER RUSSIA HAS THIS EFFECT ON **ALL** WOMEN.....

...WE HAVE AN AGENT PROVOCATEUR OF EXCEPTIONAL QUALITIES HERE!

OH, SWEET CHASTITY — WATCH OUT! THIS COULD SPELL OUT THE MOST AWFUL TROUBLE FOR YOU!

COMING IN THE JULY PENTHOUSE

LITTLE BIG MEN

Since the early nineteenth century, strong, stately Spaniards have been deftly risking death by fighting bulls for the amusement of bloodthirsty spectators. But today there has arisen a new breed of bullfighter: dwarf matadors, whose appearances in the bullring are both humorous and surreal, yet whose determination and skill are as authoritative as their predecessors. Don't miss "Mini-Matadors," an exclusive *Penthouse* pictorial, in our July issue. You have never witnessed scenes so outlandish as these little big men in action . . . and we're not throwing the bull, either!

WHAT TURNS MEN ON?

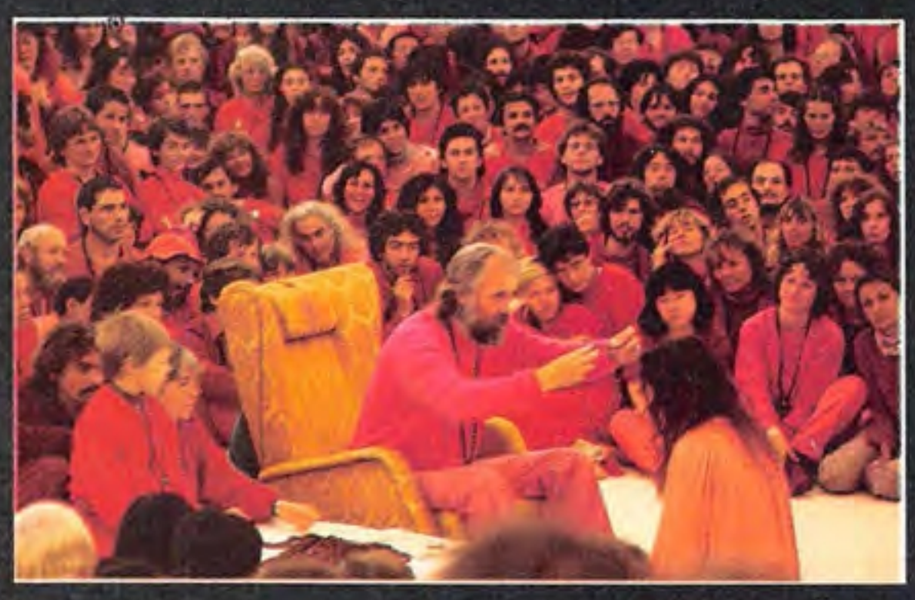
Who are the ten sexiest women in the world? Who prefers making love to a virgin? Does perfume *really* excite a man? What turns a man on more: firm buttocks or lanky legs? And do more men than women initiate affairs at the office? We've asked those questions and more in special questionnaires, and next month we'll report on how you, our readers, answered. Freelance writer Brigitte Nioche compiles and analyzes the responses of the thousands who candidly relayed their desires and fantasies to her.

BREAKING UP IS HARD TO DO

The American telephone system was one of the wonders of the modern world. No matter where anyone was in the country, he could pick up a phone and call anywhere else quickly and efficiently. If he needed equipment installed or fixed, the process was relatively inexpensive and simple. The anarchy of the phone systems in such "civilized" countries as England and France shocked us. No more. Columnist Nicholas von Hoffman shows how the greatest and most successful communications network in history has fallen victim to the ideological rigidities of both the Right and the Left. We're all paying the price for this destruction—but we'll pay even more if we don't learn to avoid similar disasters in the future.

BILL BAIRD—FATHER OF ABORTION RIGHTS

Over the past 20 years, he has been shot at, beaten up, and jailed. He was instrumental in the landmark, controversial Supreme Court decisions legalizing birth control and abortion nationwide. Today, as the "Right to Life" movement turns increasingly violent, Bill Baird is again literally on the firing line, and in this exclusive interview with Special Features Editor Allan Sonnenschein, Baird takes on his attackers—both on the Far Right and from the ranks of those who call themselves "feminists."



RANCHO RAJNEESH

It sits on 64,000 acres of prime Oregon land. There's an airport, shopping mall, gambling casino, disco, and bars and gourmet restaurants. It is also where some 3,500 fanatic followers of the controversial guru Bhagwan Shree Rajneesh claim to be building a utopian society in America. But all is not well at the ranch. The people of Oregon are not too happy to be colonized by the Rajneeshees, who, some say, were booted out of India because of their rather freewheeling approach to sex and drugs. The Rajneeshees, on the other hand, are using the latest in farm technology to cultivate their land as well as run myriad businesses and industries. Their Rolls Royce–driving guru's latest crusade is a fight against losing his followers to AIDS. Writer Mark Christensen traveled to Oregon and reports on what exactly is happening back on the ranch.

DEWAR'S PROFILE:

GARY JOBSON

HOME: Annapolis, MD.

AGE: 34

OCCUPATION: Yacht-racing tactician; author; lecturer; editor-at-large, *The Yacht.*

HOBBY: Trying to stay home for more than a week at a time.

LAST BOOK WRITTEN: *Storm Sailing.*

LATEST ACCOMPLISHMENT: Tactician of a 1983 America's Cup contender; created the Liberty Cup, a new world-class yacht-racing event in New York Harbor.

WHY I DO WHAT I DO: "When you can make a living doing what you like most, you don't really have a choice."

QUOTE: "If you can't tie good knots, tie plenty of them."

PROFILE: Has a talent for being at the right place at the right time. Namely, the finish line.

HIS SCOTCH: "Dewar's 'White Label'. When the race is over, the only thing that can match the taste of victory is a Dewar's and soda."

DEWAR'S® "WHITE LABEL"® · BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY · 86.8 PROOF · ©1985 SCHENLEY IMPORTS CO., 888 SEVENTH AVE., N.Y., N.Y. 10106

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